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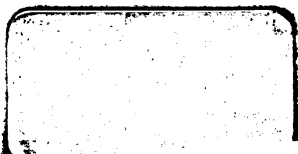
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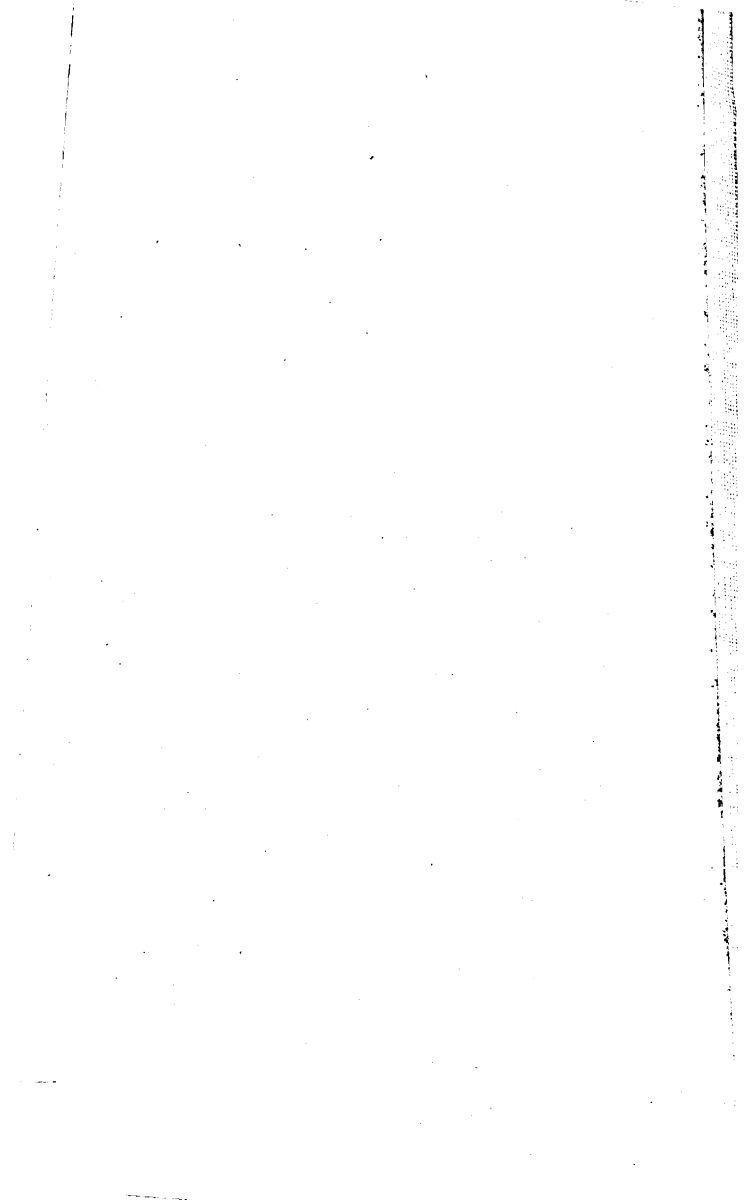
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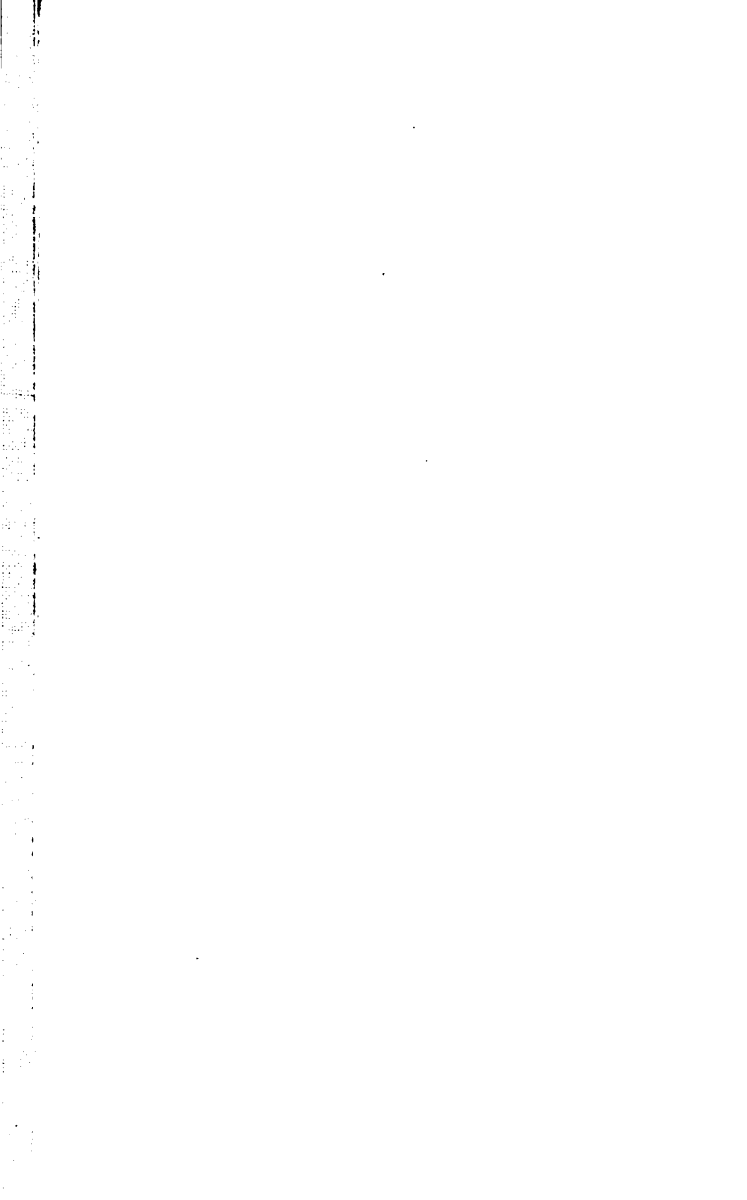
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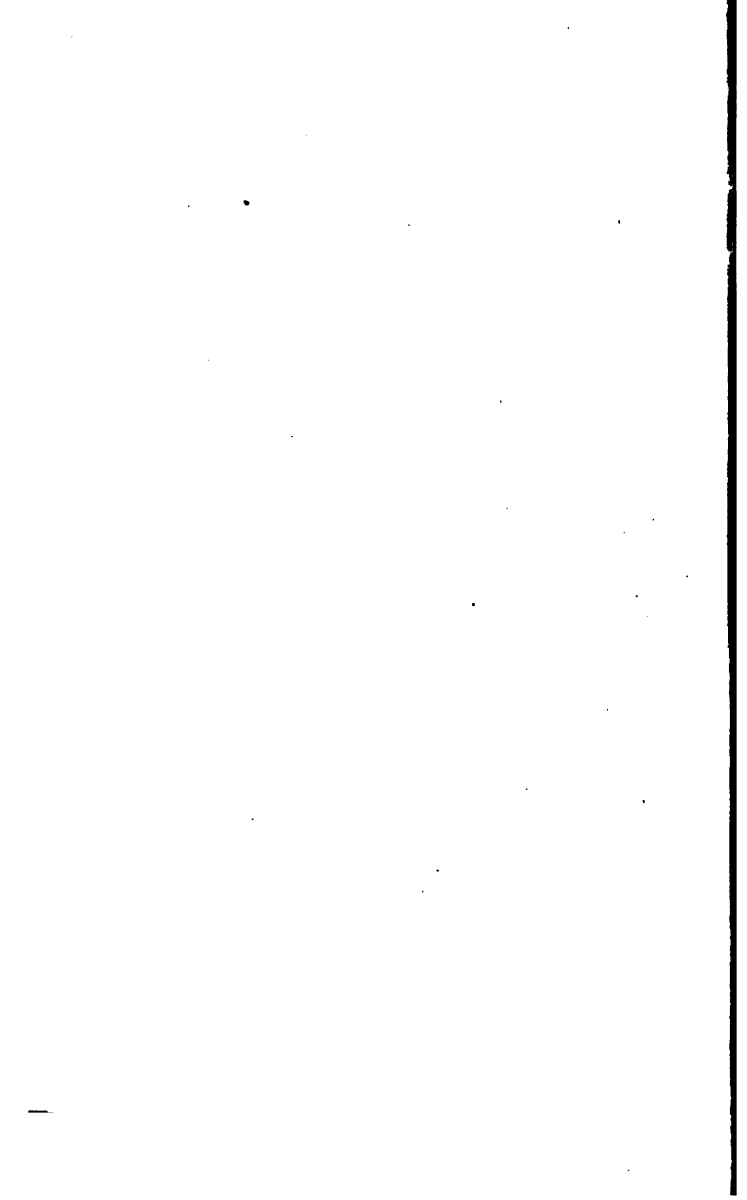
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THE

HANDY SPEAKER:

COMPRISING FRESH SELECTIONS IN

POETRY AND PROSE,

HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC,

FOR

READING CLUBS, SCHOOL DECLAMATION, HOME AND
PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

COMBINING THE SELECTIONS PUBLISHED IN

THE READING CLUB,

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.

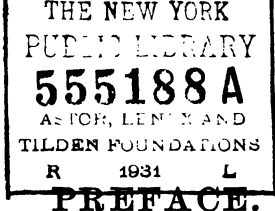
By GEORGE M. BAKER.

BOSTON:

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PREFACE.

To still the schoolboys' cry for "new pieces," to place in substantial shape many floating gems of poetry and rare bits of humorous story, has been the aim in the preparation of this volume. Combining as it does the contents of four parts of the popular series known as "The Reading Club," it presents a variety for reading and recitation such as is seldom met with in a book of this size. All forms of public and private entertainment to which Elocution, Delineation, and Mimicry lend their aid, will here find a handy assistant. Providing a class of pieces in frequent demand, the young elocutionist will find it a convenient pocket companion; the teacher "just the book to spice up with now and then;" and the general reader may derive amusement at odd moments from its perusal, embracing, as it does, the humors of "Mark Twain" and his fellow-humorists; the happy fancies of Dickens, the drolleries of Tom Hood and Dr. Holmes, the melodies of favorite poets, and the stirring and eloquent passages of famous orations.

The book is divided into four parts, each part paged independently, with an Index for all, thus —

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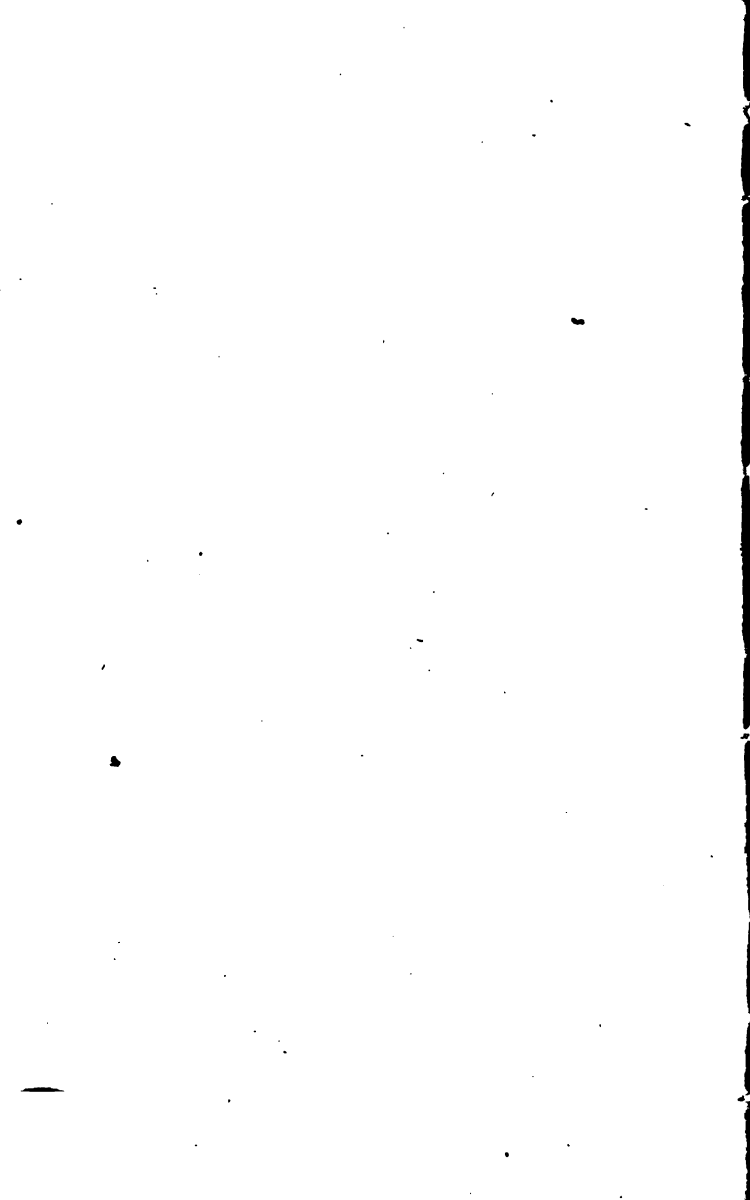
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THE HANDY SPEAKER. :

PART I.



THE RED JACKET.

'Tis a cold, bleak night. With angry roar
The north winds beat and clamor at the door;
The drifted snow lies heaped along the street,
Swept by a blinding storm of hail and sleet;
The clouded heavens no guiding starlight lend,
But o'er the earth in gloom and darkness bend;
Gigantic shadows by the night-lamps thrown
Dance their weird revels fitfully alone.

In lofty halls, where fortune takes its ease,
Sunk in the treasures of all lands and seas;
In happy homes, where warmth and comfort meet
The weary traveller with their smiles to greet;
In lowly dwellings, where the needy swarm
Round starving embers, chilling limbs to warm, —
Rises the prayer that makes the sad heart light,
“Thank God for home this bitter, bitter night!”

But hark! above the beating of the storm
Pells on the startled ear the fire-alarm!
Yon gloomy heaven's aflame with sudden light;
And heart-beats quicken with a strange affright;
From tranquil slumbers springs, at duty's call,
The ready friend no danger can appall;
Fierce for the conflict, sturdy, true, and brave,
He hurries forth to battle and to save.

From yonder dwelling fiercely shooting out,
Devouring all they coil themselves about,
The flaming furies, mounting high and higher,
Wrap the frail structure in a cloak of fire.

Strong arms are battling with the stubborn foe,
In vain attempts their power to overthrow :
With mocking glee they revel with their prey,
Defying human skill to check their way. .

And see ! far up above the flame's hot breath,
Something that's human waits a horrid death :
A little child, with waving golden hair,
Stands like a phantom 'mid the horrid glare,
Her pale, sweet face against the window pressed,
While sobs of terror shake her tender breast.
And from the crowd beneath, in accents wild,
A mother screams, " O God ! my child, my child ! "

Up goes a ladder ! Through the startled throng
A hardy fireman swiftly moves along,
Mounts sure and fast along the slender way,
Fearing no danger, dreading but delay.
The stifling smoke-clouds lower in his path ;
Sharp tongues of flame assail him in their wrath ;
But up, still up he goes ! the goal is won !
His strong arm beats the sash ; and he is gone, —

Gone to his death. The wily flames surround,
And burn and beat his ladder to the ground ;
In flaming columns move with quickened beat,
To rear a massive wall 'gainst his retreat.
Courageous heart, thy mission was so pure,
Suffering humanity must thy loss deplore :
Henceforth with martyred heroes thou shalt live,
Crowned with all honors nobleness can give.

Nay, not so fast ! subdue these gloomy fears !
Behold ! he quickly on the roof appears,
Bearing the tender child, his jacket warm
Flung round her shrinking form to guard from harm.
Up with your ladders ! Quick ! 'tis but a chance !
Behold how fast the roaring flames advance !
Quick ! quick ! brave spirits, to his rescue fly !
Up ! up ! by heavens, this hero must not die !

Silence ! he comes along the burning road,
Bearing with tender care his living load ;

Aha! he totters! Heaven in mercy save
The good, true heart that can so nobly brave!
He's up again! and now he's coming fast!
One moment, and the fiery ordeal's passed,
And now he's safe! Bold flames, ye fought in vain
A happy mother clasps her child again,

"Oh! Heaven bless you!" 'tis an earnest prayer
Which grateful thousands with that mother share.
Heaven bless the brave who on the war-clad field
Stand fast, stand firm, the nation's trusty shield!
Heaven bless the brave who on the mighty sea
Fearless uphold the standard of the free!
And Heaven's choicest blessing for the brave
Who fearless move our lives and homes to save!

GEORGE M. BAKER.

OLD AGE.

Not long since a good-looking man in middle-life came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied, "I have lost my mother; and as this place used to be her home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our hearts rose in sympathy; and we said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well, yes," replied the strong man with hesitancy; "a mother is a great loss in general. But our mother had outlived her usefulness: she was in her second childhood; and her mind had grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters; and, as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I've had more than my share of her; for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and re-

turned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours, — those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as “mother;” and we wondered if that day could ever come when they could say of us, “She has outlived her usefulness: she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody;” and we hoped that before such a day would dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while their hearts are a part of our own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother’s burial, we went to the sanctuary to pay our token of respect for the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

“She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up: she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else.”

These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One, two, three, four, five: how clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother’s bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father’s knee! Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, rang out the tale of her sports upon the greensward, in the meadow, and by the brook. Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, spoke more gravely of school-days, and little household joys and cares. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the new-sprung love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood, — of the love and cares and hopes and fears and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children’s children. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then; and the only strife was who should secure the prize: but hark! the bell tolls on!

Seventy one, two, three, four: she begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home; she murmurs in plaintive tones; and after all her toil and weariness it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in, that she must be sent, rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty, eighty one, two, three, four: ah! now she is a second child; now "she has outlived her usefulness; she has ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody:" that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lonely forest, and echoing back from the "hill of the dead," eighty-nine. There she now lies in the coffin, cold and still: she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe; and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God; urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they might claim his promise when heart and flesh should fail them. Then he said, "The eternal God shall be thy refuge; and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the cofined form before him, he then said reverently, "From a little child I honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class has a right to demand of their fellow-creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day, — that she was brought to this town, from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride; that she has passed most of her life toiling as only mothers ever

have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters; that she left her home here, clad in weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that, till health and vigor left her, she lived for you her descendants.

"You, who together have shared her love and care, know how well you have requited her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late! When you go back to your homes, be careful of your words and your example before your own children; for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the 'evening of life,' that you may never say in the presence of your families nor of Heaven, 'Our mother has outlived her usefulness: she was a burden to us.' Never, never, never! a mother cannot live so long as that. No: when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosom, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their nature."

MAHMOUD.

THERE came a man, making his hasty moan
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out, "My sorrow is my right!
And I *will* see the sultan, and to-night."

"Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:
I recognize its right, as king with king.

Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
Exclaimed the staring man, "and tortures us, —
One of thine officers: he comes, the abhorred,
And takes possession of my house, my board,
My bed. I have two daughters and a wife;

And the wild villain comes, and makes me mad with life."

"Is he there now?" said Mahmoud. — "No: he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
And laughed me down the street, because I vowed
I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.

I'm mad with want; I'm mad with misery :
And O thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee ! ”

The sultan comforted the man, and said,
“ Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread
[For he was poor] and other comforts. Go ;
And, should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know.”

In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And shaken voice, the suitor re-appeared,
And said, “ He's come.” Mahmoud said not a word,
But rose, and took four slaves, each with a sword,
And went with the vexed man. They reach the place,
And hear a voice, and see a woman's face,
That to the window fluttered in affright :

“ Go in,” said Mahmoud, “ and put out the light ;
But tell the females first to leave the room ;
And when the drunkard follows them, we come.”

The man went in. There was a cry, and hark !
A table falls ! the window is struck dark :
Forth rush the breathless women ; and behind
With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.
In vain : the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.

“ Now light the light ! ” the sultan cried aloud.
'Twas done : *he took it in his hand, and bowed
Over the corpse, and looked upon the face ;
Then turned and knelt, and to the throne of grace
Put up a prayer ; and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure ; and he wept.*

In reverent silence the beholders wait,
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat ;
And, when he had refreshed his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man, amazed, all mildness now and tears,
Fell at the sultan's feet with many prayers,
And begged him to vouchsafe to tell his slave
The reason, first, of that command he gave
About the light ; then, when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down ; and, lastly, how it was
That fare so poor as his detained him in the place.

The sultan said, with a benignant eye,
“ Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not rid me of a dread, that one
By whom such daring villanies were done
Must be some lord of mine, — ay, e'en perhaps a son.

For this I had the light put out: but when
 I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,
 I knelt, and thanked the sovereign Arbiter,
 Whose work I had performed through pain and fear;
 And then I rose, and was refreshed with food
 The first time since thy voice had marred my solitude.”
 LEIGH HUNT

THE CLOSET SCENE.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF “HAMLET.”

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (L.) He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him:

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
 And that your grace hath screened and stood between
 Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.
 Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. (c.) I'll warrant you;
 Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius conceals himself behind the arras, L. S. E.]

Enter HAMLET, R. D.

Ham. (R.) Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. (L.) Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. (R. c.) Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. (c.) Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
 And — would it were not so! — you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass
 Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [Behind.] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now, a rat?

[Draws.]

Dead, for a ducat, dead! *[Makes a pass through the arras.]*

Pol. [Behind.] Oh! Oh! Oh!

[Falls and dies.]

Queen. (R. c.) Oh me! what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not—

Is it the king?

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

[Takes a candle, lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better.

[To the Queen.]

Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,

And let me wring your heart; *[Gets chairs]* for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damnèd custom have not brazed it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense. *[Reth sit, c.]*

Queen. (R. of Hamlet.) What have I done, that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the blush and grace of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths. Oh! such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul, and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words—

Ah, me! that act!

Queen. Ah, me! what act?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See what a grace was seated on this brow,—

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command

A station like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man, —
 This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
 Here is your husband; like a mildewed ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love; for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
 Would step from this to this?
 O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more!
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
 And there I see such black and grainèd spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed —

Queen. No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
 A slave that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket —

Enter GHOST, R.

A king of shreds and patches — *[They rise.]*
 Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards! — What would your gracious figure?

[Looks at the Ghost: the Queen looks a contrary way.]

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
 The important acting of your dread command?
 Oh, say!

Ghost. (R.) Do not forget: this visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 But look, amazement on thy mother sits:

Oh, step between her and her fighting soul!
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
O gentle son,

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. [*To Ghost.*] Do not look upon
me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there? [*Pointing, R.*

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves. [*Ghost crosses, R.*

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost, L.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven:
Repent what's past: avoid what is to come.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. (c.) Oh! throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

Good-night; but go not to my uncle's bed;
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 Once more, good-night!
 And when you are desirous to be blessed,
 I'll blessing beg of you. — For this same lord
 I do repent:
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again, good-night!

[*Exit Queen, R.*

I must be cruel, only to be kind:

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

[*Exit, L.*

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

So you beg for a story, my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold,
 And you, Alice, with face like morning, and curling locks
 of gold;
 Then come, if you will, and listen — stand close beside my
 knee —
 To a tale of the Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.

It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal gun
 That blazed above Fort Sumter had wakened the North
 as one;
 Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
 Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to
 their hearts' desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night, as the
 sun went down,
 The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jewelled
 crown;
 And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their
 eyes,
 They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's,
 rise

High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball,
 That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earthward
 fall, —

First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbor-
round,
And last slow-fading vision dear to the outward bound.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides, as you will pray
to-night;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone;
And in dreams of a peaceful-morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street;
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling
feet;
Men stared in each other's faces through mingled fire and
smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous stroke on
stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother
fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in name-
less dread,
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and cap-
stone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them, and the crash of
ruin loud,
To the great square of the city, were driven the surging
crowd;
Where yet, firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery
flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger the Church of St.
Michael stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail, —
A cry of horror, blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings updriven, a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand
whitening lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor, they watched it from the ships, —

A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-wisp to a steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave
right hand,
For the love of the perilled city, plucks down yon burning
brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people
heard;
But they looked each one at his fellow; and no man spoke
a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the
sky,
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his
eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible sickening
height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at
the sight?

But see! he has stepped on the railing; he climbs with his
feet and his hands;
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath
him, he stands;
Now once, and once only, they cheer him, — a single tem-
pestuous breath, —
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like still-
ness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of
the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of
the spire.
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a
meteor's track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand
lies shattered and black.

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering
air:
At the church-door mayor and council wait with their feet
on the stair;

And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand,—

The unknown savior, whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze?

And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?

He stood in the gate of the temple he had perilled his life to save;

And the face of the hero, my children, was the sable face of a slave!

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were clear, not loud,

And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the crowd:—

“You may keep your gold: I scorn it!—but answer me, ye who can,

If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a man?”

He stepped but a short space backward; and from all the women and men

There were only sobs for answer; and the mayor called for a pen,

And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran:

And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door, a man.

[ALDINE.]

SAMSON.

Noon glowed on the hills: and the temple of Dagon
Now shook 'neath the gay, maddened revellers' tread;
For the champion of Israel has bowed to the pagan:
And the blood of the crushed grape flowed sparkling and red.

Feet chased flying feet, as in wild mazes bounded
Like roes of the mountain Philistia's fair girls:
Glad gushes of music from ruby lips sounded:
There were wreathing of white arms, and waving of curls.

Enthroned in the clouds rolling up from the altar,
The giant-like god of the proud nation stood :
There flesh did not fail, nor scorching flame falter ;
The still air was faint with the incense of blood.

And short prayers were muttered ; and censers were swinging ;
In gorgeous piles matted lay offerings of flowers ;
Wild harps were complaining ; gay minstrels were singing ;
And a gong sounded forth the captive's lone hours.

But now comes a mock, mournful sound of condoling ;
And forth in his darkness, all haggard and wild,
His shaggy brow lowering, his glazed eyeballs rolling,
The strong man was guided as lead they a child.

Now higher the laugh and the rude jest are ringing,
As throng the gay revellers round the sad spot
Where the captive's shrunk arms to the pillars are clinging ;
And altar and wine-cup and dance are forgot.
His right arm is lifted : they laugh to behold it,
So wasted and yellow and bony and long :
His forehead is bowed ; and the black locks which fold it
Seem stirring with agony nameless and strong.

His right arm is lifted ; but feebly it quivers, —
That arm which has singly with multitudes striven :
Beneath the cold sweat-drops his mighty frame shivers ;
And now his pale lips move in pleading to Heaven.

“ God of my sires, my foes are thine :
Oh ! bend unto my last faint cry, —
The strength, the strength that once was mine ! —
Then let me die.

I've been the terror of thy foes :
I've led thy people at thy call :
Now, sunk in shame, oppressed with woes,
Thus must I fall ?

Oh ! give me back my strength again !
For one brief moment let me feel
That lava flood in every vein,
Those nerves of steel.

My strength, my strength, great God of Heaven !
In agony I make my cry, —
One triumph o'er my foes be given ! —
Then let me die.”

A light from the darkened orbs stole in quick flashes;
The crisp matted locks to long sable wreaths sprung;
The hot blood came purpling in fountain-like dashes;
And to the carved pillars his long fingers clung.

The brawny arm strengthened, its muscle displaying;
Like bars wrought of iron the tense sinews stood:
Each thick swollen vein on his swarthy limbs straying
Was knotted and black with the pressure of blood.

One jeer from the crowd, — one long loud peal of laughter;
The captive bowed low: and the huge column swayed;
The firm chaptrel quivered; stooped arch, beam, and rafter:
And the temple of Dagon a ruin was laid.

Earth groaned 'neath the shock; and rose arching to heaven
Fierce, half-smothered cries as the gurgling life fled.
Day passed: and no sound broke the silence of even
But the jackal's long howl, as he crouched o'er the dead.

THE STORY OF THE BAD LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T COME TO GRIEF.

ONCE there was a bad little boy whose name was Jim; though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday-school books. It was very strange, but still it was true, that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either, — a sick mother who was pious, and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold towards him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday books are named James, and have sick mothers who teach them to say, "Now I lay me down," &c., and sing them to sleep with sweet, plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim; and there wasn't any thing the matter with his mother, — no consumption, or any thing of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise; and she was not pious; moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account.

She said if he were to break his neck, it wouldn't be much loss. She always spanked Jim to sleep; and she never kissed him good-night: on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this little bad boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there, and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good, kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out, he denied knowing any thing about it; and she whipped him severely; and he did the crying himself. Every thing about this boy was curious: every thing turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple-tree to steal apples; and the limb didn't break; and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick-bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh, no! he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right; and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange: nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats, and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs; and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms, and no hoops on, — nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife; and when he was afraid it would be found out, and he would get whipped, he

slipped it into George Wilson's cap, — poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with Sunday school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst, and strike an attitude, and say, "Spare this noble boy: there stands the cowering culprit. I was passing the school-door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed." And then Jim didn't get whaled; and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand, and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No: it would have happened that way in the books; but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got threshed; and Jim was glad of it, because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milksops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest things that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look and look and look through the Sunday-school books from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across any thing like this. Oh, no! you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday; and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life: that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the

elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco; and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqua-fortis. He stole his father's gun, and went hunting on the sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry; and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No: she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no! he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernalesst wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

MARK TWAIN.

MR. CAUDLE AND HIS SECOND WIFE.

WHEN Harry Prettyman saw the very superb funeral of Mrs. Caudle, — Prettyman attended as mourner, and was particularly jolly in the coach, — he observed that the disconsolate widower showed, that, above all men, he knew how to make the best of a bad bargain. The remark, as the dear deceased would have said, was unmanly, brutal, but quite like *that Prettyman*. The same scoffer, when Caudle declared "he should never cease to weep," replied, "he was very sorry to hear it; for it *must* raise the price of onions." It was not enough to help to break the heart of a wife; no, the savage must joke over its precious pieces.

The funeral, we repeat, was remarkably handsome: in Prettyman's words, nothing could be more satisfactory. Caudle spoke of a monument. Whereupon Prettyman sug-

gested "Death gathering a nettle." Caudle — the act did equal honor to his brain and his bosom — rejected it.

Mr. Caudle, attended by many of his friends, returned to his widowed home in tolerable spirits. Prettyman said, jocosely poking his two fingers in Caudle's ribs, that in a week he'd look "quite a tulip." Caudle merely replied — he could hardly hope it.

Prettyman's mirth, however, communicated itself to the company; and in a very little time the meeting took the air of a very pleasant party. Somehow, Miss Prettyman presided at the tea-table. There was in her manner a charming mixture of grace, dignity, and confidence, — a beautiful black swan. Prettyman, by the way, whispered to a friend, that there was just this difference between Mrs. Caudle and his sister, — "Mrs. Caudle was a great goose, whereas Sarah was a little duck." We will not swear that Caudle did not overhear the words; for, as he resignedly stirred his tea, he looked at the lady at the head of the table, smiled, and sighed.

It was odd; but women are so apt! Miss Prettyman seemed as familiar with Caudle's silver tea-pot as with her own silver thimble. With a smile upon her face — like the butter on the muffins — she handed Caudle his tea-cup. Caudle would, now and then, abstractedly cast his eyes above the mantle-piece. There was Mrs. Caudle's portrait. Whereupon Miss Prettyman would say, "You must take comfort, Mr. Caudle, indeed you must." At length Mr. Caudle replied, "I will, Miss Prettyman."

What then passed through Caudle's brain we know not; but this we know: in a twelvemonth and a week from that day, Sarah Prettyman was Caudle's second wife, — Mrs. Caudle number two. Poor thing!

Mr. Caudle begins to "show off the Fiend that's in him."

"It is rather extraordinary, Mrs. Caudle, that we have now been married four weeks, — I don't exactly see what you have to sigh about, — and yet you can't make me a proper cup of tea. However, I don't know how I should expect it. There never was but one woman who could make tea to my taste, and she is now in heaven. Now, Mrs. Caudle, let me hear no crying. I'm not one of the people to be

melted by the tears of a woman; for you can all cry — all of you — at a minute's notice. The water's always laid on, and down it comes if a man only holds up his finger.

"*You didn't think I could be so brutal?* That's it. Let a man only speak, and he's brutal. It's a woman's first duty to make a decent cup of tea. What do you think I married you for? It's all very well with your tambour-work and such trumpery. You can make butterflies on kettle-holders; but can you make a pudding, ma'am? I'll be bound not.

"Of course, as usual; you've given me the corner-roll, because you know I hate a corner-roll. I did think you must have seen that. I *did* hope I should not be obliged to speak on so paltry a subject; but it's no use to hope to be mild with you. I see that's hopeless.

"And what a herring! And you call it a bloater, I suppose? Ha! there *was* a woman who had an eye for a bloater, but — sainted creature! — she's here no longer. You *wish she was*? Oh, I understand that. I'm sure, if anybody should wish her back, it's — but she was too good for me. 'When I'm gone, Caudle,' she used to say, 'then you'll know the wife I was to you.' And now I do know it.

"Here's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think, Mrs. Caudle, I'm a canary-bird, to be fed upon hard eggs? Don't tell me about the servant. A wife is answerable to her husband for her servants. It's her business to hire proper people: if she doesn't, she's not fit to be a wife. I find the money, Mrs. Caudle, and I expect you to find the cookery.

"There you are with your pocket-handkerchief again, — the old flag of truce; but it doesn't trick me. A *pretty honeymoon*? Honeymoon? nonsense! People can't have two honeymoons in their lives. There *are* feelings — I find it now — that we can't have twice in our existence. There's no making honey a second time.

"No: I think I've put up with your neglect long enough: and there's nothing like beginning as we intend to go on. Therefore, Mrs. Caudle, if my tea isn't made a little more to my liking to-morrow — and if you insult me with a herring like that — and boil my eggs that you might fire 'em out of guns — why, perhaps, Mrs. Caudle, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I am up — I say, when I am up — that's all.

"Where did I put my gloves? You *don't know*? Of course not: you know nothing." — DOUGLAS JERROLD'S *Fireside Saints*.

TAULER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life;
As one who, wandering in a starless night,
Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, Lord!
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said.
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled,
"I never am unhappy." Tauler laid
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve.

"Tell me, O father! what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs; for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
And that which is not, sharing not his life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,

I find it in submission to his will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of knowledge, goodness, and almighty power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has followed, whispering through the dark,
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.
What Hell may be I know not: this I know,—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord:
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said,
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lace-work, chiselled by the wise
Erwin of Steinback, dizzily up to where
In the noon-brightness the great minster's tower
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold" he said,

“The stranger’s faith made plain before mine eyes.
 As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
 The dark triangle of its shade alone
 When the clear day is shining on its top,
 So, darkness in the pathway of man’s life
 Is but the shadow of God’s providence,
 By the great Sun of wisdom cast thereon :
 And what is dark below is light in Heaven.”

WHITTIER.

THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at last,
 We boys around the vestry waited
 To see the girls come tripping past
 Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
 By level musket-flashes bitten,
 Than I, who stepped before them all,
 Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no ; she blushed, and took my arm,
 We let the old folks have the highway,
 And started towards the Maple Farm
 Along a kind of lover’s by-way.

I can’t remember what we said :
 ’Twas nothing worth a song or story ;
 Yet that rude path by which we sped
 Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet ;
 The moon was full ; the fields were gleaming ;
 By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
 Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff —
 O sculptor, if you could but mould it ! —
 So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
 To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone, —
 'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
 At last we reached the foot-worn stone
 Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
 Her dimpled hand the latches fingered;
 We heard the voices nearer come;
 Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her head,
 And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled;
 But yet I knew she understood
 With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead;
 The moon was slyly peeping through it,
 Yet hid its face, as if it said,
 "Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
 The kiss of mother and of sister;
 But somehow full upon her own
 Sweet, rosy, darling mouth — I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love; yet still,
 O listless woman, weary lover!
 To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
 I'd give — But who can live youth over?

E. C. SZEDMAN.

OLD FARMER GRAY GETS PHOTO- GRAPHED.

I WANT you to take a picter o' me and my old woman here,
 Jest as we be, if you please sir, — wrinkles, gray haire,
 and all;
 We never was vain at our best, and we're going on eighty
 year,
 But we've got some boys to be proud of, — straight, an'
 handsome and tall.

They are coming home this summer, the nineteenth day of July,

Tom wrote me (Tom's a lawyer in Boston, since forty eight);

So we're going to try and surprise 'em, my old wife and I, —
Tom, Harry, Zay, and Elisha, and the two girls, Jenny and Kate.

I guess you've heern of Elisha, he preaches in Middletown.

I'm a Methody, myself, but he's 'Piscopal he says.

Don't s'pose it makes much difference, only he wears a gown;

An' I couldn't abide (bein' old and set) what *I* call them Popish ways.

But he's good, for *I* brought him up; and Tom and Harry 'n' Zay,

They're merchants down to the city, an' don't forget mother 'n' me.

They'd give us the fat of the land, if we'd only come that way.

And Jenny and Kate are hearty off, for they married rich, you see.

Well, lud, that's a curious fix, sir! Do you screw it into the head?

I've hearn o' this photography, and I reckon its scary work.

Do you take the picters by lightnin'? — La, yes; so the neighbors said:

It's the sun that does it, old woman; 'n' he never was known to shirk.

Wal, yes, I'll be readin' the Bible: old woman, what'll you do?

Jest sit on the other side o' me 'n' I'll take hold o' your hand.

That's the way we courted, mister, if it's all the same to you;

And that's the way we're a goin', please God, to the light o' the better land.

I never could look that thing in the face, if my eyes was as good as gold.

'Tain't over? Do say! What, the work is done? Old woman that beats the Dutch.

Jest think! we've got our picters took; and we nigh eighty year old:

There ain't many couples in our town, of our age, that can say as much.

You see, on the nineteenth of next July our Golden Wedding comes on,

For fifty year in the sun and rain we've pulled at the same old cart.

We've never had any trouble to speak of, only our poor son John

Went wrong, an' I drove him off; 'n' it about broke the old woman's heart.

There's a drop of bitter in every sweet. And my old woman and me

Will think of John when the rest come home. Would I forgive him, young sir?

He was a boy; and I was a fool for bein' so hard you see:

If I could jist git him atween these arms, I'd stick to him like a burr.

And what's to pay for the sunshine that's painted my gray old phiz?

Nothin'! That's cur'us! You don't work for the pleasure of working, hey?

Old woman, look here! there's Tom in that face—I'm blest if the chin isn't his!—

Good God! she knows him—It's our son John, the boy that we drove away.

JOHN H. YATES.

MR. O'GALLAGHER'S THREE ROADS TO LEARNING.

ADAPTED FROM "PERCIVAL KEENE."

MR. O'GALLAGHER sat upon his throne. I say "throne," because he had not a desk, as schoolmasters generally have, but a sort of square dais about eighteen inches high, on which was placed another oblong superstructure of the same height, serving him for a seat: both parts were cov-

ered with some patched and torn old drugget; and upon subsequent examination I found them to consist of three old claret-cases without covers, which he had probably picked up very cheap, two of them turned upside down so as to form the lower square, and the third placed in the same way, upside down, upon the two lower. Mr. O'Gallagher sat in great dignity upon the upper one, with his feet on the lower, being thus sufficiently raised upon an eminence to command a view of the whole of his pupils in every part of the school. He was not a tall man, but very square-built, with carrotty hair and very bushy red whiskers: to me he appeared a most formidable person, especially when he opened his large mouth and displayed his teeth, when I was reminded of the sign of the Red Lion, close to my mother's house. I certainly never had been before so much awed during my short existence, as I was with the appearance of my pedagogue, who sat before me somewhat in the fashion of a Roman tribune, holding in his hand a short round ruler, as if it were his truncheon of authority. I had not been a minute in the school before I observed him to raise his arm; away went the ruler, whizzing through the air, until it hit the skull of the lad for whom it was intended, at the other end of the schoolroom. The boy, who had been talking to his neighbor, rubbed his poll, and whined.

"Why don't you bring back my ruler, you spalpeen?" said Mr. O'Gallagher. "Be quick, Johnny Target, or it will end in a blow-up."

The boy, who was not a little confused with the blow, sufficiently recovered his senses to obey the order, and, whimpering as he came up, returned the ruler to the hands of Mr. O'Gallagher.

"That tongue of yours will get you into more trouble than it will business, I expect, Johnny Target: it's an unruly member, and requires a constant ruler over it." Johnny Target rubbed his head, and said nothing.

"Master Keene," said he after a short pause, "did you see what a tundering tump on the head that boy got just now? and do you know what it was for?"

"No," replied I.

"Where's your manners, you animal? 'No!' If you please, for the future, you must not forget to say 'No, sir,' or 'No, Mr. O'Gallagher.' D'ye mind me! Now say 'Yes'—what?"

"Yes, what."

"Yes, what! you little ñgnoramus! say 'Yes, Mr. O'Gallagher,' and recollect, as the parish clerk says, 'this is the last time of asking.'"

"Yes, Mr. O'Gallagher."

"Ah! now, you see, there's nothing like coming to school; you've learnt manners already: and now, to go back again, as to why Johnny Target had the rap on the head, which brought tears into his eyes. I'll just tell you, it was for talking. You see, the first thing for a boy to learn is, to hold his tongue: and that shall be your lesson for the day; you'll just sit down there; and if you say one word during the whole time you are in the school, it will end in a blow-up: that means on the present occasion, that I'll skin you alive as they do the eels, which, being rather keen work, will just suit your constitution."

"Now, Mr. Keene," said he, "you'll be so good as to lend me your ears, that is, to listen while I talk to you a little bit. D'ye know how many roads there are to larning? Hold your tongue: I ask you because I know you don't know, and because I'm going to tell you. There are exactly three roads. The first is the eye, my jewel; and if a lad has a sharp eye like yours, it's a great deal that will get into his head by that road; you'll know a thing when you see it again, although you mayn't know your own father: that's a secret only known to your mother. The second road to larning, you spalpeen, is the ear; and if you mind all people say, and hear all you can, you'll gain a great many truths, and just ten times as much more in the shape of lies; you see the wheat and the chaff will come together; and you must pick the latter out of the former at any seasonable future opportunity. Now we come to the third road to larning, which is quite a different sort of road, because you see the two first give us little trouble, and we trot along almost whether we will or not; the third and grand road is the head itself, which requires the eye and ear to help it, and two other assistants, which we call memory and application; so you see we have the visual, then the aural, and then the mental roads, — three hard words which you don't understand, and which I sha'n't take the trouble to explain to such an animal as you are; for I never throw away pearls to swine, as the saying is. Now then, Mr. Keene, we must come to another part of our history. As there are three

roads to larning, so there are three manes or implements by which boys are stimulated to larn: the first is the ruler, which you saw me shy at the thick skull of Johnny Target; and you see'd what a rap it gave him. Well, then, the second is a ferule, a thing you never heard of, perhaps, but I'll show it you; here it is," continued Mr. O'Gallagher, producing a sort of flat wooden ladle with a hole in the centre of it, "the ruler is for the head, as you have seen: the ferule is for the hand. You have seen me use the ruler: now I'll show you what I do with the ferule.

"You, Tommy Goskin, come here, sir."

Tommy Goskin put down his book, and came up to his master with a good deal of doubt in his countenance.

"Tommy Goskin, you didn't say your lesson well to-day."

"Yes I did, Mr. O'Gallagher," replied Tommy: "you said I did yourself."

"Well, then, sir, you didn't say it well yesterday," continued Mr. O'Gallagher.

"Yes, I did, sir," replied the boy, whimpering.

"And is it you who dares to contradict me?" cried Mr. O'Gallagher: "at all events, you won't say it well to-morrow; so hold out your right hand."

Poor Tommy held it out, and roared lustily at the first blow, wringing his fingers with the smart.

"Now your left hand, sir; fair play is a jewel: always carry the dish even."

Tommy received a blow on his left hand, which was followed up with similar demonstrations of suffering.

"There, sir, you may go now," said Mr. O'Gallagher; "and mind you don't do it again, or else there'll be a blow-up. And now, Master Keene, we come to the third and last, which is the birch for the back. Here it is: have you ever had a taste?"

"No, sir," replied I.

"Well, then, you have that pleasure to come; and come it will, I don't doubt, if you and I are a few days longer acquainted. Let me see"—

Here Mr. O'Gallagher looked round the school as if to find a culprit; but the boys, aware of what was going on, kept their eyes so attentively to their books, that he could not discover one: at last he singled out a fat chubby lad.

"Walter Puddock, come here, sir."

Walter Puddock came accordingly: evidently he gave himself up for lost.

"Walter Puddock, I have just been telling Master Keene that you're the best Latin scholar in the whole school. Now sir, don't make me out to be a liar; do me credit; or, by the blood of the O'Gallaghers, I'll flog ye till you're as thin as a herring. What's the Latin for a cocked hat, as the Roman gentlemen wore with their *togey's*?"

Walter Puddock hesitated a few seconds.

"See, now! the guilty thief! he knows what's coming; shame upon you, Walter Puddock, to disgrace your preceptor so, and make him tell a lie to young Master Keene! Where's Phil Mooney? Come along, sir, and hoist Walter Puddock; it's no larning that I can drive into you, Phil, but it's sartain sure that by your manes I drive a little into the other boys."

Walter Puddock, as soon as he was on the back of Phil Mooney, received a dozen cuts with the rod, well laid on. He bore it without flinching, although the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"There, Walter Puddock, I told you it would end in a blow-up. Go to your dictionary, you dirty blackguard, and do more credit to your education and superior instruction from a certain person who shall be nameless."

Mr. O'Gallagher laid the rod on one side, and then continued, —

"Now, Master Keene, I've just shown you the three roads to larning, and also the three implements to persuade little boys to larn: if you don't travel very fast by the three first, why, you will be followed up very smartly by the three last. A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse, any day. And now, you've got the whole theory of the art of tuition, Master Keene: please the pigs, we'll commence with the practice to-morrow."

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

THE JESTER'S SERMON.

THE jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair;

The pages laughed; the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair;

The falcon whistled; stag-hounds bayed; the lap-dog barked without;

The scullion dropped the pitcher brown; the cook railed at the lout;

The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money
fall, —
And why? Because the jester rose to say grace in the
hall.

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with
his chain;

The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with
might and main;

The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they
turned red;

But still the jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head,
And, when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,
And, waving hand, stood on the desk, then frowned like
one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a
jest,

A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best.

In a thousand pounds of law, I find not a single ounce of
love.

A blind man killed the pastor's cow in shooting at the
dove.

The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well.

The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the belle.

"Let no man halloo he is safe, till he is through the wood.

He who will not when he may must tarry when he should.

He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very
straight.

Oh! he who once has won a name may lie abed till eight.

Make haste to purchase house and land: be very slow to
wed.

True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed
with red.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief, the pudding in his
sleeve.

To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish — by your
leave.

To travel well, — an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's mouth, and
ostrich legs.

He does not care a pin for thieves, who limps about and bega

Be always first man at a feast, and last man at a fray.
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.

"When the hungry curate licks the knife, there's not much for the clerk.
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up, the storm grows dark."
Then loud they laughed; the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan;
The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can;
And then again the women screamed; and every stag-hound bayed,—
And why? Because the motley fool so wise a sermon made.

WALTER THORNBURY.

"THE BOOFER LADY."

PUNCTUAL to the time, appeared the carriage and the secretary. He sat on the box, and Mr. Sloppy graced the rumble. So, to the Three Magpies as before, where Mrs. Boffin and Miss Bella were handed out, and whence they all went on foot to Mrs. Betty Higden's.

But, on the way down, they had stopped at a toy-shop, and had bought that noble charger, a description of whose points and trappings had on the last occasion conciliated the then worldly-minded orphan, and also a Noah's ark, and also a yellow bird with an artificial voice in him, and also a military doll so well dressed, that, if he had only been of life-size, his brother-officers in the Guards might never have found him out. Bearing these gifts, they raised the latch of Betty Higden's door, and saw her sitting in the dimmest and farthest corner with poor Johnny in her lap.

"And how's my boy, Betty?" asked Mrs. Boffin, sitting down beside her.

"He's bad! He's bad!" said Betty. "I begin to be afeerd he'll not be yours any more than mine. All others belonging to him have gone to the Power and the Glory; and I have a mind that they're drawing him to them,—leading him away."

"No, no, no!" said Mrs. Boffin.

"I don't know why else he clenches his little hand as if it had hold of a finger that I can't see. Look at it," said Betty, opening the wrappers in which the flushed child lay, and showing his small right hand lying closed upon his breast. "It's always so. It don't mind me."

"Is he asleep?"

"No, I think not. You're not asleep, my Johnny?"

"No," said Johnny, with a quiet air of pity for himself, and without opening his eyes.

"Here's the lady, Johnny, and the horse."

Johnny could bear the lady with complete indifference, but not the horse. Opening his heavy eyes, he slowly broke into a smile on beholding that splendid phenomenon, and wanted to take it in his arms. As it was much too big, it was put upon a chair where he could hold it by the mane, and contemplate it; which he soon forgot to do.

But Johnny murmuring something with his eyes closed, and Mrs. Boffin not knowing what, old Betty bent her ear to listen, and took pains to understand. Being asked by her to repeat what he had said, he did so two or three times; and then it came out that he must have seen more than they supposed when he looked up to see the horse; for the murmur was, "Who is the boofer lady?" Now, the boofer, or beautiful, lady was Bella; and, whereas this notice from the poor baby would have touched her of itself, it was rendered more pathetic by the late melting of her heart to her poor little father, and their joke about the lovely woman; so Bella's behavior was very tender and very natural when she kneeled on the brick floor to clasp the child, and when the child, with a child's admiration of what is young and pretty, fondled the boofer lady.

"Now, my good dear Betty," said Mrs. Boffin, hoping that she saw her opportunity, and laying her hand persuasively on her arm; "we have come to remove Johnny from this cottage to where he can be taken better care of."

Instantly, and before another word could be spoken, the old woman started up with blazing eyes, and rushed at the door with the sick child.

"Stand away from me, every one of ye!" she cried out wildly. "I see what ye mean now. Let me go my way, all of ye. I'd sooner kill the pretty, and kill myself!"

"Stay, stay!" said Rokesmith, soothing her. "You don't understand."

"I understand too well. I know too much about it, sir. I've run from it too many a year. No! Never for me, nor for the child, while there's water enough in England to cover us!"

The terror, the shame, the passion of horror and repugnance, firing the worn face, and perfectly maddening it, would have been a quite terrible sight, if embodied in one old fellow-creature alone. Yet it "crops up"—as our slang goes—my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, in other fellow-creatures, rather frequently.

"It's been chasing me all my life; but it shall never take me nor mine alive!" cried old Betty. "I've done with ye. I'd have fastened door and window, and starved out, afore I'd ever have let ye in, if I had known what ye came for!"

But, catching sight of Mrs. Boffin's wholesome face, she relented, and, crouching down by the door, and bending over her burden to hush it, said humbly: "Maybe my fears has put me wrong. If they have so, tell me, and the good Lord forgive me! I'm quick to take this fright, I know; and my head is summ'at light with wearying and watching."

"There, there, there!" returned Mrs. Boffin. "Come, come! Say no more of it, Betty. It was a mistake, a mistake. Any one of us might have made it in your place, and felt just as you do."

"The Lord bless ye!" said the old woman, stretching out her hand.

"Now, see, Betty," pursued the sweet, compassionate soul, holding the hand kindly, "what I really did mean, and what I should have begun by saying out, if I had only been a little wiser and handier. We want to move Johnny to a place where there are none but children,—a place set up on purpose for sick children; where the good doctors and nurses pass their lives with children, talk to none but children, touch none but children, comfort and cure none but children."

"Is there really such a place?" asked the old woman with a gaze of wonder.

"Yes, Betty, on my word; and you shall see it. If my home was a better place for the dear boy, I'd take him to it; but indeed, indeed, it's not."

"You shall take him," returned Betty, fervently kissing the comforting hand, "where you will, my deary. I am not so hard but that I believe your face and voice; and I will, as long as I can see and hear."

This victory gained, Rokesmith made haste to profit by it; for he saw how woefully time had been lost. He despatched Sloppy to bring the carriage to the door, caused the child to be carefully wrapped up, bade old Betty get her bonnet on, collected the toys, enabling the little fellow to comprehend that his treasures were to be transported with him; and had all things prepared so easily that they were ready for the carriage as soon as it appeared, and in a minute afterwards were on their way. Sloppy they left behind, relieving his overcharged breast with a paroxysm of mangling.

At the Children's Hospital, the gallant steed, the Noah's ark, the yellow bird, and the officer in the Guards, were made as welcome as their child-owner. But the doctor said aside to Rokesmith, "This should have been days ago. Too late!"

However, they were all carried up into a fresh, airy room; and there Johnny came to himself out of a sleep or a swoon, or whatever it was, to find himself lying in a little quiet bed, with a little platform over his breast, on which were already arranged, to give him heart, and urge him to cheer up, the Noah's ark, the noble steed, and the yellow bird, with the officer in the Guards doing duty over the whole, quite as much to the satisfaction of his country as if he had been upon parade. And at the bed's head was a colored picture beautiful to see, — representing as it were another Johnny seated on the knee of some angel, surely, who loved little children, — and, marvellous fact, to lie and stare at. Johnny had become one of a little family, all in little quiet beds (except two playing dominoes in little arm-chairs at a little table on the hearth); and on all the little beds were little platforms whereon were to be seen dolls' houses, woolly dogs with mechanical barks in them, not very dissimilar from the artificial voice pervading the bowels of the yellow bird; tin armies, Moorish tumblers, wooden tea-things, and the riches of the earth.

As Johnny murmured something in his placid admiration, the ministering woman at his bed's head asked him what he said. It seemed that he wanted to know whether all these were brothers and sisters of his; so they told him "Yes." It seemed then that he wanted to know whether God had brought them all together there; so they told him "Yes" again. They made out then that he wanted to know

whether they would all get out of pain; so they answered "Yes" to that question likewise, and made him understand that the reply included himself.

Johnny's powers of sustaining conversation were as yet so very imperfectly developed, even in a state of health, that in sickness they were little more than monosyllabic. But he had to be washed and tended, and remedies were applied; and though those offices were far, far more skillfully and lightly done than ever any thing had been done for him in his little life, so rough and short, they would have hurt and tired him but for an amazing circumstance which laid hold of his attention. This was no less than the appearance on his own little platform, in pairs, of all creation, on its way into his own particular ark: the elephant leading, and the fly, with a diffident sense of his size, politely bringing up the rear. A very little brother lying in the next bed, with a broken leg, was so enchanted by this spectacle that his delight exalted its intrinsically interesting interest; and so came rest and sleep.

"I see you are not afraid to leave the dear child here, Betty," whispered Mrs. Boffin.

"No, ma'am. Most willingly, most thankfully, with all my heart and soul."

So they kissed him, and left him there; and old Betty was to come back early in the morning; and nobody but Rokesmith knew for certain how that the doctor had said, "This should have been days ago. Too late!"

But Rokesmith knowing it, and knowing that his bearing it in mind would be acceptable thereafter to that good woman who had been the only light in the childhood of desolate John Harmon dead and gone, resolved that late at night he would go back to the bedside of John Harmon's namesake, and see how it fared with him.

The family whom God had brought together were not all asleep, but were all quiet. From bed to bed, a light womanly tread and a pleasant fresh face passed in the silence of the night. A little head would lift itself up into the softened light, here and there, to be kissed as the face went by, — for these little patients are very loving, — and would then submit itself to be composed to rest again. The mite with the broken leg was restless, and moaned, but after a while turned his face towards Johnny's bed, to fortify himself with a view of the ark, and fell asleep. 'Over most of

the beds, the toys were yet grouped as the children had left them when they last laid themselves down; and, in their innocent grotesqueness and incongruity, they might have stood for the children's dreams.

The doctor came in, too, to see how it fared with Johnny; and he and Rokesmith stood together, looking down with compassion on him.

"What is it, Johnny?" Rokesmith was the questioner, and put an arm round the poor baby as he made a struggle.

"Him!" said the little fellow. "Those!"

The doctor was quick to understand children; and, taking the horse, the ark, the yellow bird, and the man in the Guards, from Johnny's bed, softly placed them on that of his next neighbor, the mite with the broken leg.

With a weary and yet a pleased smile, and with an action as if he stretched his little finger out to rest, the child heaved his body on the sustaining arm, and, seeking Rokesmith's face with his lips, said, —

"A kiss for the boofer lady."

Having now bequeathed all he had to dispose of, and arranged his affairs in this world, Johnny, thus speaking, left it. — DICKENS'S *Mutual Friend*.

DEFIANCE OF HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

Years after years had gone and fled:
 The good old prelate lies lapped in lead;
 In the chapel still is shown
 His sculptured form on a marble stone,
 With staff and ring and scapulaire,
 And folded hands in the act of prayer.
 Saint Cuthbert's mitre is resting now
 On the haughty Saxon bold Aldingar's brow.
 The power of his crozier he loved to extend
 O'er whatever would break or whatever would bend;
 And now hath he clothed him in cope and in pall;
 And the chapter of Durham has met at his call.
 "And hear ye not, brethren," the proud bishop said,
 "That our vassal the Danish Count Witikind's dead?"

All his gold and his goods hath he given
To holy Church for the love of Heaven,
And hath founded a chantry with stipend and dole,
That priests and that beadsmen may pray for his soul;
Harold his son is wandering abroad,
Dreaded by man, and abhorred by God;
Meet it is not that such should heir
The lands of the Church on the Tyne and the Wear;
And at her pleasure, her hallowed hands
May now resume these wealthy lands."

The prelate was to prayer addressed:
Each head sunk reverent on each breast;
But ere his voice was heard, without
Arose a wild tumultuous shout,
Offspring of wonder mixed with fear,
Such as in crowded streets we hear,
Hailing the flames that, bursting out,
Attract yet scare the rabble rout.
Ere it had ceased a giant hand
Shook oaken door and iron band,
Till oak and iron both gave way:
Clashed the long bolts; the hinges bray;
And ere upon angel or saint they can call,
Stands Harold the Dauntless in midst of the hall.

"Now save ye, my masters, both rocket and rood,
From bishop with mitre to deacon with hood!
For here stands Count Harold, old Witikind's son,
Come to sue for the lands which his ancestors won."
The prelate looked round him with sore-troubled eye,
Unwilling to grant, yet afraid to deny,
While each canon and deacon who heard the Dane speak
To be safely at home would have fasted a week.
Then Aldingar roused him, and answered again, —
"Thou suest for a boon which thou canst not obtain;
The Church hath no fiefs for an unchristened Dane.
Thy father was wise, and his treasure hath given
That the priests of a chantry might hymn him to heaven;
And the fiefs which whilom he possessed as his due
Have lapsed to the Church, and been granted anew
To Anthony Conyers and Alberic Vere,
For the service Saint Cuthbert's blessed banner to bear,
When the bands of the North come to foray the Wear.

Then disturb not our conclave with wrangling or blame;
But in peace and in patience pass hence as you came."

Loud laughed the stern pagan: "They're free from the
care

Of fief and of service, both Conyers and Vere:
Six feet of your chancel is all they will need,
A buckler of stone, and a corselet of lead. —
Ho, Gunnar! the tokens!" and, severed anew,
A head and a hand on the altar he threw.
Then shuddered with terror both canon and monk,
They knew the glazed eye and the countenance shrunk,
And of Anthony Conyers the half-grizzled hair,
And the scar on the hand of Sir Alberic Vere.
There was not a churchman or priest that was there,
But grew pale at the sight, and betook him to prayer.

Count Harold laughed at their looks of fear:
"Was this the hand should your banner bear?
Was that the head should wear the casque
In battle at the Church's task?
Was it to such you gave the place
Of Harold with the heavy mace?
Find me between the Wear and Tyne
A knight will wield this club of mine;
Give him my fiefs; and I will say
There's wit beneath the cowl of gray."
He raised it, rough with many a stain,
Caught from crushed skull and spouting brain;
He wheeled it that it shrilly sung,
And the aisles echoed as it swung,
Then dashed it down with sheer descent,
And split King Osric's monument.
"How like ye this music? How trow ye the hand
That can wield such a mace may be reft of its land?
No answer? I spare ye a space to agree;
And Saint Cuthbert inspire you, a saint if he be!
Ten strides through your chancel, ten strokes on your bell,
And again I am with you: grave fathers, farewell!"

SCOTT.

BATTLE HYMN.

Father of earth and heaven, I call thy name:
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul.
Or life or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,
Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower
On my young fame. Oh! hear, God of eternal power.

God, thou art merciful. The wintry storm,
The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb,
But show the sterner grandeur of thy form.
The lightnings, glancing through the midnight gloom,
To Faith's raised eye as calm, as lovely come
As splendors of the autumnal evening star,
As roses shaken by the breeze's plume,
When like cool incense comes the dewy air,
And on the golden wave the sunset burns afar.

God, thou art mighty. At thy footstool bound,
Lie, gazing to thee, chance and life and death;
Nor in the angel circle flaming round,
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,
Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath.
Woe in thy frown; in thy smile, victory:
Hear my last prayer. I ask no mortal wreath:
Let but these eyes my rescued country see;
Then take my spirit, All-Omnipotent, to thee.

Now for the fight! Now for the cannon-peal!
Forward, through blood and toil and cloud and fire!
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire.
They shake; like broken waves their squares retire:
On them, hussars! Now give them rein and heel!
Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire;
Earth cries for blood. In thunder on them wheel!
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph seal.

- KORNER.

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD FRENCH LEGEND.

The fettered spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly stain,
Which life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet on each feast of Mary
Their sorrow finds release,
For the great Archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respite
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once — so runs the legend —
When the archangel came,
And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And, though a great *Te Deum*
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke;
So, when St. Michael questioned,
Thus the poor spirit spoke:—

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize Our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish

Is more than I can bear;
All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my life away;
Not all love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay.
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him, —
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace, — then I know
He would endure his patience,
And strive against his woe."

Thus the archangel answered: —
"Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of heaven
Will give you full relief;
Yet, if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,

"Then, through a special mercy,
I offer you this grace, —
You may seek him who mourns you,
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space.

"But, when that time is ended,
Return here, and remain
A thousand years in torment,
A thousand years in pain:
Thus dearly must you purchase
The comfort he will gain."

The lime-trees' shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches,
Pace slowly, side by side,

In low and tender converse,
A bridegroom and his bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
No other sound is there
Except their happy voices :—
What is that cold bleak air
That passes through the lime-trees,
And stirs the bridegroom's hair ?

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale :—
Why does the bridegroom shudder
And turn so deadly pale ?

Near purgatory's entrance
The radiant angels wait ;
It was the great St. Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate,
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the angel :
"Heaven's joy is deep and vast ;
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit,
For heaven is yours at last ;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

ENGLAND's sun, bright setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filled the land with misty beauty, at the close of one sad
day ;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden
fair, —
He with step so slow and weary ; she with sunny, floating
hair ;

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful: she, with lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,

With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold, —

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew; and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,

As she spoke in husky whispers: "curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced her young heart

Like a thousand gleaming arrows, — like a deadly-poisoned dart),

"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;

Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right:

Now I'm old, I will not miss it. Girl, the curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes, and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow;

And, within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow.

She had listened, while the judges read, without a tear or sigh, —

"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood *must die*."

And her breath came fast and faster; and her eyes grew large and bright;

One low murmur, scarcely spoken, "Curfew *must not* ring to-night."

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church-door,

Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before:

Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with cheek and
brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to
and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray
of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "*Curfew shall not ring
to-night.*"

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs the
great, dark bell;
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down
to hell;
See! the ponderous tongue is swinging; 'tis the hour of
curfew now;
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath,
and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash with sud-
den light,
As she springs, and grasps it firmly: "*Curfew shall not ring
to-night.*"

Out she swung, — far out: the city seemed a tiny speck
below, —
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard
the bell);
And he thought the twilight curfew rang young Basil's
funeral knell:
Still the maiden, clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale
and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating: "*Curfew shall
not ring to-night.*"

It was o'er: the bell ceased swaying; and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years
before,
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night
had done
Should be told long ages after. As the rays of setting sun

Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires, with heads of
white,
Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one sad
night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell: Bessie saw him; and
her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden
beauty now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised
and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad
and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with
misty light:
"Go! your lover lives," cried Cromwell: "curfew shall not
ring to-night."

ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP.

THARE was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squench't their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrerd's; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin' house; and the nabers used to obsarve, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the spring of the year, to see our sevr'al mothers (Betsy's and mine), with their gowns pin'd up so they couldn't sile 'em, affecshunitly Bilin sope together, & aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankerd intently arter the object of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it; but my tung would kerwolup up agin the roof of my mowth, & stick thar like deth to a deseast Afrikan, or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old-fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn-door.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht; and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with

Betsy Jane on the fense of her father's pastur. We'd been rompin threw the woods, kullin flours, & driving the wood-chuck from his Nativ Lar (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar on the fense, a-swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool-house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense; while my rite was woundid luvlinly round her waste.

I cleared my throat, and tremblinly sed, "Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waitid to see what effeck it would hav upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her; for she up and sed, —

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say, so there! now cum!" with which observashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans."

She bowd her hed down, and commenst chawin the strings to her sun-bonnet.

"Ar, could you know the sleepilis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me, & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form, and these 'ere sunken cheeks" —

I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time; but unfortunitley I lost my ballunse, and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close, and severly damagin myself generally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time, and dragged me 4th. Then, drawin herself up to her full hite, she sed, —

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!"

I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses; and we proceeded immejitly to the parson's, & was made 1 that very nite.

I've parst threw many tryin ordeels sins then; but Betsy

Jane has bin troo as steel. By attendin strickly to bizniss I've amarsed a handsom Pittance. No man ou this footstool can rise & git up and say I ever knowinly injered no man or wimmin folks; while all agree that my Show is ekalled by few and exceld by none, embracin as it does a wonderful colleckshun of livin wild Beests of Pray, snaix in grate profushun, a endliss variety of life-size wax figgers, & the only traned kangaroo in Ameriky, — the most amoozin little cuss ever introjuced to a discriminatin public.

ARTEMUS WARD

HOW TERRY SAVED HIS BACON.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potato-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"Ah! Terry, man, what would you be afther doing there wid them praties, an' Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, ma bochel! sure the praties will wait."

"Och! no," sis Terry: "I must dig on this ridge for the childers' breakfast; an' thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin beyont there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin!" sis Mick: "Sure that 'ud wait too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there before the kitchen-fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it; an' it would be a rare thrate to Judy an' the gossoons at home, to say nothin' iv myself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying, "I won't take it: why would I, an' it not mine, but the priest's? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," replied he;

"an' it's nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's timptin' me. But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? An' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it."

Well, into his great-coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kilt and ruined, horse and foot, now, joy, Terry. What'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all? By gannies! I must thry an' make the best of it, anyhow," says he to himself; and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out, —

"Oh! stop, stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness' sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only, sur, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of niver having done the like afore, sur, niver!"

"Come!" said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your riverince, I will tell id; but, sur, I'm ashamed like."

"Oh! never mind: tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your riverince, I went out one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business; an' he bein' engaged, I was showed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hanging in the chimbley-corner. I looked at id, your riverince, an' my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sur, but I suppose the divil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you plaze, sur, I'll give it to you;" and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins. "No, certainly not: give it back to the owner of it."

"Why, then, your riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest: "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your riverince kindly!" says Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediately; but first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaze, sur."

Terence received absolution, and went home rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

THE SENATOR'S PLEDGE.

THE trust conferred on me is one of the most weighty which a citizen can receive. It concerns the grandest interests of our own Commonwealth, and also of the Union in which we are an indissoluble link. Like every post of eminent duty, it is a post of eminent honor. A personal ambition, such as I cannot confess, might be satisfied to possess it; but, when I think what it requires, I am obliged to say that its honors are all eclipsed by its duties.

Your appointment finds me in a private station, with which I am entirely content. For the first time in my life I am called to political office. With none of the experience possessed by others, to smooth the way of labor, I might well hesitate. But I am cheered by the generous confidence which throughout a lengthened contest persevered in sustaining me, and by the conviction, that, amidst all seeming differences of party, the sentiments of which I am the known advocate, and which led to my original selection as candidate, are dear to the hearts of the people throughout this Commonwealth. I derive also a most grateful consciousness of personal independence from the circumstance, which I deem it frank and proper thus publicly to declare and place on record, that this office comes to me unsought and undesired.

Acknowledging the right of my country to the service of her sons wherever she chooses to place them, and with a heart full of gratitude that a sacred cause is permitted to triumph through me, I now accept the post of senator.

I accept it as the servant of Massachusetts, mindful of the sentiments solemnly uttered by her successive legislatures, of the genius which inspires her history, and of the men, her perpetual pride and ornament, who breathed into her that breath of liberty which early made her an example to her sister States. In such a service, the way, though new to my footsteps, is illumined by lights which cannot be missed.

I accept it as the servant of the Union, bound to study and maintain the interests of all parts of our country with equal patriotic care, to discountenance every effort to loosen any of those ties by which our fellowship of States is held in fraternal company, and to oppose all *sectionalism*, in what-

soever form, — whether in unconstitutional efforts by the North to carry so great a boon as freedom into the slave States; in unconstitutional efforts by the South, aided by Northern allies, to carry the *sectional* evil of slavery into the free States; or in any efforts whatsoever to extend the *sectional* domination of slavery over the national government. With me the Union is twice blessed, — first, as powerful guardian of the repose and happiness of thirty-one States clasped by the endearing name of country; and next, as model and beginning of that all-embracing federation of States, by which unity, peace, and concord will finally be organized among the nations. Nor do I believe it possible, whatever the delusion of the hour, that any part can be permanently lost from its well-compacted bulk. *E Pluribus Unum* is stamped upon the national coin, the national territory, and the national heart. Though composed of many parts united into one, the Union is separable only by a crash which shall destroy the whole.

Entering now upon the public service, I venture to bespeak, for what I do or say, that candid judgment which I trust always to have for others, but which I am well aware the prejudices of party too rarely concede. I may fail in ability, but not in sincere effort to promote the general weal. In the conflict of opinion, natural to the atmosphere of liberal institutions, I may err; but I trust never to forget the prudence which should temper firmness, or the modesty which becomes the consciousness of right. If I decline to recognize as my guides the leading men of to-day, I shall feel safe while I follow the master principles which the Union was established to secure, leaning for support on the great triumvirate of American freedom, — Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson. And, since true politics are simply morals applied to public affairs, I shall find constant assistance from those everlasting rules of right and wrong, which are a law alike to individuals and communities.

CHARLES SUMNER.

From Hon. Charles Sumner's Letter of Acceptance, March, 1851.

OVERTHROW OF BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR is king : Belshazzar is lord :
 And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board ;
 Fruits glisten ; flowers blossom ; meats steam ; and a flood
 Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood :
 Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
 And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth ;
 And the crowds all shout
 Till the vast roofs ring, —
 “ All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king ! ”

“ Bring forth,” cries the monarch, “ the vessels of gold,
 Which my father tore down from the temples of old ! —
 Bring forth ! and we’ll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
 To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone :
 Bring forth ! ” And before him the vessels all shine ;
 And he bows unto Baal ; and he drinks the dark wine ;
 While the trumpets bray,
 And the cymbals ring, —
 “ Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king ! ”

Now what cometh ? Look, look ! Without menace or call,
 Who writes, with the lightning’s bright hand, on the wall ?
 What pierceth the king like the point of a dart ?
 What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart ?
 “ Chaldeans ! magicians ! the letters expound.”
 They are read : and Belshazzar is dead on the ground.
 Hark ! the Persian is come
 On a conqueror’s wing ;
 And a Mede’s on the throne of Belshazzar the king.

BARRY CORNWALL.

 THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fades away ;
 Mother, with thine earnest eye
 Ever following silently ;
 Father, by the breeze of eve
 Called thy harvest-work to leave, —
 Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band;
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone;
 Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
 Sailor, on the darkening sea, —
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
 Breathest now at set of sun;
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain
 Weeping on his burial plain;
 Ye that triumph; ye that sigh, —
 Kindred by one holy tie,
 Heaven's first star alike ye see:
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE SQUIRE'S STORY.

"OH!" says the squire, "I wish't I was married and well of it. *I dread it powerful.* I'd like to marry a widow. I allers liked widows since I knowed one down in Georgia that suited my ideas adzactly.

"About a week after her husband died, she started down to the graveyard, whar they'd planted of him, as she said, to read the prescription onto his monument. When she got there, she stood a minute a-looking at the stones, which was put at each end of the grave, with an epithet on 'em that the minister had writ for her. Then she bust out, 'Oh! boo-hoo,' says she, 'Jones, — he was one of the best of men. I remember how the last time he come home, about a week ago, he brought down from town some sugar, and a little tea, and some store-goods for me, and lots of little necessaries, and a little painted hoss for Jeems, which that blessed child got his mouth all yaller with sucking of it; and then he kissed the children all round, and took down that good old fiddle of his'n, and played up that good old tune, —

'Rake her down, Sal, oh rang dang diddle,
 Oh rang dang, diddle dang, dang dang da.'

"Here," says the Squire, "she begin to dance; and I just thought she was the greatest woman ever I see."

"The Squire" always gives a short laugh after telling this anecdote, and then, filling and lighting his pipe, subsides into an arm-chair in front of the "Exchange," and indulges in calm and dreamy reflection.

JOHN PHOENIX.

THE HAPPIEST COUPLE.

ADAPTED FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

Enter LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER, L.

Sir P. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle! I'll not bear it!

Lady T. (R.) Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing; and, what's more, I will too. What though I was educated in the country? I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir P. (L.) Very well, ma'am, very well! So a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure. If you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough! Ay, there it is! Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife!—to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady T. Lord, Sir Peter! am I to blame because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

Sir P. Oons! Madam, if you had been born to this, I

shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't: 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yes, yes, madam: you were then in somewhat a humbler style, — the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first, — sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

Lady T. Oh, yes! I remember it very well; and a curious life I led, — my daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my Aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am: 'twas so, indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! — to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet, to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase. [Crosses L.

Sir P. (R.) I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam: these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach, *vis-à-vis*, and three powdered footmen before your chair, and in the summer a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens: no recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady T. (L.) No! I swear I never did that! I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. You did; and the horse's name was Dobbin.

Lady T. Oh!

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank: in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation; and that is —

Sir P. My widow, I suppose.

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir P. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for, though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint. [Crosses, L.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir P. (L.) 'Slife, madam! I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay, there again! Taste! Zounds, madam! You had no taste when you married me.

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance! A charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter: they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir P. Yea, egad! they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves. Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clip-pers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir P. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir P. Grace, indeed!

Lady T. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir P. Well, well! I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-by to ye!

[Exit Lady Teazle, &c.]

Sir P. So I have gained much by my intended exposition; yet with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say! and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing every thing in her power to plague me.

Re-enter LADY TEAZLE, R.

Lady T. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria. It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir P. (L.) Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady T. (R.) I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds; will you?

Sir P. Two hundred pounds! What! ain't I to be in a good humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i'faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it (*Gives her notes*); but seal me a bond of repayment.

Lady T. Oh, no! There, my note of hand will do as well.
[*Offering her hand.*]

Sir P. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you; but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir P. Well, then, let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would, and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow who would deny me nothing; didn't you?

Sir P. Yes, yes; and you were kind and attentive—

Lady T. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir P. Indeed !

Lady T. Ay, and when my Cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir P. Thank you.

Lady T. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir P. And you prophesied right ; and we shall now be the happiest couple —

Lady T. And never differ again ?

Sir P. No, never ! — though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously ; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter ; indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir P. Now see, my angel ! take care ! Contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love.

Sir P. There, now ! you — you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear —

Sir P. There ! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't ; but if you will be so peevish —

Sir P. There now ! who begins first ?

Lady T. Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing ; but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir P. No, no, madam : the fault's in your own temper.

Lady T. Ay, you are just what my Cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir P. Your Cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gypsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir P. Now, may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more !

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir P. No, no, madam : 'tis evident you never cared a pin

for me; and I was a madman to marry you, — a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighborhood.

Lady T. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you, — an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him. [Crosses, L.

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! Didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? — for his estate is just as good as yours; and he has broke his neck since we have been married. [Crosses, R.

Sir P. (L.) I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful — but there's an end of every thing. I believe you capable of every thing that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are — not without grounds.

Lady T. (R.) Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing. I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir P. Very well, madam, very well, — a separate maintenance as soon as you please; yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady T. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know — ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you; so by-by. [Exit, R.

Sir P. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either? Oh! I am the most miserable fellow; but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart; but she sha'n't keep her temper. [Exit.

SHERIDAN.

GODIVA.

*I waited for the train at Coventry :
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires ; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this : —*

Not only we, the latest seed of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, — not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed ; but she
Did more, and underwent and overcame, —
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim earl who ruled
In Coventry : for, when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, “ If we pay, we starve ! ” —
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, “ If they pay this tax, they starve.”
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
“ You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these* ? ” — “ But I would die,” said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul ;
Then fillicked at the diamond in her ear :
“ Oh ! ay, ay, ay, you talk ! ” — “ Alas ! ” she said,
“ But prove me what it is I would not do.”
And, from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, “ Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it ; ” and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition ; but that she would loose
The people : therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,

No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode;
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring 'a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped; but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the powers who wait
On noble deeds cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed; and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one; but even then she gained
Her bower, whence re-issuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

TENNYSON.

FARMER BENT'S SHEEP-WASHING.

SOME years ago the good people of a certain town assembled for the purpose of forming a temperance-society. After the usual preliminaries, the pledge was submitted to the audience for signature. At that Deacon Smith arose, and addressed them thus:—

"My friends, I should have no objection to signing your pledge, but for one thing. I have been accustomed to having my plum-pudding at Christmas. Now, you all know that plum-pudding is good for nothing without sauce; and sauce is insipid without a little brandy in it. Now, if you can fix your pledge so that I can have my brandy-sauce and plum-pudding at Christmas, I will sign it with great pleasure."

After a little arguing *pro* and *con*, a clause was added allowing Deacon Smith his brandy-sauce at Christmas, but at no other time; and Deacon Smith signed the pledge at once.

Soon after, Farmer Jones arose with a smile, and said,—

"My friends, I have no objection to signing your pledge if you will allow me one thing. I always want liquor in the harvest-field, to counteract the bad effects of so much cold water as is usually drank at that time. If you can fix it so that I can have my liquor in the harvest-field, I will sign your pledge."

Again, after considerable arguing, there was a clause added allowing Farmer Jones his liquor in the harvest-field, but at no other time.

After Farmer Jones had taken his seat, Neighbor Bent arose.

"My friends," he said, "I will sign your pledge if you will do one thing to it: that is, fix it so that I can have liquor at sheep-washing. I think it is very necessary for men to have some good, strong liquor to drink when coming out of the water after washing sheep, to prevent the bad effects that arise from standing in it so long at a time."

After a good deal of talk, a clause was added allowing Farmer Bent his liquor at sheep-washing, but at no other time. When all had signed the pledge, the meeting was adjourned.

The next morning one of Farmer Bent's neighbors was

passing his house, and the old gentleman stepped out just then gloriously drunk.

"Why, Uncle John, how's this?" said the neighbor, a good deal surprised. "I thought you signed the pledge last night."

"So I did," replied Uncle John, "but (hic) I was washing sheep."

He led the way to the barn, the neighbor following. On arriving there, he saw standing in the middle of the barn-floor a big wash-tub about half full of water, and the old ram tied to it, wet as he could be, and shivering with cold. Close by stood a two-gallon jug. Uncle John, pointing to his ram with an air of triumph, said, —

"I (hic) washed that (hic) sheep twelve times this morning."

THE DEUTSCH MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, von summer afternoon,
 Vas dending bar in her fadder's saloon.
 She solt dot bier, und singed "Shoo Fly,"
 Und vinked at der men mit her lefd eye.
 But, ven she looked oud on der shdreed,
 Und saw dem gals all dressed so shweed,
 Her song gifed oud on a ubber note,
 Cause she had such a horse in her troat;
 Und she vished she had shdamps to shpend,
 So she might git such a Grecian Bend.
 Hans Brinker valked shlowly down der shdreed,
 Shmilin at all der gals he'd meed.
 Old Hans vas rich, as I've been dold,
 Had houses und lots und a barrel of gold.
 He shdopped py der door; und pooty soon
 He valked righd indo dot bier saloon.
 Und he vinked ad Maud, und said, "My dear,
 Gif me, if you pplease, a glass of bier."
 She vend to the pblace vere der bier-keg shtood,
 Und pringed him a glass dot vas fresh and goot.
 "Dot's goot," said Hans: "dot's a better drink
 As effer I had in mine life, I dink."

He dalked for a vwhile, den said, " Goot tay ; "
 Und up der shdreed he dook his vay.
 Maud hofed a sigh, and said, " Oh, how
 I'd like to been dot old man's frow !
 Such shplendid close I den vood vear,
 Dot all the gals around vood shdare.
 In dot Union Park I'd drive all tay,
 Und efery efenin go to der pblay."
 Hans Brinker, doo, felt almighty gweer
 (But dot might been von trinkin bier) ;
 Und he says to himself, as he valked along
 Humming der dune of a olt lofe-song,
 " Dot's der finest gal I efer did see ;
 Und I vish dot my vife she cood be."
 But here his solilligwy came to an end,
 As he dinked of der gold dot she might shbend ;
 Und he maked up his mind dot, as for him,
 He'd marry a gal mid lots of " din."
 So he vent right off dot fery day,
 Und married a vooman olt und gray.
 He vishes now, but all in vain,
 Dot he was free to marry again, —
 Free as he vas dat afdernoon,
 When he met Maud Muller in dot bier-saloon.
 Maud married a man mitoud some " soap ; "
 He vas lazy, too ; bud she did hope
 Dot he'd get bedder ven shildren came :
 But ven they had, he vas yoost the same.
 Und ofden now dem dears vill come
 As she sits alone ven her day's work's done,
 Und dinks of der day ven Hans called her " My dear,"
 Und asked her for a glass of bier ;
 But she don'd complain nor efer has :
 Und oney says, " Dot coodn't vas."

CARL PRETZEL.

 CHARLES SUMNER.*

HONOR to the people of Massachusetts, who twenty-three
 years kept in the Senate, and would have kept him there
 ever so long, had he lived, a man who never, even to them,
 conceded a single iota of his convictions in order to remain

* Extract from the Eulogy on Charles Sumner before the city
 of Boston, April 29, 1874. — BY HON. CARL SCHURZ.

there. And what a life was his, — a life so wholly devoted to what was good and noble! There he stood, in the midst of the grasping materialism of our times, around him the eager chase for the almighty dollar, no thought of opportunity ever entering the smallest corner of his mind, and disturbing his high endeavors; with a virtue which the possession of power could not even tempt, much less debauch; from whose presence the very thought of corruption instinctively shrunk back; a life so unspotted, an integrity so intact, a character so high, that the most daring eagerness of calumny, the most wanton audacity of insinuation, standing on tiptoe, could not touch the soles of his shoes.

Now we have laid him into his grave, in the motherly soil of Massachusetts, which was so dear to him. He is at rest now, — the stalwart, brave old champion, whose face and bearing were so austere, and whose heart was so full of tenderness; who began his career with a pathetic appeal for universal peace and charity, and whose whole life was an arduous, incessant, never-resting struggle, which left him all covered with scars. And we can do nothing for him but remember his lofty ideals of liberty and equality and justice and reconciliation and purity, and the earnestness and courage and touching fidelity with which he fought for them; so genuine in his sincerity, so single-minded in his zeal, so heroic in his devotion!

Oh that we could but for one short hour call him up from his coffin, to let him see, with the same eyes which saw so much hostility, that those who stood against him in the struggles of his life are his enemies no longer! We would show him the fruit of the conflicts and sufferings of his last three years, and that he had not struggled and suffered in vain. We would bring before him, not only those who, from offended partisan zeal, assailed him, and who now with sorrowful hearts praise the purity of his patriotism; but we would bring to him that man of the South, a slaveholder and a leader of secession in his time, the echo of whose words spoken in the halls of the Capitol we heard but yesterday, — words of respect, of gratitude, of tenderness. That man of the South should then do what he deplored not to have done while he lived, — he should lay his hand upon the shoulders of the old friend of the human kind, and say to him, "Is it you whom I hated, and who I thought hated me?"

I have learned now the greatness and magnanimity of your soul; and here I offer you my hand and heart."

Could he but see this with those eyes, so weary of contention and strife, how contentedly would he close them again, having beheld the greatness of his victories!

People of Massachusetts! he was the son of your soil, in which he now sleeps; but he is not all your own. He belongs to all of us in the North and in the South,—to the blacks he helped to make free, and to the whites he strove to make brothers again. Let, on the grave of him whom so many thought to be their enemy and found to be their friend, the hands be clasped which so bitterly warred against each other. Let, upon that grave, the youth of America be taught by the story of his life, that not only genius, power, and success, but—more than these—patriotic devotion and virtue, make the greatness of the citizen. If this lesson be understood, more than Charles Sumner's living word could have done for the glory of America will be done by the inspiration of his great example; and it will truly be said, that, although his body lies mouldering in the earth, yet in the assured rights of all, in the brotherhood of a re-united people, and in a purified republic, he still lives, and will live forever.

CARL SCHURZ.

THE BRICKLAYERS.

"Ho! to the top of the towering wall!"

"Tis the master-mason's rallying call;

"To the scaffolding, boys, now merrily climb:

"Tis seven o'clock by the town-bell's chime.

Bring to your work good muscle and brawn,

And a keen, quick eye where the line is drawn:

Out with your saw-tempered blades of steel,

Smoother than glass from point to heel;

Now, steady and clear, from turret and port,

Ring out your challenge, '*Mort*', *Oh, mort*'!

"Clink! clink! trowel and brick!

Music with labor and art combine;

Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;

But lay to the line, boys, lay to the line!"

Cheery as crickets all the day long,
Lightening labor with laugh and song,
Busy as bees upon angle and pier,
Piling the red blocks tier upon tier,
Climbing and climbing still nearer the sun,
Prouder than kings of the work they have done,
Upward and upward the bricklayers go,
Till men are but children and pygmies below;
While the master's order falls ringing and short,
To the staggering carrier, "*Mort', Oh, mort'!*"
 "*Clink! clink! trowel and brick!*"
 Music with labor and art combine;
 Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
 But lay to the line, boys, lay to the line!"

Who are the peers of the best in the land, —
Worthy 'neath arches of honor to stand?
They of the brick-reddened, mortar-stained palms,
With shoulders of giants and sinewy arms,
Builders of cities, and builders of homes,
Propping the sky up with spires and domes;
Writing thereon with their trowel and lime
Legends of toil for the eyes of Time,
So that the ages may read, as they run,
All that their magical might has done.

 So clink! clink! trowel and brick!
 Work by the master's word and sign, —
 "*Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;*"
 But lay to the line, boys, lay to the line!"

G. H. BARNES, in *Scribner's Monthly*.

A STRANGER IN THE PEW.

Poor little Bessie! She tossed back her curls,
And, though she is often the sweetest of girls,
This was something she couldn't and wouldn't endure:
'Twas the meanest, most impolite act, she was sure,
And a thing, she declared, that *she* never would do, —
To go to church where one didn't belong,
Then walk down the aisle like the best in the throng,
And seat one's self plump in another one's pew.

Humph! Didn't her father own his out and out?
And didn't they fill it up full, just about,
When mamma and papa and herself and the boys
Were seated? And didn't their boots make a noise
In moving along to make room for a stranger?
And wasn't it cool, with the brazenest face,
To expect at each hymn pa would find her the place?
(If Ben didn't, or Bob; but there wasn't much danger.)

With such feelings at heart, and their print on her face,
Last Sunday our Bessie hitched out of her "place"
To make room for a girl, very shabby and thin,
Who had stood in the aisle till mamma asked her in.
The poor little thing tried her best not to crowd;
And Bessie, forgetting, soon had the mishap
To slip from her drowsiness into a nap,
From which she awakened by crying aloud.

Poor Bessie sat upright, with cheeks all aflame
At sleeping in church; and we felt for her shame,
But 'twas strange at the close of the service to see
Our Bessie, now gentle as gentle could be,
Take the hand of the shabby young girl in the pew,
And walk with her out of the church, with a smile
That shone through the tears in her eyes all the while,
And brightened her face with a radiance new.

"Good-by," whispered Bessie at parting, "and mind
Our pew's forty-five, with a pillar behind."
Then she stole to her mother: "O mother! I dreamed
Such a curious dream! 'Twas no wonder I screamed.
I thought I was sitting in church in this dress,
With a girl like a beggar-child right in our pew:
We were sitting alone on the seat, just we two;
And I felt more ashamed than you ever could guess;

"When all in a moment the music grew loud;
And on it came floating a beautiful crowd;
They were angels, I knew; for they joined in the song;
And all of them seemed in the church to belong.
Slowly and brightly they sailed through the air;
The rays from the window streamed crimson and blue,
And lit them in turn as their forms glided through:
I could feel their soft robes passing over my hair.

"One came to my side. Very sadly she said,
'There's a stranger in here.' I lifted my head,
And looked at the poor, shabby girl with disdain.
'Tis not she,' said the angel: 'the haughty and vain
Are the strangers at church. She is humble and true.'
Then I cried out aloud; and the minister spoke;
And just as they floated away I awoke;
And there sat that dear little girl in our pew."

Harper's Magazine.

THE MISTLETOE-BOUGH.

THE mistletoe hung in the castle hall;
The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's relations were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment: I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clew to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran; and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night; and they sought her next day;
And they sought her in vain when a week passed away.
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by; and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And, when Lovell appeared, the children cried, —
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle: they raised the lid;

And a skeleton-form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
Oh! sad was her fate: in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest:
It closed with a spring; and — dreadful doom! —
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb.

BAYLEY.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

“*Nein*” (pronounced *nine*) is the German for “No.”

“Got any boys?” the marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, “*Nein!*”

“Got any girls?” the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, “*Nein!*”

“But some are dead?” the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, “*Nein!*”

“Husband, of course,” the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, “*Nein!*”

“The devil you have!” the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered “*Nein!*”

“Now, what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering ‘Nine?’”
“*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*” civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

JOHN G. Saxe.

THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

A LITTLE child, —
A little, meek-faced, quiet village child,
Sat singing by her cottage-door, at eve,
A low, sweet sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody; no human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips the while they breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn, —
“Praise God! praise God!”

A seraph by the throne
In the full glory stood. With eager hand
He smote the golden harp-strings, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air
Welled forth unceasing. Then with a great voice
He sang the “Holy, holy, evermore,
Lord God Almighty!” and the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture; and the hierarchies,
Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned
With vehement adoration. Higher yet
Rose the majestic anthem without a pause,
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength; and still the infinite heavens
Rang with the “Holy, holy, evermore!”
Till, trembling from excess of awe and love,
Each sceptred spirit sank before the throne,
With a mute “Hallelujah.” But, even then,
While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice, — a voice that seemed
To float, float upward from some world afar, —
A meek and child-like voice, faint, but how sweet! —
That blended with the seraph’s rushing strain,
Even as a fountain’s music with the roll
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel’s face
At that new utterance, — smiles of joy, that grew
More joyous yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn, —
“Praise God! praise God!” And, when the seraph’s song
Had reached its close, and o’er the golden lyre

Silence hung brooding ; when the eternal courts
 Rung but with echoes of his chant sublime,—
 Still, through the abysmal space, that wandering voice
 Came floating upward from its world afar ;
 Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,
 “ Praise God ! praise God ! ”

T. WESTWOOD.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a party : dey had piano playin'.
 I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau ; her name vos Matilda
 Yane.
 She had haar as prown as a pretzel bun ; her eyes were him-
 mel-blue ;
 And ven she looket into mine she shplit mine heart into
 two.

Hans Breitmann gife a party : I vent dar, you'll be pound.
 I valzt mit der Matilda Yane, and vent shpinnin' round and
 round, —
 De pootiest fraulein in de house : she weighed two hoondert
 pound.

Hans Breitmann gife a party : I tells you it cost him dear.
 Dey rolit in more as seven kegs of foost-rate lager-bier ;
 And fenefer dey knocks de shpickets in, de Deutschers 'gife
 a cheer ;
 I dinks so fine a party not come to a hend dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a party : dere all vas Saus and Braus.
 Ven de sooper coom in, de gompany did make demselves to
 house ;
 Dey eat das Brod und Gansebrust, Bratwurst, und Broten
 fine,
 And vash deir Abendessen down mit four barrels of Neckar
 wein.

Hans Breitmann gife a party : ve all cot trunk as pigs.
 I put mine mout' to a parrel of bier, and schwallowed up
 mit a schwigs.

And den I kissed Matilda Yane, and she schlog me on de kop;

And de gompany fight mit taple-legs till de conshtoble made us shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a party : vere is dat party now ?

Vere is de lofely goltten cloud dat float on de mountain's prow ?

Vere is de Himmelstrahlende Stern, de star of de spirits' light ?

All goned afay mit de lager-bier, afay in de Ewigkeit.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR (*Adapted*).

You speak like a boy,—like a boy who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw, stigmatized as a traitor, a price set on my head as if I had been a wolf, my family treated as the dam and cubs of the hill-fox, whom all may torment, vilify, degrade, and insult; the very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors denounced as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with ?

And they shall find that the name they have dared to proscribe,—that the name of MacGregor,—is a spell to raise the wild devil withal. *They* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs. The miserable Highland drover, bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonored, and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay, shall burst on them in an awful change. They that scoffed at the grovelling worm, and trod upon him, may cry and howl when they see the stoop of the flying and fiery-mouthed dragon.

The land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us to enjoy the blessings of peaceful law. But we have been a persecuted people; and, if persecution maketh wise men mad, what must it do to men like us, living as our fathers did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more lights than they did? Can we view their bloody

edicts against us—their hanging, heading, hounding, and hunting down an ancient and honorable name—as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies? Here I stand; have been in twenty frays, and never hurt man but when I was in hot blood; and yet they would betray me, and hang me, like a masterless dog, at the gate of any great man that has an ill will at me.

But the heather that I have trod upon when living must bloom over me when I am dead. My heart would sink, and my arm would shrink and wither like fern in the frost, were I to lose sight of my native hills; nor has the world a scene that would console me for the loss of the rocks and cairns, wild as they are, that you see around us. And Helen,—what would become of her, were I to leave her the subject of new insult and atrocity? or how could she bear to be removed from these scenes where the remembrance of her wrongs is aye sweetened by the recollection of her revenge? I was once so hard put at by my great enemy, as I may well call him, that I was forced e'en to give way to the tide, and remove myself and my people and my family from our dwellings in our native land, and to withdraw for a time into MacCullummore's country; and Helen made a lament on our departure, as well as MacRimmon himself could have framed it, and so piteously sad and woesome, that our hearts almost brake as we listened to her: it was like the wailing of one for the mother that bore him; and I would not have the same touch of the heart-break again, . . . no, not to have all the lands that were ever owned by MacGregor.

W. SCOTT.

DER DRUMMER.

Who puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysters on der schell.
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes indoo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me by der handt, unt say,
 "Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
 Und goes for peesnis righd away?
 Der drummer.

Who sphreads his zamples in a trice,
 Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice!"
 Und says I gets "der bottom price"?
 Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine, —
 "Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine," —
 Und sheats me den dimes oudt of nine?
 Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought,
 Mooch less as vat I gould imbort,
 But lets dem go as he vas "short"?
 Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
 Der gustomers ubon his route? —
 Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot, —
 Der drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I been oudt,
 Drinks oup my bier, and eates mine *krawt*,
 Und kiss Katrina in der mout?
 Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
 Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
 Und mit a plack eye goes away?
 Dot drummer.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THE YANKEE AND THE DUTCHMAN'S DOG.

HIRAM was a quiet, peaceable sort of a Yankee, who lived on the same farm on which his fathers had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow, — always ready with a trick, whenever it was of the

least utility ; yet, when he did play any of his tricks, 'twas done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now, it happened that one of Hiram's neighbors sold a farm to a tolerably green specimen of a Dutchman, — one of the real unintelligent, stupid sort.

Von Vlom Schlopsch had a dog, as Dutchmen often have, who was less unintelligent than his master, and who had, since leaving his "faderland," become sufficiently civilized not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from the neighbors' sheepfold on the same principle.

When Hiram discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he walked over to his new neighbor's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural method in the world.

"Wall, Von, your dog Blitzen's been killing my sheep."

"Ya! dat ish bad — bad. He ish von goot tog: ya! dat ish bad!"

"Sartain, it's bad; and you'll have to stop 'im."

"Ya! dat ish allas goot; but ich weis nicht."

"What's that you say? *he was nixed?* Wall, now look here, old feller! nickin's no use. Crop 'im; cut the tail off close, chock up to his trunk: that'll cure him."

"Vat ish dat?" exclaimed the Dutchman, while a faint ray of intelligence crept over his features. "Ya! dat ish goot. Dat cure von sheep steal, eh?"

"Sartain it will: he'll never touch sheep-meat again in this world," said Hiram gravely.

"Den come mit me. He von mity goot tog; all the way from Yarmany: I not take one five dollar — but come mit me, and hold his tail, eh? Ich chop him off."

"Sartain," said Hiram: "I'll hold his tail if you want me tew; but you must cut it up close."

"Ya! dat ish right. Ich make 'im von goot tog. There, Blitzen, Blitzen! come right here, you von sheep steal rash-cull: I chop your tail in von two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons; and the master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident, and, placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested him to lay it across a large block of wood.

"Chock up," said Hiram, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

"Ya! dat ish right. Now, you von tief sheep, I learns you better luck," said Von Vlom Schlopsch, as he raised the axe.

It descended; and, as it did so, Hiram, with characteristic presence of mind, gave a sudden jerk, and brought Blitzen's neck over the log; and the head rolled over the other side.

"Wall, I swow!" said Hiram with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog: "that was a *leetle* too close."

"Mine cootness!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "*you shust cut 'im off de wrong end!*"

POPPING THE QUESTION.

I KNEW by his looks what he'd come for: I plainly had seen from the first,

It must come to this sooner or later; and I'd made up my mind for the worst.

So I hid myself under the curtains, where the loving pair couldn't see me,

In order to watch their proceedings, and hear what he said unto *she*.

I saw he was fearfully nervous, that in fact he was suffering pain,

By the way that he fussed with his collar, and poked all the chairs with his cane;

Then he blushed; that he wouldn't look at her, but kept his eyes fixed on the floor,

And took the unusual precaution of taking his seat near the door.

He began, "It is — er — er — fine weather, — remarkable weather for May."

"Do you think so?" said she: "it is raining." — "Oh! so it is raining to-day.

I meant, 'twill be pleasant to-morrow," he stammered; "er — er — do you skate?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "at the season; but isn't May rather too late?"

The silence that followed was awful: he continued, "I see a sweet dove"

("Twas only an innocent sparrow; but blind are the eyes of true love),—

"A dove of most beautiful plumage, on the top of that wide-spreading tree,

Which reminds me,"—she sighed,— "O sweet maiden! which reminds me, dear angel, of thee."

Her countenance changed in a moment: there followed a terrible pause:

I felt that the crisis was coming, and hastily dropped on all fours,

In order to see the thing better. His face grew as white as a sheet:

He gave one spasmodic effort, and lifelessly dropped at her feet.

She said — What she said I won't tell you. She raised the poor wretch from the ground.

I drew back my head for an instant. Good heavens! Oh! what was that sound?

I eagerly peered through the darkness,—for twilight had made the room dim,—

And plainly perceived it was kissing, and kissing not all done by him.

I burst into loud fits of laughter: I know it was terribly mean;

Still I couldn't resist the temptation to appear for a while on the scene.

But she viewed me with perfect composure, as she kissed him again with a smile,

And remarked, 'twixt that kiss and the next one, that she'd "known I was there all the while."

THE BUMPKIN'S COURTSHIP.

WHILE on a visit to a relation in the celebrated city of York, I was acquainted with an honest farmer in the neighborhood, who, having resided there from a youth, was respected, and admitted into the society of most of the

country gentlemen. He was a constant visitor at the house of my uncle; and his conversation, teeming with merry stories which served to delight the ear at the expense of our sides, told in his simple, unadorned manner, could not but render his society agreeable to me.

Honest old Farmer Burton had an only son, who had reached the age of forty without entering into the matrimonial state; he was, in fact, as true a picture of a country bumpkin as ever graced a pitchfork. One day, our discourse happening to turn upon the said bumpkin, I expressed my surprise that he should never have had the good fortune to get married. "Why," said the farmer, "it be not the fault o' his face, I reckon; for he be as pratty a lad as here and there be one; ees, an' he ha' had his chances, by my feelkins! and, had he been as 'cute as mysen, he might ha' had a buxom lass, with no little o' money either." This excited my curiosity; and I requested the farmer to acquaint me with the particulars, which he did as follows:—

"You mun know, that my son used to work wi' me in the field; that is, he drived plough, sowed, and reaped, and all other 'cultural works loike; and a steady, hard-working lad he wur too; till all on a sudden he becomed lazy loike, and wouldn't work at all. So I couldn't tell what to make on't: if I snubbed un 'twur all the same; and so at last, thinks I to mysen, I'll speak to un about it calmly loike; an' so I did, and ax't un what wur the matter wi' un; and so says he, 'Why, I dosen't know disactly, he, he, he! but ever sin' I ha' seed Molly Grundy at our village church, feather, I ha' felt all over in sic' conflagration loike, he, he, he!' 'Why, ye beant in love, be ye?' 'Why, he, he, he! I can't say for sartin; haply I mought; but dang my buttons, feather! if I dosen't think Molly bees in love wi' I, he, he, he!' 'Be she?' says I: 'ods dickens! then you mun mind your p's and q's, lad; for she ha' money. But did she speak to ye?' 'Ees; to be sure she did, and said I wur a pratty lad, he, he, he! 'And what answer did you make?' 'Why, I—I—la'ft!' 'Ah, but,' said I, 'you should ha' made loove to her.' 'But I don't know how, feather: what be I to say?' 'Why, I'll tell ye. When you see her again, you thus address her: O thou most incomparable of thy sex! Thy eyes of diamond light have pierced my heart's core; thy cheeks are carnation red; thy lips like coral, thy alabaster skin, thy teeth, good lack!

— and graceful mien, have scorched and burned up all the particles of my heart. Deign, then, to dispense thy passions to me alone, thy faithful swain, who is this moment ready to espouse thee, thou irresistible and adorable woman ! ”

“ Well,” said I, “ and did he say so ? ”

“ Why, no,” said the farmer : “ a sad blunder he made on it, all through his being no scholar ; and lost both his sweetheart Molly, and her money into the bargain. When he got to Molly Grundy’s, he dropped on both his knees, scratched his head, and thus began : —

“ ‘ O Molly Grundy ! feather ha’ sent I here to dress ye. O thou most unbearable of my sex ! Thy eyes of light have pierced my heart sore ; thy cheeks are tarnation red ; thy lips like mackerel, thy plaster skin, thy teeth so black and hateful and mean, — have scorched and burned up all the articles of my heart. Feign, then, to expend thy passion on me alone thy hateful swine, who is this moment ready to spouse thee, thou detestable and deplorable ’ooman ! ’

“ Molly Grundy no sooner heard his speech, than she took up a long hair-broom, wopped poor Robin out o’ the house ; and he has never been able to get a wife, or had courage enough to make love to another woman since.”

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another’s will ! —
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

AT THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

It has seldom been my lot, in all the years of my ministry, to feel so entirely unequal to any work I have had to do, as I do to-day. As I have thought of the great honor in your request that I should address you, I could not but feel it was all a mistake to select such a man as I am for this work. It is one of the touching things that have come to us from the old time, that, when a man wanted to move a great multitude to do some piece of grace, he stood before them, and held up a poor stump, from which the hand had gone in defence of their homes. He said no word: he simply bared the maimed limb; and in a moment the multitude was lifted into the grace he sought. So I have thought you had better have done to-day: not to take me, or any man like me, whose work in the strife for which these men fell was so poor and thin, but to take one of your own veterans, — a man who, when the trumpet called our nation to battle, went out and stood fast, fighting for the land; who endured hardness like a good soldier, until the war was ended, and then, coming back, quietly took his place as a citizen, doing his duty with the smart of his old wounds about him, but never complaining, or thinking that God had given him the harder lot. Such a man might stand mute, or simply say, "These are the graves of my comrades;" and

then no speech that could be made by the tongue of man beside would ever touch us with an eloquence like that. One mute appeal from a maimed arm pointed down at these green mounds, if we had eyes to see what the appeal meant, would cover these graves deeper with summer blossoms than they have ever been covered with winter snows. Soldiers of the Republic, you cannot suspect what power abides in your broken bodies and shed blood, to shake the heart of every true American. That was the power you should have seized for this great occasion. I went to the battle-field: you fought on it. I nursed and tended in steamboat and hospital; but you wrestled with the agonies of wounds I could not feel. God knows, my heart was always full of sympathy; but that could not under-reach your pain. All the tales of old heroism I had ever read faded out in the face of your quiet endurance; and you taught me new lessons of what a man can do, when God helps him, in any strife. The grandest sights I shall ever see on this earth I saw in your camps and hospitals. It is only my resolution, sacred, I trust, as my life, never to refuse the request of a soldier, that has held me up to stand here, and try to speak to you by the graves of your comrades. My advantage, as I do try, rests in the infinite eloquence of your mere presence. I fall back on your reserves.

From ROBERT COLLYER'S Life that Note Is.

NOBODY THERE.

I was the last new boy at school :

I must pay my "initiation fee."

Twelve boys wanted a thieving tool ;

The latter the reason, the former the plea.

With boast and bluster and bullying air,

They won consent from "the last boy there."

A stealthy walk 'neath a silver moon ;

Then an orchard wall looking e'er so high ;

Next, "Here's the plunder! climb like a coon,"

From the biggest boy with the blackest eye.

"What a ninny you are ; and how you stare!

Nobody will hurt you : nobody's there."

They knew the place for scaling well,
And pushed me up with eager hands,
Till, trembling and weak, their victim fell
On the broad ledge guarding the Bellair lands.
"A crooked tree leans down like a stair,"
They told me; and there it was, — right there!

Right there! And, on that stairway swung,
I crouched like a coward amid the leaves:
To right, to left, the ripe fruit hung
On that first and fairest of autumn eves, —
Crimson and gold, in a silver air,
Apple on apple, pear on pear;

Just within reach of my tempting hold;
The air astir with their fruity breath;
Globe of crimson, pendant of gold:
What was to hinder loitering Seth?
Silent I hung on the old tree stair:
As silent the orchard, — nobody there.

High in the heavens hung the harvest moon:
Strange! — but it brought my mother's smile.
"Tell me all that happens, and write me soon,"
She said, through smiles and tears the while.
There were two of us only: God took one, —
A sister, the sweetest under the sun.

Somehow, in that silvery hush,
Came the murmur of mother's prayer;
And a little stream, 'mid banks of rush,
Caught the gleam of my sister's hair.
Still, crimson and gold, in a silver air,
Hung apple on apple, pear on pear.

Down in the dark some tiny thing,
Under the daisies' silken hood,
Smote the quiet with bell-like ring,
Bringing an answer out of the wood, —
Two together: they make me reel,
Chiming in chorus, "Thou shalt not steal."

The twelve in waiting saw me bound
 Over the wall with empty hands,
 Panting, breathless. They flee the ground:
 Far beyond lay the tempting lands.
 "Was it Box?" said the bully, "or old Bellair?"
 "Neither," I answered: "God was there."

ANONYMOUS

THE FACTORY GIRL'S DIARY.

[From "All that Glitters is not Gold."]

MARTHA GIBBS; LADY VALERIA.

Mar. How long it seems since we parted, Lady Valeria! and to think that I should live to see you once more, and see you on your wedding morning! In a few minutes you will be the happy wife of an amiable and handsome bridegroom; for you know he is very handsome.

Val. (*coldly.*) I really have thought very little on the subject. My aunt told me I was poor, that Mr. Frederick Plum was rich, that the marriage would revive the fortune of our house, that I ought not to hesitate: I therefore did not; and in less than a week the marriage was negotiated.

Mar. I must say, a week's acquaintance seems to me rather short.

Val. Ah, Martha! the formula of life which girls of rank go through should be better known. At a given birthday the school-girl lays aside her books, to go into the world. There she soon meets a man who seems to realize those visions of perfection we all of us indulge. She loves; but only to be told that the omnipotent voice of circumstances forbids the indulgence of her affection. Another bridegroom is presented. In the wide world she has not one sympathetic bosom to confide and weep upon; in mere despair she throws herself on his. This is the history of many a *happy* bride that poverty envies, but should hug its rags for not resembling.

Mar. Why, Lady Valeria, what words! and what a tone! You are agitated, and, I declare, a tear! (*Low to her.*) I am afraid there's some sad secret.

Val. No, no! 'twas but the dream of an hour: the very recollection's gone, I must think, I *will* think, no more of him..

Mar. Of him? of whom? (*anxiously.*)

Val. Of no one. I am the bride of Frederick; and, as you say, I am happy, very happy, ha, ha!

Mar. (*aside.*) She frightens me: 'tis plain she loves another.

Val. Forgive me, Martha: I am grown so selfish! I talk of my own happiness, and have not even asked how I can add to yours, — you who have been thrust into the world without a mother's help, without a mother's counsel —

Mar. No, not without her counsel; for the very words my poor dying mother said to me are as fresh in my heart as if I heard them now; and, do you know (*low*), I've found out a way to live after them.

Val. A way to live after a dying mother's counsel? Oh! tell me, tell me how.

Mar. Well, to *you*, only to you. Well, then, every night in my bedroom I write down in a little book every thing I can remember of what I've said, done, and thought all day: good, bad, or indifferent, down it goes in my diary; and, when I've made a clean breast of it, why, then I say my prayers.

Val. Indeed!

Mar. Next morning, the first thing on waking, I read what I confessed the night before. For example, now: Once I was what you ladies call a flirting girl: at first I wouldn't write it down; but one day it led me to do a false and heartless thing. That very night down went the whole story in my little book. Next morning I didn't like to read it; but read it I *did*, again and again, day after day, and week after week; and at last, when I caught myself watching myself, afraid of having such another page as that to write and read, oh! then I knew I was cured: and so I do believe the poor motherless, penniless, helpless factory girl has kept herself honest by keeping her diary honest too. Oh! blessings on every school in every village of the land! and blessings on the simple words over the door, "Reading and Writing taught here"!

MORTON.

IN THE TUNNEL.

RIDING up from Bangor
On the Pullman train,
From a six-weeks' shooting
In the woods of Maine,
Quite extensive whiskers,
Beard, moustache as well,
Sat a "student feller,"
Tall and fine and swell.

Empty seat behind him,
No one at his side;
To a pleasant station
Now the train doth glide.
Enter aged couple,
Take the hinder seat;
Enter gentle maiden,
Beautiful, *petite*.

Blushingly she falters,
"Is this seat engaged?"
(See the aged couple
Properly enraged!)
Student, quite ecstatic,
Sees her ticket's "through;"
Thinks of the long tunnel,
Knows what he will do.

So they sit and chatter
While the cinders fly,
Till that "student feller"
Gets one in his eye;
And the gentle maiden
Quickly turns about:
"May I, if you please, sir,
Try to get it out?"

Happy "student feller"
Feels a dainty touch;
Hears a gentle whisper, —
"Does it hurt you much?"

Fizz! ding, dong! a moment
In the tunnel quite,
And a glorious darkness
Black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight
Darts the Pullman train;
Student's beaver ruffled
Just the merest grain;
Maiden's hair is tumbled,
And there soon appeared
Cunning little ear-ring
Caught in student's beard.

"JONES."

[The following little story, with its moral, though written for "The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph," is quite too good to be enjoyed by the farmers of the South alone.]

I KNEW a man, and he lived in Jones,
Which Jones is a country of red hills and stones;
And he lived pretty much by getting of loans;
And his mules were nothing but skin and bones;
And his hogs were flat as his corn-bread pones;
And he had 'bout a thousand acres of land.

This man — and his name it was also Jones —
He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones;
For he couldn't make nothin' but yellowish cotton,
And little of that; and his fences were rotten;
And what little corn he had, *that* was boughten;
And he couldn't get a living from the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got;
And he rose, and he walked to the stable lot;
And he halloed to Tom to come down there and hitch;
For to emigrate somewhere where land was rich;
And to quit raising cock-burs, thistles, and sich,
And wasting their time on barren land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules,
Protesting that folks were mighty big fools
That'd stay in Georgia their lifetime out,
Just scratching a living, when all of them mought
Get places in Texas where cotton would sprout
By the time you could plant it in the land.

And he drove by a house where a man named Brown
Was living, not far from the edge of the town,
And he bantered Brown for to buy his place,
And said, that, seeing that money was skace,
And seeing as sheriffs were hard to face,
Two dollars an acre would get the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents;
And Jones he bought him a wagon and tents,
And loaded his corn and his women and truck,
And moved to Texas, which it took
His entire pile, with the best of luck,
To get there and get him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones farm;
And he rolled up his breeches, and bared his arm;
And he picked all the rocks from off'n the ground;
And he rooted it up, and ploughed it down,
And sowed his corn and wheat in the land.

Five years glide by; and Brown, one day
(Who had got so fat that he wouldn't weigh),
Was a-sitting down, sorter lazily,
To the bulliest dinner you ever see,
When one of the children jumped on his knee,
And says, "Yan's Jones, which you bought his land."

And there was Jones, standing out at the fence;
And he hadn't no wagon nor mules nor tents;
For he had left Texas afoot, and come
To Georgia to see if he couldn't get some
Employment; and he was looking as hum-
ble as if he had never owned any land.

But Brown he asked him in ; and he sot
Him down to his victuals smoking hot ;
And, when he had filled himself and the floor,
Brown looked at him sharp, and rose and swore
That, " whether men's land was rich or poor,
There was more in the *man* than there was in the *land*."

THE WHISTLER.

" You have heard," — said a youth to his sweetheart, who
stood

While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline, —
" You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood :
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

" And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
" I would blow it," he answered ; " and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would there take her place."

" Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried :
" A favor so slight one's good-nature secures ;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

" I would blow it again," said the youth ; " and the charm
Would work so, that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled ; and she laid her white arm round his neck.

" Yet once more I would blow ; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss, —
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine ;
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee, —
" What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make !
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

"GOOD AND BETTER."

A FATHER sat by the chimney-post
On a winter's day, enjoying a roast;
By his side a maiden young and fair,
A girl with a wealth of golden hair;
And she teases the father stern and cold,
With a question of duty trite and old, —
" Say, father, what shall a maiden do
When a man of merit comes to woo?
And, father, what of this pain in my breast?
Married or single, — which is the best?"

Then the sire of the maiden young and fair,
The girl of the wealth of golden hair,
He answers as ever do fathers cold,
To the question of duty trite and old, —
" She who weddeth keeps God's letter:
She who weds not doeth better."
Then meekly answered the maiden fair,
The girl with the wealth of golden hair, —
" I'll keep the sense of the holy letter,
Content to do WELL without doing BETTER."

JAKIE ON WATERMELON PICKLE.

OLD lady Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's recipe for making watermelon pickle the other day; and being hard of hearing, and as she couldn't see to read well, she got her grand-boy Jakie to peruse it for her. Jakie took the paper like a dutiful child, and, holding it upside down, commenced:—

" Take a green watermelon " —

" Why, Jakie! ain't you mistaken? I thought the melon must be ripe."

" Oh! what's the matter wid you? Jew ever see a watermelon that wuzn't green?"

" Cut the watermelon into four halves " —

" But there ain't only two halves to any thing. I don't believe you are reading that right, Jakie."

“Well, I don’t halve to. But anyhow, that’s wat the reseat says. Then soak the watermelon in a pint-cup” —

“Oh, dear me! How in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint-cup?”

“Well, I ain’t here to tell the whereases and the howfores: I’m just readin’ the facts, and you can put in the philosophy to suit yer taste. After soaking the melon, put it in a skillet, and fry it for four days.”

“I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent me such a reseat as that,” said the old lady; but Jakie kept on: —

“Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl, and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care not to spill the vinegar” —

“I’d just like to know how you can pour a gallon into a quart without spilling any of it.” But Jakie continued: —

“Then sift a peck of red peppers through a milk-strainer over the melon; and to one cup of butter add the whites and the yolks and the shells of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid ’em, and four sticks of cinnamon-drops, and a bottle of Dr. Mary Walker’s Vinegar Bitters, and two tablespoonfuls of quinine; and run it through a coffee-mill, and let it stand till it ferments, and then put it in a tin can, and tie the can to a dog’s tail, — this will stir it up to the right consistency, — and then you can turn it off into crocks, and have it ready for use. Serve it up cold, and spread it on mince-pie, and it makes a capital dessert;” and Jakie slid out of the door, and left the old lady looking like a wrinkle on a monument.

“I golly!” said Jakie, “bet yer sweet life she won’t ask me to read any more reseets!”

THE OLD METHODIST’S TESTIMONY.

I PRAISE the Lord, my Christian friends, that I am with you
still,
Though standin’ like an old log house upon a west-side hill:
The music has gone out, you know; the timbers have decayed,
But sunshine on ’em’s just as warm as when they first was
laid.

Almost a hundred years have passed sin' I was born; and
then

'Twas only fifteen further on, and I was born again.
I've seen the forest melt away; nice houses have been
reared:

The world has quite outstripped the Church, I'm very much
afear'd.

They used to tell a Methodist as far as eye could scan:
No gewgaws on a woman then, no dicky on a man;
But now our congregations are so much by fashion led,
They look just like a rainbow wrecked upon a posy-bed.

The circuit-riders of them days were not so fine and grand:
They took degrees a-haulin' logs, and clearin' up the land;
But when one of 'em rose to preach, I tell you, we could
smell

The fragrant flowers of heaven, and the stifling smoke of
hell.

We had an "amen corner," too, beside the pulpit-stairs,
And, while he raised his sermon-bents, we lifted with our
prayers;

We threw in many a loud "Thank God!" and weren't
obliged to go,

To give the Lord the glory, to a class-room down below.

The grand old quart'ly meetin's were to all the brethren
dear,

Just like four green oases in the desert of the year.

The people flocked from miles around; my wife would take
a score;

And after supper they would pray, and sleep upon the floor.

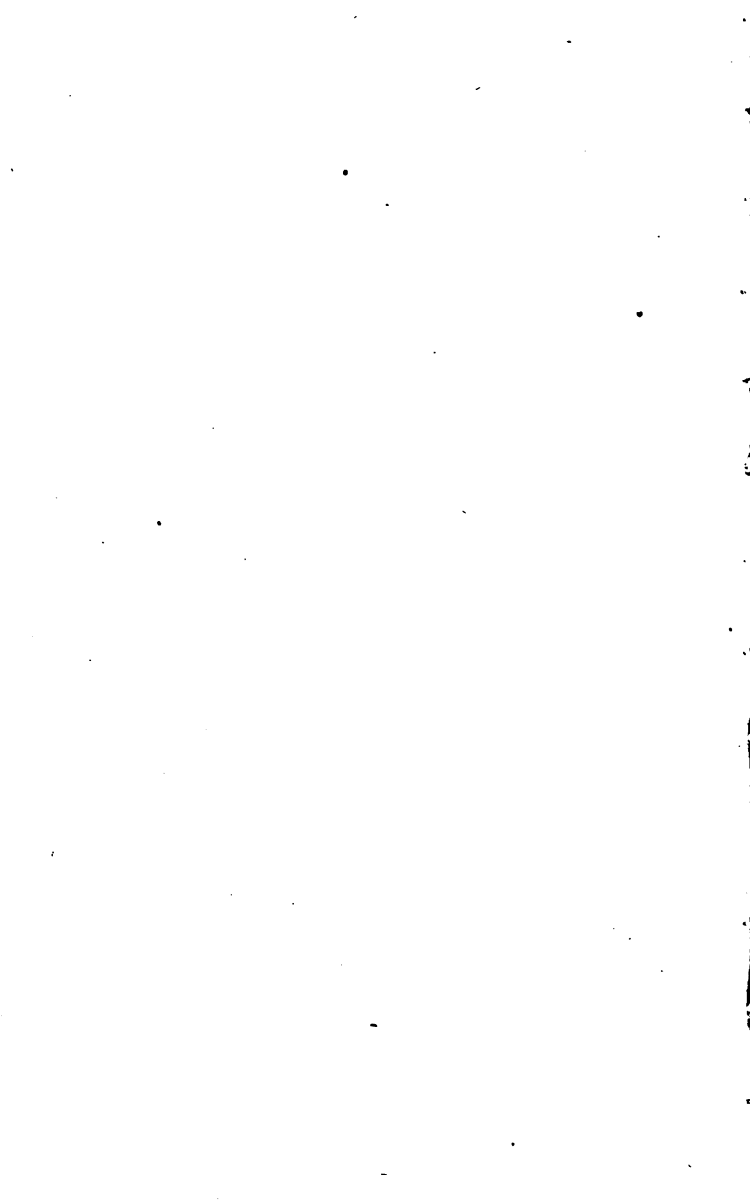
I know the world's a-moving on, as Galileo said,
For now I rent a cushioned pew to hear an essay-read;
But, when through stained-glass windows the sun throws
blue and gold,

I cannot help a-thinkin' how the glory shone of old.

They call me an "old fossil," and a "relic of the past,"
A "foggy" and a "croaker," too; but this won't always last:
I tread a tremblin' isthmus where two seas of glory roll,
And soon the past and future bliss will swallow up my soul.

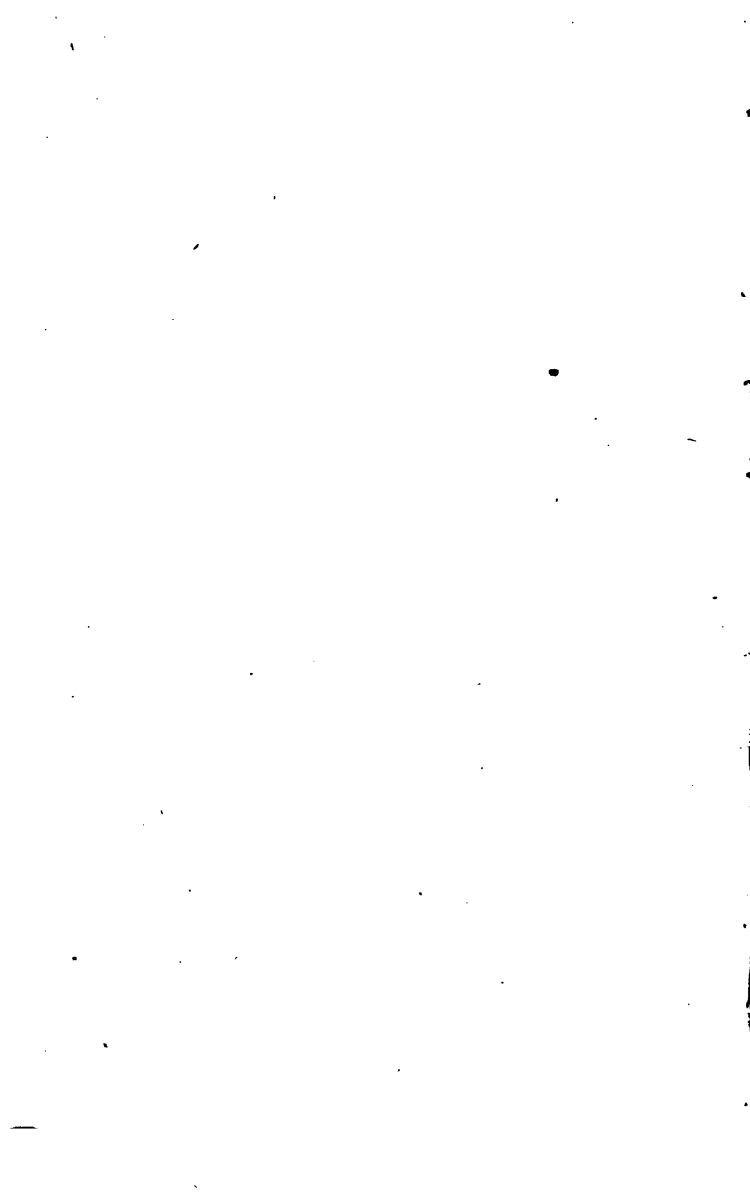
And when I reach fair Canaan, the Lord will doubtless see
That mansions in the city will not do for such as me;
So he will let me go among the old-fashioned saints, I
 think,
And praise him 'neath the trees of life upon the river's
 brink.

PHILL J. BULL.



THE HANDY SPEAKER.

PART II.



THE RESCUE.

NEARER and nearer and nearer and near!
Hark how his horse's hoofs ring out
On the river-bottom, loud and clear!
He waves his *sombrero*, and utters a shout;
His long black hair floats free in the wind;
His gray-hued *serape* is fallen behind.

Nearer and nearer,
He has reached the river, yet does not seem
To notice the ford

Above, where 'tis broad;
But straight down the shelving bank into the stream
He urges his steed like a man in a dream.
Great God! The horse's head is under!
Not so, he swims: 'twas the quicksand, 'tis past.
See his broad breast cleave the waves asunder!
He comes straight onward; he's over at last:
He is here.

Poor mustang, panting and trembling and faint!
Not another rod to-night shall ye stir.

The dusky rider springs to ground,
And looks with questioning glance around.
" *Americanos ? Ah ! Senors,*
What hand so quick to save as yours ?
Por amor de Dios, mount and ride !
Los Comanches ! " The captain cried, —
" Stranger, enough ! we know the rest.
God willing, we will do our best."

Hark to the bugle's roundelay!
Boot and saddle! Up and away!
Mount and ride as ye ne'er rode before;
Spur till your horses' flanks run gore;
Ride for the sake of human lives;
Ride as ye would were your sisters and wives
Cowering under their scalping-knives.
Boot and saddle! Away, away!

Never did order
Come more welcome to us on the border;
Never more promptly did we obey.
Every thing dropped in drear disorder;
Supper half-finished was left on the ground;
Each man sprang to his horse's side;
Cheerily the word went round, —
Rescue, rescue! Mount and ride!
Death to the redskins far and wide!
Then quickly we galloped off into the night,
"All saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight."

The evening sun has sunk full soon,
Tinging the west with crimson and gold;
But over each man's left shoulder the moon —

Evil omen
As e'er foretold
To other foemen
In days of old
Danger and death — in majesty
Silently climbs the eastern sky.
The moon behind, the stars shining o'er us,
Shadows and darkness around;
But we only know straight before us
Are twenty miles of ground.
O God! To think of the terrible fate
Awaiting that home if we come too late!
To think twenty miles and two hours hence
May make such fearful difference!
Ah, noble steeds, do all ye know
That twenty miles we draw not rein,
But after that ye shall rest again.

Galloping, galloping, galloping on,
Four times thirty hoofs as one,

Galloping on at a fearful pace,
In terrible race,
One by one the miles go by,
Quickly the horses and moments fly.
"Stranger, are we almost there?"
The Mexican, he shook his head:
"Ten miles farther on," he said,
Then bowed his head in muttered prayer.
Ten miles more! Will they never pass?
On and on and on we go:
We brush the dew from the buffalo-grass;
We're in the Badlands now.
Still the miles are passing by,
Still the horses and moments fly:
"Stranger, do we near the place?"
The Mexican nods in mute reply,
Then suddenly, with ghastly face,
Points to the western sky.
Aha! What means that lurid glow?
Surely the sun set long ago.
"Pause not for your lives," the captain said:
"'Tis a house in flames, five miles ahead!"

God grant that rarely on human sight
There dawn such a scene as we saw that night!
Such horrible pictures no brush could produce,
Such terrible story no pen could tell;
As if in an instant had been let loose
A thousand fiends of hell.
A bit of timber, a patch of green,
A house in a winding-sheet of flame,
Smoke and fire and ghastly glare,
The shrieks of a poor wretch tortured there,
The cries of women bemoaning their fate,
The yells of the devils incarnate,
Playing their devil's game, —
This is the story filling the air,
This the terrible scene.

A painted savage, with rapid stride,
Places himself by a captive's side,
A moment toys with her beautiful hair,
Then raises his hatchet high in air.
But the threatening weapon never fell;

Something stays their horrible mirth;
What thunder is that which shakes the earth?
'Tis a thunder the redskins know full well;
Full well they know that heavy tread,
Full well they know they have cause to dread
The headlong charge of our cavalry.
See what a change in their revelry!
Scalps and captives are heeded not,
Plunder and pillage are all forgot.
Now let the fiends escape who can!
We're down upon them, horse and man;
We follow them far o'er the grassy plain;
We hunt them down amid the trees;
Ay, devils! well may you come to your knees!
Ye shall never slay women and children again.

But hark, the bugle! What does it say?
Methinks the notes were the recall.
Never less promptly did we obey;
Why should we hold our hand to slay?
The captain spoke, and shamed us all, —
“ ‘ Vengeance is Mine, I will repay: ’
'Twas He that brought us here to-night
In time to save: the fight is won.
Vengeance is his; let him requite:
Our work is done.”

JOHN BROWNJOHN, in *New York Tribune*.

THE PICKWICKIANS ON ICE.

“ Now,” said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, with the agreeable items of strong-beer and cherry-brandy, had been done ample justice to, “ what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time.”

“ Capital!” said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

“ Prime!” ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

“ You skate, of course, Winkle?” said Wardle.

“ Ye — yes; oh, yes!” replied Mr. Winkle. “ I — I am rather out of practice.”

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle!" said Arabella. "I like to see it *so* much!"

"Oh, it is so graceful!" said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had got a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more down stairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and, the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made, at the instant, of a frantic

desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's an orkard gen'lm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was any thing the matter. "Come: the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle with a ghastly smile, "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thankee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There, that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast!"

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank, —

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here! I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam; "don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against

him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet; but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do any thing of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle: "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the by-standers; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:—

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding, which is currently denominated "knocking

at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a twopenny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide; and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise, that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick; "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here! I'll keep you company; come along." And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller; and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves, and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin', sir," said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass; following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the

painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And, when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that could possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it, and Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any person who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might and main.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice,—it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant, for only one instant," bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do: let me implore you—for my sake," roared

Mr. Winkle deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being, that, if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and, as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing and cracking and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant situation, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold!" said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah! that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and, when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant; and, three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off under the guidance of Mr. Weller, presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case; and, urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen-chimney was on fire, — a calamity which always presented itself in the most glowing colors to the old lady's mind when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug

in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner; a bowl of punch was carried up afterwards, and a grand carouse held in honor of his safety. Old Wardle would not hear of his rising: so they made the bed the chair, and Mr. Pickwick presided. A second and a third bowl were ordered in; and, when Mr. Pickwick awoke next morning, there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him: which proves, as Mr. Bob Sawyer very justly observed, that there is nothing like hot punch in such cases; and that, if ever hot punch did fail to act as a preventive, it was merely because the patient fell into the vulgar error of not taking enough of it.

DICKENS.

A PICTURE.

A REVERENT hush fell on the waiting crowd,
And solemnly a voice uprose in prayer.
A sunbeam through the half-closed lattice stole,
And lighted up the lofty frescoed cross,
And fell upon the speaker's silvered head
As if it were a benison from Heaven.

About the altar and the white-haired saint,
Were others haloed with the crown of time,
Who long had battled in the blessed strife,
And only waited for the victor's palm;
And some in manhood's strong and fervent noon,
And others in the grace and flush of youth.
In bowed and humble attitude they sat,
The chosen shepherds of the Master's fold.

And on the breast of one there leaned a child, —
A little child with curling golden hair,
With bright blue eyes, and tender, dimpled hands
That lightly rested on the father's arm.
No need for her to bow the sorrowing head,
Or drop the bitter penitential tear.
Sweet innocence its unstained image kept
In the soft eyes that wondering upward turned.

Not yet the voice within her spirit cried
From out the world's wild, stormy wilderness:
She had not wandered in its mazy depths;
Her feet yet lingered by the sunny paths
In which so lately she had strayed from heaven.

And while the father's face was lowly bent,
And rested hidden in his lifted hand,
The gentle child in conscious safety lay,
Securely folded in her father's arms,
And listening to the music of his heart.

Sweet picture! type of saintly confidence!
That brings afresh the tale of olden time,
When the disciples of the Master's choice
Went anxiously inquiring of their Lord
The secret way that to the kingdom led;
"And in their midst he set a little child."

MRS. H. A. BINGHAM.

TOBE'S MONUMENT.

THE "seven-days' fight" was ended. Hundreds of our brave boys lay with white, still faces upturned to the sky on the slopes of Malvern Hill, or moaned away their lives in the marshes along the Chickahominy. The worn, battered remnants of the Grand Army of the Potomac were encamped at Harrison's Landing, on the James, waiting for transports to take them back to Washington.

It was "after taps," a sultry, Southern-summer night. On the extreme edge of the encampment, on the side nearest the enemy, a sentinel paused in his walk, and peered cautiously out into the darkness. "Pshaw!" he said: "it's nothing but a dog." He was resuming his walk, when the supposed quadruped rose suddenly, and walked along two feet, in a manner so unmistakably human, that the sentinel lowered his musket once more, and shouted, "Halt! Advance, and give the countersign!" A faint, childish voice said, "Ain't got none, massa."

"Well, there, now!" said the sentinel, "if it ain't just

a little darky, and I guess I've frightened him half to death. Come here, Snowball."

The child crept up, and said tremblingly, "'Deed, massa, I ain't got nuffin ter gib yer."

"Well, who asked you to give me any thing?"

"Yer done ax me fer gib yer suffin jes' now; and I ain't got nuffin 'cep' my close what I got on."

"Well, you needn't fret; I don't want 'em. — Corporal of the guard! Post two."

The corporal hastened to "post two," and found the sentinel with his hand on the shoulder of a little black boy, who, between fear, fatigue, and hunger, was unable to give any account of himself. "I'll take him to Capt. Leigh," the corporal said: "he's officer of the day. Maybe he'll be able to get something out of him."

The captain stood in front of his tent, looking out into the night, when the corporal and his charge approached.

"Captain," said he, "here's a boy just come into the lines."

"Very well: you can leave him here."

At the first sound of the captain's voice, the boy drew nearer to him, as knowing instinctively that he had found a friend.

"You can go into that tent, and sleep till morning," said the captain.

"What is your name?" was Capt. Leigh's first question the next morning.

"Name Tobe."

"Is that all?"

"Dat's all, Mass Cap'n."

"How old are you?"

"Dunno, Massa Cap'n. Nobody nebber done tole me dat ar."

"Where have you come from?"

"Come fum de back o' Richmon', Mass Cap'n."

"What did you come here for?"

"All de res' ob 'm runned away; an' ole mass he wor so mad, I wor jes' feared o' my life. 'Sides, I t'ought I mought fin' my mammy ef I got 'mong der Unions."

"Where is your mother?"

"Dunno, Mass Cap'n. Ole mass done sol' her down in Georgy las' corn-shuckin', an' I ain't nebber heerd ob her sence. But I t'ought mebbly she mought ha' runned 'way too, an' I'd fin' her wid der Unions."

"Well, now, what are you going to do?"

"Dunno, Mass Cap'n. I'd like ter stay 'long wid you."

"What can you do?"

"Kin wait on yer, Mass Cap'n; kin shine up boots; an' " — brightening up as his eyes, wandering round, caught sight of the horses — "kin clean de hosses right smart."

"You are not big enough to take care of a horse."

"'Deed I is, Mass Cap'n; an' I ain't 'fraid o' no hoss. Ole mass allus sent me ter tend ter de hosses dat nobody else couldn't manage. Dey allus lets me handle 'em ef dey's ebber so debblesome. Jes' yer try me, Mass Cap'n, an' see ef I telled yer de troof."

"If I keep you with me you must be a good boy, and do as I tell you."

"'Deed I will, Mass Cap'n. I'se do ebery work yer say, sho's yer born."

So when the troops left Harrison's Landing, Tobe went too, in charge of the captain's horse and baggage; and, when the steamer was fairly under way, he brightened into a new creature as every revolution of the wheel placed a greater distance between himself and "ole massa."

"Massa Cap'n," he asked one day, "whar is we gwine at?"

"Either to Washington or Alexandria: I don't know exactly which."

"Will dar be one sto' up dar, cap'n?"

"Yes, there are plenty of stores. What do you want from one?"

"Please, Mass Cap'n, please, jess" — and he stammered, and caught his breath, apparently overwhelmed with the magnitude of his desires.

"Well, out with it. What wonderful thing do you want?"

"Please, Mass Cap'n, jess buy me one banjo."

"A banjo! What on earth do you want of that?"

"Kin play de banjo right smart, an' dance too. Kin! Mass Cap'n, I plays fer yer all de time."

"There'd be rather too much of a good thing about that."

"Is yer gwine to git it fer me?"

"I don't know. I'll see when we get there."

Pay-day came. Everybody got fixed up; and Tobe fell heir to an old cavalry-uniform. It didn't fit, to be sure. The pantaloons came up to his shoulders, and were rolled up

in great bunches around his ankles; the jacket came down to his knees; and the sleeves hung like yawning caverns, in which his hands disappeared so far that it seemed doubtful if he would ever find them again. But there were the gilt buttons and cavalry stripes; and Tobe's inmost soul rejoiced over them.

He was so absorbed in his clothes, that he seemed to have forgotten the banjo; when, one day, the captain suddenly held one up before him. His eyes dilated till they seemed to cover half the face; and he gasped out, "Yer gwine to gib me dat ar, Massa Cap'n?"

"You said you wanted a banjo, didn't you?"

"I knows I axed yer fer ter buy me one; but I t'ought mebbe yer wouldn't gi' me de clo's an' de banjo too."

"Well, which will you have, — the banjo, or the clothes?"

Tobe answered not a word, but pulled off his jacket, and laid it at the captain's feet. Capt. Leigh laughed. "Well," he said, "if you want a banjo as bad as that, you shall have it. Here, take it."

"Whar mus' I put de clo's at, Massa Cap'n?"

"You needn't put them anywhere. Keep them on."

"Does yer mean to gi' me de clo's and de banjo too?"

And, understanding at last that it was really so, Tobe gave vent to his feelings in a prolong "Ki yi!" then stood on his head, kicking his heels in the air, till, his voluminous garments proving too much for him, he lost his balance, and rolled over. This sobered him. He picked himself up, and walked off, carrying the banjo as if it were a baby.

After that there was no lack of music. Tobe played all day, and only stopped at night when the captain sent him to bed.

It proved that Tobe had told the truth about his skill in taking care of horses. Capt. Leigh's horse had never looked so well as now, and the captain was delighted. Tobe turned out, moreover, to be a very good boy. But the army is not a very good place for boys. So one day Capt. Leigh said, —

"Tobe, how would you like to go North?"

"Whar's it at, Mass Cap'n?"

"I mean my home at the North."

"When is yer gwine, Mass Cap'n?"

"I am not going at all now."

"Does yer mean ter sen' me away from yer, Mass Cap'n?"

Capt. Leigh was touched, and answered him very gently, —

"Yes, I want to send you away from me now, because it will be better for you. But, when the war is over, I shall go home; and then you can stay with me always, if you are a good boy."

"I allus does jes' de t'ings yer tell me, Mass Cap'n."

"I know you do. And, just because you do what I tell you so well, I want to send you to my home, to run errands for my wife, and do what work she will give you in the house. And I have three little children, — two little girls and a baby boy. I want you to go with them when they go out to play, and take care of them. My home is in a very pleasant place, in the country. Don't you think you would like to go there?"

"Ef yer goes too, Mass Cap'n."

"But, my boy, I can't possibly go now."

"I'se do jes de t'ing yer say, Mass Cap'n. Ef yer tells me to go, I'se go. An' I'se jest do ebery word the missus say, an' I look afr de chillens de bes' I knows, ontel yer comes dar. On'y please come right soon, Mass Cap'n." And, as the captain left the tent, Tobe laid his head on his banjo, and cried as if his heart would break.

Capt. Leigh found a brother officer who was expecting to go home on a furlough, and who readily agreed to take charge of the boy in whom his friend was so deeply interested.

But that night came news that made everybody give up the idea of a "furlough," or "going home." The Richmond government, determined to "make the North feel the war as she had not felt it," had organized the "grand raid."

An order came for Capt. Leigh's regiment to march at daylight.

"Tobe," said the captain, "you can go in one of the baggage-wagons.. Strap up my blanket and poncho, and take them along; and these boots, take particular care of them, for it's not often I can get a pair of cavalry boots to fit as they do."

"Yer needn't be feared, Mass Cap'n; I'se take care of 'em de bes' I knows."

The main body of the raiders were reported on the line of the South Mountains, making for Gettysburg. Scouting expeditions were sent out from the Northern army in all directions; and a body of troops, including Capt. Leigh's regiment, were ordered to proceed by the shortest route to

Gettysburg, and head the rebels off. One of the baggage-wagons broke down. The driver of another wagon stopped to help his comrade. The troops passed on, and the two wagons were left alone on the mountain. In one of them was Tobe, with the captain's boots, over which he kept constant watch. The men worked busily at the wagon, and Tobe sat watching them. Suddenly a trampling of horses' feet was heard, and a party of cavalry came round a turn in the road.

"That's good," said one of the men: "there's some of the boys. If they'll wait a few minutes, we can go along with 'em."

"'Tain't none of our boys," said the other, after a keen glance; "them's rebs."

At the word, Tobe slid down in the bottom of the wagon under some blankets, and lay silent and motionless with the boots clasped in his arms.

As the soldiers advanced, the officer said, apparently in reply to a question, "No, let the men go: we can't do any thing with prisoners here. But we'll look through the wagon; and, if the Yanks have any thing we want, 'all's fair in war.'"

They reined their horses by the wagon, and, after a few short, sharp questions, proceeded to break open trunks and bags, and appropriate their contents.

The soldiers were about finishing their examination, when one of them said, "What's that under the seat of that wagon?"

"Oh! nothing but a torn blanket," said another. "'Tain't worth taking. We have got all we want."

"There may be something under it, though."

He pushed aside the blanket with his sabre; and there lay Tobe, endeavoring but unsuccessfully to hide the boots under him.

"Ah!" said the officer, "this is worth while. Here's just what I wanted. Come, boy, hand over those boots, quick."

"'Deed, massa," said Tobe, "I can't gib 'em ter yer. Dey 'longs ter Mass Cap'n, an' he tole me take keer ob 'em mos' partic'lar."

"Can't help that. I've got to have them: so pass them along."

"Please, massa," began Tobe; but the rebel cut him short.

"Will you give me those boots? If you don't do it, and in double-quick time too, I'll put a ball through your black skin. I won't ask you again. Now, will you give them up?" and he pulled out his pistol.

"'Deed, massa, I can't, case Massa Cap'n" —

There was a sharp click, a flash, a long, sobbing moan, and Tobe lay motionless, the boots still clasped in his arms, and great drops of blood slowly gathering upon them.

"Enemy in sight," shouted a picket, riding up.

The officer hastily gave an order; and the rebels dashed off at a furious speed a few moments before a party of Union cavalry, with Capt. Leigh at their head, appeared, riding from the opposite direction.

A few words sufficed for explanation. Capt. Leigh laid his hand on Tobe's shoulder, and spoke his name. At the sound of the voice he loved so well, his eyes opened, and he said faintly, "Mass Cap'n, I done de-bes' I knowed. I keep the boots."

"O Tobe!" groaned the captain, "I wish you had given them up. I would have lost every thing, rather than have had this."

"Mass Cap'n."

"Yes, Tobe, what is it?"

"De little chillens, Mass Cap'n; I meant ter wait on 'em right smart. Tell 'em" — His voice grew fainter, and his eyes closed.

"Yes, my boy: what shall I tell them?"

"Tell 'em I didn't lose de boots; I kep 'em de bes' — I knowed."

There was a faint sigh, a flutter of the eyelids, and the little life that had been so truly "de bes' he knowed" (ah, if we could all say that!) was ended.

Very reverently Capt. Leigh lifted the boots, all wet and stained with blood. "I will never wear those boots again," he said; "but I will never part with them. They shall be Tobe's monument."

In the hall of Capt. Leigh's house is a deep niche; and in it, on a marble slab covered with a glass case, stands a pair of cavalry-boots with dark stains upon them; and on the edge of the slab, in golden letters, is the inscription, —

"In memory of Tobe,
Faithful unto death."

ELIZABETH KILHAM.

THE TWO ANCHORS.

It was a gallant sailor man,
Had just come from sea,
And, as I passed him in the town,
He sang "Ahoy!" to me.
I stopped, and saw I knew the man, —
Had known him from a boy;
And so I answered, sailor-like,
"Avast!" to his "Ahoy!"
I made a song for him one day, —
His ship was then in sight, —
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

I gave his hand a hearty grip.
"So you are back again?
They say you have been pirating
Upon the Spanish Main;
Or was it some rich Indiaman
You robbed of all her pearls?
Of course you have been breaking hearts
Of poor Kanaka girls!"
"Wherever I have been," he said,
"I kept my ship in sight, —
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'"

"I heard last night that you were in:
I walked the wharves to-day,
But saw no ship that looked like yours.
Where does the good ship lay?
I want to go on board of her."
"And so you shall," said he;
"But there are many things to do
When one comes home from sea.
You know the song you made for me?
I sing it morn and night, —
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'"

"But how's your wife and little one?"

"Come home with me," he said.

"Go on, go on: I follow you."

I followed where he led.

He had a pleasant little house;

The door was open wide,

And at the door the dearest face, —

A dearer one inside.

He hugged his wife and child; he sang, —

His spirits were so light, —

"The little anchor on the left,

The great one on the right."

'Twas supper-time, and we sat down, —

The sailor's wife and child,

And he and I: he looked at them,

And looked at me, and smiled.

"I think of this when I am tossed

Upon the stormy foam,

And, though a thousand leagues away,

Am anchored here at home."

Then, giving each a kiss, he said,

"I see, in dreams at night,

This little anchor on my left,

This great one on my right."

R. H. STODDARD.

THE OLD WAYS AND THE NEW.

I'VE just come in from the meadow, wife, where the grass is
tall and green;

I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine;

It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower mow,

And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung some twenty
years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed, 'neath the rays of a
scorching sun,

Till I thought my poor old back would break ere my task
for the day was done:

I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over the farm,
Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old pain
come in my arm.

It was hard work, it was slow work, a-swingin' the old scythe then;
Unlike the mower that went through the grass like death through the ranks of men:
I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at its speed and power;
The work that it took me a day to do, it done in one short hour.

John said that I hadn't seen the half: when he puts it into his wheat,
I shall see it reap and rake it, and put it in bundles neat;
Then soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work and learn
To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it into the barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it; but I said to the hired men,
I have seen so much on my pilgrimage through my three-score years and ten,
That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the air,
Or a Yankee in a flyin' ship a-goin' most anywhere.

There's a difference in the work I done, and the work my boys now do;
Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret in the new;
But somehow I think there was happiness crowded into those toiling days,
That the fast young men of the present will not see till they change their ways.

To think that I ever should live to see work done in this wonderful way!
Old tools are of little service now, and farmin' is almost play;
The women have got their sewin'-machines, their wringers, and every sich thing,
And now play croquet in the dooryard, or sit in the parlor and sing.

'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so long
gone by;
You riz up early, and sat up late, a-toilin' for you and I:
There were cows to milk; there was butter to make; and
many a day did you stand
A-washin' my toil-stained garments, and wringin' em' out
by hand.

Ah! wife, our children will never see the hard work we have
seen,
For the heavy task and the long task is now done with a
machine;
No longer the noise of the scythe I hear, the mower — There!
Hear it afar?
A-rattlin' along through the tall, stout grass with the noise
of a railroad-car.

Well! the old tools now are shoved away; they stand a-
gatherin' rust,
Like many an old man I have seen put aside with only a crust;
When the eyes grow dim, when the step is weak, when the
strength goes out of the arm,
The best thing a poor old man can do is to hold the deed of
the farm.

There is one old way that they can't improve, although it has
been tried
By men who have studied and studied, and worried till they
died;
It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined from its
dross:
It's the way to the kingdom of heaven, by the simple way
of the cross.

JOHN H. YATES.

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

WILLIE, fold your little hands;
Let it drop, that "soldier" toy;
Look where father's picture stands, —
Father, who here kissed his boy

Not two months since, — father kind,
 Who this night may — Never mind
 Mother's sob, my Willie dear,
 Call aloud that He may hear
 Who is God of battles; say,
 "Oh, keep father safe this day
 By the Alma River!"

Ask no more, child. Never heed
 Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
 Right of nations or of creed,
 Chance-poised victory's bloody work:
 Any flag i' the wind may roll
 On thy heights, Sebastopol;
 Willie, all to you and me
 Is that spot, where'er it be,
 Where he stands — no other word!
Stands: God sure the child's prayer heard —
 By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
 Ringing through the town to-day:
 That's for victory. Ah, no knells
 For the many swept away, —
 Hundreds, thousands! Let us weep,
 We who need not, — just to keep
 Reason steady in my brain
 Till the morning comes again,
 Till the third dread morning tell
 Who they were that fought and *fell*
 By the Alma River.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child;
 Poor the bed is, poor and hard:
 Yet thy father, far exiled,
 Sleeps upon the open sward,
 Dreaming of us two at home;
 Or beneath the starry dome
 Digs out trenches in the dark,
 Where he buries — Willie, mark —
 Where *he buries* those who died
 Fighting bravely at his side
 By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep,
 God will keep us, O my boy!
 He will make the dull hours creep
 Faster, and send news of joy,
 When I need not shrink to meet.
 Those dread placards in the street,
 Which for weeks will ghastly stare
 In some eyes — Child, say thy prayer
 Once again, — a different one:
 Say, "O God, thy will be done
 By the Alma River!"

MISS MULOCK

THE TRIAL SCENE FROM SHAK-
 SPEARE'S "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

The DUKE, Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, SOLANIO, SALARINO, GRATIANO, discovered.

Duke. [*Seated, c.*] What! is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
 A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
 Uncapable of pity, void and empty
 From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
 Your grace hath taken great pains to qualify
 His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
 And that no lawful means can carry me
 Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury; and am armed
 To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
 The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Sol. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK, L.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
 Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought
 Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :
 And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
 (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
 Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
 But, touched with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back,
 Enough to press a royal merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
 To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. (R.) I have possessed your grace of what I purpose ;
 And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats : — I'll not answer that ;
 But say, it is my humor : is it answered ?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it baned ; what, are you answered yet ?
 Some men there are, love not a gaping pig ;
 Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat ;
 Now for your answer :

As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
 So can I give no reason, nor will I not,
 More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered ?

Bass. (L. C.) This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. (L. C.) I pray you, think you question with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart: therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, — I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them; shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why sweat they under their burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are ours: — So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: — answer: shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter SOLANIO with NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk, R.,
and goes to the duke.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. [*gets up.*] No, none that thou hast wit enough to
make.

Gra. (R. C.) Oh, be thou damned, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men; thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Shy. (R. C.) [*Holding up the bond, and tapping it with the
knife.*] Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. — I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court: —
Where is he?

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws. PORTIA, ad-
vancing to the C. of the stage, bows to the Court, and then
approaches the DUKE.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome.

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause. —
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock both stand forth.

[*They stand forth, PORTIA in C. of stage.*]

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

[*To Ant.*] You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the fear and dread of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptred sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice: therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy; I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority :
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established ;
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. [*in ecstasy.*] A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a
 Daniel!—

Oh, wise young judge, how do I honor thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

[*Gives it.*]

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath ! I have an oath in heaven !
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
 No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
 Nearest the merchant's heart. — Be merciful :
 Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor. —
 It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;
 You know the law, your exposition
 Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
 Proceed to judgment. By my soul, I swear,
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
 To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is :
 You must prepare your bosom for his knife ; —

Shy. Oh, noble judge ! Oh, excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
 Hath full relation to the penalty,
 Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. Oh, wise and upright judge !
 How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:

So says the bond; — Doth it not, noble judge? —
Nearest his heart; those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am armed, and well prepared. —
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than in her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this curriish Jew.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas

Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*aside.*]

We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! — A sentence! come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little: — there is something else. —
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood.

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh:

But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the State of Venice.

Gra. (R.) Oh, upright judge! — Mark, Jew: — a learned
judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. Oh, learned judge! — Mark, Jew; — a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; — pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft:

The Jew shall have all justice! — soft! — no haste; —
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. Oh, Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more,

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more

Or less than a just pound, — be it but so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance,

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple! nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair, —

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I! a second Daniel! —
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then, the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

[going R.]

Por. Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice, —

If it be proved against an alien,

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize on half his goods: the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contrived against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred

The danger formerly by me rehearsed.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house: you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for Heaven's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, — to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter :

Two things provided more — that, for this favor,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this ; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew ? What dost thou say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;
I am not well ; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it. [*SHYLOCK crosses, R.*]

Gra. (L.) In christening thou shalt have two godfathers ;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit SHY., R.*]

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,

THE SISTERS.

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush and hearken !" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear ?"

"I hear the sea, and the splash of rain,
And roar of the north-east hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring, and wild winds blow?

No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbor-lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,
Up from the sea on the wind it came!

Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee-shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried, —

"O Sister Rhoda! there's something wrong;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

"Annie! Annie!" I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall."

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest! He never would call thy name!

If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him forever from thee and me!"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone —

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest!" she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death."

The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth."

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

Little will reck that heart of thine;
It loved him not with a love like mine.

I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FARM-YARD SONG.

OVER the hill the farm boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing:

The early dews are falling,
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farmer boy goes,
Cheerily calling,

"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,

The cooling dews are falling;
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling,

"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowling, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye:
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling,
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so, so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night-long ;
The heavy dew's are falling.
The housewife's hands has turned the lock ;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock ;
The household sinks to deep repose ;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling,
" Co', boss ! co', boss ! co', co', co' ! "
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, " So, boss ! so ! "

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

Two village friends who chanced to meet
One morning in the public street,
When each had kindly hailed the other
With " How d'ye do ? " and " How's your mother ? "
And " Shall we have a change of weather ? "
Fell into grave discourse together
About Dame Fortune. One declared
His purpose, — should his life be spared, —
To seek the lady far and wide,
Until he found her. " Faith ! " replied
The other, " Seek her if you choose ;
For me, I'd rather save my shoes
For work at home. Perhaps she may
(Who knows ?) come here some pleasant day ? "
Unmoved to hear his neighbor scoff,
That very day the man set off
In quest of Fortune. " Sure the court
Must be her favorite resort,"
The fellow said unto himself ;
" And *there*, — the seat of power and pelf, —
I'll first inquire." With this intent,
Straight to the Capitol he went,
Assumed the manners of the throng,
He praised the monarch, right or wrong,

As fashion bade, talked, dressed, and danded,
But not a whit his aim advanced;
For, though he'd heard of some who'd seen
(Or said they had) the fickle queen,
Still, to his sorrow and surprise,
She never blessed his longing eyes.
"Good lack!" he cried, "'tis very clear
I waste my time in loitering here."
And so, reflecting long, the man
Set sail, at last, for Indostan;
For *there*, according to report,
Dame Fortune held perpetual court.
Now, having braved the ocean's storms,
And pallid Death in hideous forms
Of shipwreck, pirates, and a host
Of perils on a foreign coast,
They told him on the Indian shore
The same old tale he'd heard before, —
Some favorites of Fortune might
Have had, perhaps, a transient sight
Of her whom he so fondly sought,
But seeking there would come to naught:
They bade him go to China, — *there*
She flourished bravely everywhere.
To China, then, our tourist goes,
Though pains and perils thick oppose,
Still seeking Fortune. All in vain:
No glimpse of her could he obtain.
The pigtails all informed the man
He'd better go to Indostan;
For *there*, if anywhere, they thought
The dame resided whom he sought.
Disgusted thus again to hear
The tail that cost his purse so dear,
And weary with the foolish quest
That gave him neither wealth nor rest,
He hastened home, and gazing round,
With joy to see his native ground,
Straight to his friend's abode he flies;
And there (could he believe his eyes?)
She whom he sought in vain before
Sat smiling at his neighbor's door!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

CURING A COLD.

THE first time that I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water, and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after, a friend told me to get up and take a cold shower-bath. I did that also. Within the hour another friend told me it was policy to feed a cold, and starve a fever. I had both; so I thought it best to fill up for the cold, and let the fever starve a while. In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves: I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened a restaurant on Cortland Street, near the hotel, that morning, paying him so much for a full meal. He waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired whether people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign. I started up toward the office, and on the walk encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of warm salt-water would come as near curing a cold as any thing in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of those of your friends who are troubled with this distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved inefficient with me; and acting upon this conviction I warn them against warm salt-water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is rather too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me, — to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt-water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this, everybody in the hotel became interested; and I took all sorts of remedies, — hot lemonade, cold lemonade, pepper-tea, boneset, stewed Quaker, hoarhound sirup, onions and loaf-sugar, lemons and brown sugar, vinegar and laudanum, five bottles fir balsam, eight bottles cherry pectoral, and ten bottles of Uncle Sam's remedy; but all without effect. One of the prescriptions given by an old lady was — well, it was dreadful. She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, catnip, peppermint, aquafortis, turpentine, kerosene, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wineglassful of it every

fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose: that was enough. I had to take to my bed, and remain there for two entire days. When I felt a little better, more things were recommended. I was desperate, and willing to take any thing. Plain gin was recommended, and then gin and molasses, then gin and onions. I took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey-buzzard, and had to change my boarding place. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined to take a sheet-bath, though I had no idea what sort of an arrangement it was. It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My back and breast were stripped; and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in ice-water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a columbiad. It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh, it makes him start with a sudden violence, and gasp for breath, just as men do in the death-agony. It froze the marrow in my bones, and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this, a friend ordered the application of a mustard-plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually, if it had not been for young Clemens. When I went to bed, I put the mustard-plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I never saw any child have such an appetite. I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy.

MARK TWAIN.

IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

I SAW wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and went softly out, and wandered up and down, until I knew that she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip-hat with part of

the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and several toys. Wife—poor thing—goes to that drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles; but I dare not go.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our every-day existence with a pall. Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to; and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is so still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents: and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door-knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good-night" from the little bed, now empty. And wife, she misses him still more: here are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say; no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight, and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be.

So we preserve our relics; and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

TWO IRISH IDYLS.

RIDING DOUBLE.

TROTTIN' to the fair,
Me and Moll Malony,
Seated, I declare,
On a single pony.

THE READING-CLUB.

How am I to know that
 Molly's safe behind,
 Wid our heads in oh! that
 Awkward way inclined?
 By her gentle breathin'
 Whispered past my ear,
 And her white arms wreathin'
 Warm around me *here*.
 Trottin' to the fair,
 Me and Moll Malony,
 Seated, I declare,
 On a single pony.

Yerriz! Masther Jack,
 Lift your fore-legs higher,
 Or a rousin' crack,
 Surely you'll require.
 "Oh," says Moll, "I'm frightened
 That the pony'll start!"
 And her hands she tightened
 On my happy heart;
 Till widout reflectin',
 'Twasn't quite the vogue,
 Somehow I'm suspectin'
 That I snatched a pogue.
 Trottin' to the fair,
 Me and Moll Malony,
 Seated, I declare,
 On a single pony.

RIDING TREBLE.

Joultin' to the fair,
 Three upon the pony,
 That so lately were
 Me and Moll Malony.
 "How can three be on, boy?"
 Sure the wife and you,
 Though you should be *one*, boy,
 Can't be more nor *two*!"
 Arrah, now then, may be,
 You've got eyes to see

That this purty baby
 Adds us up to *three*.
 Joultin' to the fair,
 Three upon the pony,
 That so lately were
 Me and Moll Malony.

Come, give over, Jack,
 Cap'rin' and curvettin'
 All that's on your back
 Foolishly forgotten';
 For I've tuk the notion
 One may canterin' go,
 Trottin' is a notion
 I'd extind to *two*;
 But to travel steady,
 Matches best wid *three*,
 And we're that already,
 Mistress Moll and Me,
 Joultin' to the fair,
 Three upon the pony,
 That so lately were
 Me and Moll Malony.
 ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me, —
 Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side!
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
 He crossed in twilight, gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
 We saw not the angels who met him there;
 The gate of the city we could not see;
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, — the household pet :
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale, —
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be :
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none-return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail —
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning hearts ;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land ;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

PRIEST.

THE MODEST COUSIN.

ADAPTED FROM SHERIDAN KNOWLES' PLAY, "THE HUNCH-
BACK."

Enter HELEN, R.

Hel. I'm weary wandering from room to room;
A castle after all is but a house, —
The dulllest one when lacking company!
Were I at home I could be company
Unto myself.
I'll go to bed and sleep. No — I'll stay up
And plague my cousin into making love!
For, that he loves me, shrewdly I suspect.
How dull he is that hath not sense to see
What lies before him, and he'd like to find!
I'll change my treatment of him — cross him where
Before I used to humor him. He comes,
Poring upon a book.

Enter MODUS, L., slowly, an open book in his hand.

What's that you read?

Modus. Latin, sweet cousin.

Hel. 'Tis a naughty tongue
I fear, and teaches men to lie.

Modus. To lie!

Hel. You study it. You call your cousin sweet,
And treat her as you would a crab. As sour
'Twould seem you think her, so you covet her!
Why, how the monster stares, and looks about!
You construe Latin, and can't construe that!

Modus. I never studied women.

Hel. No; nor men.

Else would you better know their ways: nor read
In presence of a lady. [*Strikes the book from his hand.*]

Modus. Right, you say,
And well you served me, cousin, so to strike
The volume from my hand. I own my fault.

So please you, — may I pick it up again?
I'll put it in my pocket!

Hel. Pick it up.

He fears me as I were his grandmother!
What is the book?

Modus. 'Tis Ovid's Art of Love.

Hel. That Ovid was a fool!

Modus. In what?

Hel. In that:

To call that thing an art, which art is none.

Modus. And is not love an art?

Hel. Are you a fool,

As well as Ovid? Love an art! No art
But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes
With neither. Is't to hoard such grain as that
You went to college? Better stay at home,
And study homely English.

Modus. Nay, you know not

The argument.

Hel. I don't? I know it better

Than ever Ovid did! The face, — the form, —
The heart, — the mind we fancy, cousin; that's
The argument! Why, cousin, you know nothing!
Suppose a lady were in love with thee,
Could'st thou, by Ovid, cousin, find it out? —
Could'st find it out, wast thou in love thyself?
Could Ovid, cousin, teach thee to make love?
I could, that never read him. You begin
With melancholy; then to sadness; then
To sickness; then to dying — but not die!
She would not let thee, were she of my mind;
She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope;
From hope to confidence; from confidence
To boldness; — then you'd speak: at first entreat;
Then urge; then flout; then argue; then enforce;
Make prisoner of her hand; besiege her waist;
Threaten her lips with storming; keep thy word
And carry her! My sampler 'gainst thy Ovid!
Why, cousin, are you frightened, that you stand
As you were stricken dumb? The case is clear
You are no soldier. You'll ne'er win a battle.
You care too much for blows!

Modus. You wrong me there.

At school I was the champion of my form.
And since I went to college —

Hel. That for college! [*Crosses R., and fillips with her fingers.*]

Modus. Nay, hear me!

Hel. Well? What, since you went to college?
You know what men are set down for who boast
Of their own bravery. Go on, brave cousin!"
What, since you went to college? Was there not
One Quentin Halworth there? You know there was,
And that he was your master!

Modus. He my master?
Thrice was he worsted by me.

Hel. Still was he
Your master.

Modus. He allowed I had the best!
Allowed it, mark me! Nor to me alone,
But twenty I could name.

Hel. And mastered you
'At last! Confess it cousin, 'tis the truth.
A proctor's daughter you did both affect —
Look at me and deny it! Of the twain
She more affected you. I've caught you now.
An opportunity she gave you, sir —
Deny it if you can! — but though to others,
When you discoursed of her you were a flame,
To her you were a wick that would not light,
Though held in the very fire! And so he won her —
Won her, because he wooed her like a man,
For all your cuffings, cuffing you again
With most usurious interest. Now, sir,
Protest that you are valiant!

Modus. Cousin Helen!

Hel. Well, sir?

Modus. The tale is all a forgery!

Hel. A forgery!

Modus. From first to last: ne'er spoke I
To a proctor's daughter while I was at college.

Hel. It was a scrivener's, then, — or somebody's.
But what concerns it whose? Enough, you loved her,
And, shame upon you, let another take her!

Modus. • Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me,
I loved no woman while I was at college —
Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.

Hel. Indeed! Now I'll retreat, if he's advancing.
Comes he not on! Oh, what a stock's the man!
Well, cousin?

Modus. Well? What more would'st have me say?
I think I've said enough.

Hel. And so think I.
I did but jest with you. You are not angry?
Shake hands! Why, cousin, do you squeeze me so?

Modus. [*Letting her go.*] I swear I squeezed you not!

Hel. You did not?

Modus. No,
I'll die if I did!

Hel. Why, then you did not, cousin:
So let's shake hands again — [*He takes her hand as before.*]

Oh, go, and now

Read Ovid! Cousin, will you tell me one thing:
Wore lovers ruffs in Master Ovid's time?
Behoved him teach them, then, to put them on: —
And that you have to learn. Hold up your head!
Why, cousin, how you blush. Plague on the ruff!
I cannot give't a set. You're blushing still!
Why do you blush, dear cousin? So, 'twill beat me!
I'll give it up.

Modus. Nay, prithee don't — try on!

Hel. And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold.

Modus. For what?

Hel. To trust my face so near to thine.

Modus. I know not what you mean.

Hel. I'm glad you don't!

Cousin, I own right well behaved you are,
Most marvellously well behaved! They've bred
You well at college. With another man
My lips would be in danger? Hang the ruff!

Modus. Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear cousin.

Hel. Dear fool! [*Throws the ruff on the ground.*]
I swear the ruff is good for just

As little as its master! There! — 'Tis spoiled —
You'll have to get another. Hie for it,
And wear it in the fashion of a wisp,
Ere I adjust it for thee! Farewell, cousin!
You've need to study Ovid's Art of Love.

[*Exit, R.*]

Modus. Went she in anger! I will follow her, —
No, I will not! Heigho! I love my cousin!

Oh, would that she loved me! Why did she taunt me
 With backwardness in love? What could she mean?
 Sees she I love her, and so laughs at me,
 Because I lack the front to woo her? Nay,
 I'll woo her, then! Her lips shall be in danger,
 When next she trusts them near me! Looked she at me
 To-day, as never did she look before!
 A bold heart, Master Modus! 'Tis a saying,
 A faint one never won fair lady yet.
 I'll woo my cousin, come what will on't! Yes!

[*Begins to read, pauses, and thrusts book into his bosom.*]
 Hang Ovid's Art of Love! I'll woo my cousin! [*About to*
exit, R. Enter HELEN, L.]

Hel. Why, Cousin Modus! Cousin Modus,
 Have you not got a tongue? Have you not eyes?
 Do you not see I'm very — very ill,
 And not a chair in all the corridor?

Modus. I'll find one in the study. [*Going towards, L.*]

Hel. Hang the study!

Modus. My room's at hand. I'll fetch one thence.

[*Going, R.*]

Hel. You sha'n't!
 I'll faint ere you come back!

Modus. What shall I do?

Hel. Why don't you offer to support me? Well?
 Give me your arm — be quick! [*Modus offers his arm.*] Is
 that the way

To help a lady when she's like to faint?

I'll drop unless you catch me! [*Falls against him. — He sup-*
ports her.] That will do;

I'm better now — [*He offers to leave her.*] — don't leave me!
 Is one well

Because one's better? Hold my hand. Keep so.

I'll soon recover, so you move not. Loves he — [*Aside.*]

Which I'll be sworn he does, he'll own it now.

Well, Cousin Modus?

Modus. Well! sweet cousin?

Hel. Well?

You heard what Master Walter said?

Modus. I did.

Hel. And would you have me marry? Can't you speak?
 Say yes or no.

Modus. No, cousin.

Hel. Bravely said!

And why, my gallant cousin?

Modus. Why?

Hel. Ah, why! —

Women, you know, are fond of reasons — why
Would you not have me marry? How you look!
Is it because you do not know the reason?
You mind me of a story of a cousin
Who once her cousin such a question asked.
He had not been to college, though, — for books,
Had passed his time in reading ladies' eyes,
Which he could construe marvellously well,
Though writ in language all symbolical.
Thus stood they once together, on a day —
As we stand now — discoursed as we discourse, —
But with this difference, — fifty gentle words
He spoke to her, for one she spoke to him! —
What a dear cousin! well, as I did say,
As now I questioned thee, she questioned him.
And what was his reply? To think of it
Sets my heart beating — 'twas so kind a one!
So like a cousin's answer — a dear cousin!
A gentle, honest, gallant, loving cousin!
What did he say?

Modus. On my soul I can't tell.

Hel. A man might find it out,
Though never read he Ovid's Art of Love.
What did he say? He'd marry her himself!
How stupid are you, cousin! Let me go!

Modus. You are not well yet.

Hel. Yes.

Modus. I'm sure you're not.

Hel. I'm sure I am.

Modus. Nay, let me hold you, cousin!
I like it.

Hel. Do you? I would wager you
You could not tell me why you like it. Well!
You see how true I know you! How you stare!
What see you in my face to wonder at?

Modus. A pair of eyes!

Hel. At last he'll find his tongue — [*Aside.*]
And saw you ne'er a pair of eyes before?

Modus. Not such a pair.

Hel. And why?

Modus. They are so bright!
You have a Grecian nose.

Hel. Indeed?

Modus. Indeed!

Hel. What kind of mouth have I?

Modus. A handsome one.

I never saw so sweet a pair of lips!

I ne'er saw lips at all till now, dear cousin!

Hel. Cousin, I'm well, — you need not hold me now.
Do you not hear? I tell you I am well!

I need your arm no longer — take't away!

So tight it locks me, 'tis with pain I breathe!

Let me go, cousin! Wherefore do you hold

Your face so close to mine? What do you mean?

Modus. You've questioned me, and now I'll question you.

Hel. What would you learn?

Modus. The use of lips?

Hel. To speak.

Modus. Naught else?

Hel. How bold my modest cousin grows!
Why, other use know you?

Modus. I do.

Hel. Indeed!

You're wondrous wise! And pray, what is it?

Modus. This! [*Attempts to kiss her.*]

Hel. Soft! My hand thanks you, cousin, — for my lips,
I keep them for a husband! [*Crosses, R.*] Nay, stand off!
I'll not be held in manacles again!

Why do you follow me?

Modus. I love you, cousin!

Hel. Oh, cousin! say you so? That's passing strange!
Falls out most crossly — is a dire mishap —
A thing to sigh for, weep for, languish for,
And die for!

Modus. Die for!

Hel. Yes, with laughter, cousin!
For, cousin, I love you!

Modus. And you'll be mine?

Hel. I will.

Modus. Your hand upon it.

Hel. Hand and heart.
Hie to thy dressing-room, and I'll to mine —

Attire thee for the altar — so will I.
 Whoe'er may claim me, thou'rt the man shall have me.
 Away! Despatch! But heark you, ere you go,
 Ne'er brag of reading Ovid's Art of Love!

Modus. And cousin! stop — one little word with you!

[*Beckons HELEN over to him, snatches a kiss. — She runs off, R.; he takes the book from his bosom, looks at it, and throws it down. — Exit, L., waving his handkerchief triumphantly.*

BIDDY'S TROUBLES.

"It's thru for me, Katy, that I never seed the like of this people afore. It's a sorry time I've been having since coming to this house, twelve months agoon this week Thursday. Yer knew, honey, that my fourth coosin, Ann Macarthy, recommended me to Mrs. Whaler, and told the lady that I knew about ginteeel housework and the likes; while at the same time I had niver seed inter an American lady's kitchen. So she engaged me, and my heart was jist ready to burst wid grief for the story that Ann had told, for Mrs. Whaler was a swate-spoken lady, and never looked cross-like in her life; that I knew by her smooth kind face. Well, jist the first thing she told me to do, after I dressed the children, was to dress the ducks for dinner. I stood looking at the lady for a couple of minutes, before I could make out any meaning at all to her words. Thin I went searching after clothes for the ducks; and such a time as I had to be sure. High and low I went, till at last my mistress axed me for what I was looking; and I told her the clothes for the ducks, to be sure. Och, how she screamed and laughed, till my face was as rid as the sun wid shame, and she showed me in her kind swate way what her meaning was. Thin she told me how to air the beds; and it was a day for me, indade, when I could go up chamber alone and clare up the rooms. One day Mrs. Whaler said to me, —

"'Biddy, an' ye may give the baby an airin', if yees will.'

"What should I do — and it's thru what I am saying this blessed minute — but go up stairs wid the child, and shake

it, and then howld it out of the winder. Such a screaming and kicking as the baby gave—but I hild on the harder. Everybody thin in the strate looked up at me; at last mistress came up to see what for was so much noise.

“‘I am thrying to air the baby,’ I said, ‘but it kicks and scames dridfully.’

“‘There was company down below; and whin Mrs. Whaler told them what I had been after doing, I thought they would scare the folks in the strate wid screaming.

“‘And then I was told I must do up Mr. Whaler’s sharts one day when my mistress was out shopping. She told me repeatedly to do them up nice, for master was going away; so I takes the sharts and did them all up in some paper that I was after bringing from the ould counthry wid me, and tied some nice pink ribbon around the bundle.

“‘Where are the sharts, Biddy?’ axed Mrs. Whaler, when she comed home.

“‘I have been doing them up in a quair nice way,’ I said, bringing her the bundle.

“‘Will you iver be done wid your graneness?’ she axed me with a loud scrame.

“‘I can’t for the life of me be tellin’ what their talkin’ manes. At home we call the likes of this fine work starching; and a deal of it I have done, too. Och! and may the blessed vargin pity me, for I never’ll be cured of my granness!’”

THE MAN WITH A COLD IN HIS HEAD.

By dabe is Jodes—Daddle Jodes. I ab the bost biserable bad udder the sud. I ab eterdally catchig cold; by doze is everlastigly blaguig so that I dever cad talk plaid. I have tried every thig id the world to prevedt it, but the cold will cub in spite of be. Subber ad widter, it is all the sabe. I breathe through by bouth frob Jaduary to Decebbber, frob the begiddig to the edd ob the year. I’ve tried Allopathy, Hydropathy, Hobeopathy, and Tobsodiadisb; every systeb of bedicid, but id vaid. All kides of teas, drobs, add old wibbed’s dostrubs have bid tried; I’ve swallowed edough of theb to drowd be; but’s do use. Dothig

udder heaved cad keep by feet warb, dothig keep be froh catchig cold.

I ab dot rich, I ab dot poor; but I rather be a beggar, ad orgad grider's budkey, the beadest thig you could dabe — adythig — rather thad be a bab with a stopped up doze. I ab very fod of wibbed's society, but I dare dot go idto cubpady; people are too polite to evidce disgust, but everybody becubs udeasy whedever I vedture dear theb. I wad't to barry; but doboddy will have be with my doze — dever! dever! Oh! I ab idcodeceivably udhappy!

Sub years ago I fell id love with a charbig girl. Her father was a bad of beads, ad she was the bost widding little dabsel id the world. Ad she alode of all the world seebed dot to bide by bisfortune. Ad I loved her with a love of undibadgidable idtedsity; every atob of my beig adored her. I deterbided to seredade her. Accordigly I shut byself hup id my roob ad waited a log tibe, utedil by cold got albast edtirely well. At last, wud fide Autub dight, I vedtured forth, wrapped up to the eyes id cloaks, overcoats, shawls, ad what dot; ob by feet I wore the thickest kide of gub shoes. A bad of busiciads wedt alog with be. 'Twas after elevel o'clock whed we reached her residedce id a fashiodable ad retired street. After the bad had played a dubber of fide tudes, edough I thought to hab waked her, I ordered theb to stop, so that I bight sig. I had studied seberal sogs, all bore or less sedibedtal ad beladcholy, utedil I thought I was perfect. But do sooder had I pulled the hadkerchief off by doze ad bouth thad I caught cold. I cobbedced, —

'Twas ted o'clock wud boodlight dight,"

it souted very badly, so I thought I would try

"Whed twilight dewes are fallig fast:"

but that was albast as bad as the first. But I had cub there too sig, ad sig I bust. So I sug at the top of by voice, —

"Cub, oh cub with be,
The bood is beabig;
Cub, oh cub with be;
The stars are gleabig,
Ad all aroud, above,
With beauty teabig;
Boodlight hours are the best for love!
Tra la lala la,"

ad so forth.

While I was goidge on with "tra la lala la," codgratulatig bysel bedtally upod by success, a yug fellow livig id the house adjoining by sweetheart threw up widdow ad shouted, "*Blow your doze; you fool! blow your doze!*" Ad all the bad of busiciads laughed log ad udfeeligly. Fadcy by feligs! Shakig by cledched fist at the yug scoudrel id the widdow, I adathebatized hib with the bost awful ibbecatiods I could thidk of, udmidful who bight hear or who bight dot. Of the iddecedt ad udfeelig busiciads, I took no further dotice thad to hurl theb their pay upod the groud. Theb barched hobe, ad retired to my apartbedt, frob which I did dot eberge for budths.

HARRY AND I.

WE stood where the snake-like ivy
 Climbed over the meadow bars,
 And watched as the young night sprinkled
 The sky with her cream-white stars.
 The clover was red beneath us;
 The air had the smell of June;
 The cricket chirped in the grasses;
 And the soft rays of the moon

Drew our shadows on the meadow,
 Distorted and lank and tall;
 His shadow was kissing my shadow —
 That was the best of all.
 My heart leaped up as he whispered,
 "I love you, Margery Lee;"
 For then one arm of his shadow
 Went round the shadow of me.

"I love you, Margery, darling,
 Because you are young and fair;
 For your eyes' bewildering blueness,
 And the gold of your curling hair.
 No queen has hands that are whiter,
 No lark has a voice so sweet,
 And your ripe young lips are redder
 Than the clover at our feet.

"My heart will break with its fulness,
Like a cloud o'ercharged with rain;
Oh tell me, Margery, darling!
How long must I love in vain?"
With blushes and smiles I answered—
(I will not tell what) — just then
I saw that his saucy shadow
Was kissing my own again.

He promised to love me only;
I promised to love but him,
Till the moon fell out of the heavens,
And the stars with age grew dim.
Oh the strength of man's devotion!
Oh the vows a woman speaks!
'Tis years since that blush of rapture
Broke redly over my cheeks.

He found a gold that was brighter
Than that of my floating curls,
And married a cross-eyed widow
With a dozen grown-up girls.
And I— did I pine and languish?
Did I weep my blue eyes sore?
Or break my heart do you fancy,
For love that was mine no more?

I stand to-night in the meadows
Where Harry and I stood then,
And the moon has drawn two shadows
Out over the grass again.
And a low voice keeps repeating, —
So close to my startled ear
That the shadows melt together, —
"I love you, Margery, dear.

"'Tis not for your cheeks' rich crimson,
And not for your eyes' soft blue,
But because your heart is tender,
And noble and pure and true."
The voice is dearer than Harry's;
And so I am glad, you see,
He married the cross-eyed widow,
Instead of Margery Lee.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

My home a stately dwelling is,
With lofty arching doors ;
There is carving on the ceiling high,
And velvet on the floors :
A rich and costly building,
Where noiseless servants wait.
And 'neath the escutcheon's gilding,
None enter but the great.

But a happier home is near it, a humble cottage small,
And I envy its sweet mistress the shadows on her wall.

My pictures are the pride of Art,
And drawn by cunning hands,
But painted figures never move,
Nor change the painted lands ;
Before the poorest window
More gorgeous pageants glide,
Within the lowliest household,
More lifelike groups abide ;

And I turn from soulless symbols, that crowd my gloomy hall,
To watch the shifting shadows upon the cottage wall.

My stately husband never bends,
To kiss me on the lips ;
His heart is in his iron safe,
His thoughts are with his ships ;
But when the twilight gathers
Adown the dusky street,
The little housewife listens
For sounds of coming feet ;

And by the gleaming firelight I see a figure tall
Bend down to kiss a shadow, — a shadow on the wall.

My garden palings, broad and high,
Shut in its costly spoils,
And through the ordered paths all day
The silent gardener toils ;
My neighbor's is a grass-plat,
With a hardy buttercup,
Where the children's dimpled fingers
Pull dandelions up.

Where on a baby's silken head, all day the sunbeams fall,
Till evening throws its shadows upon the cottage wall.

My petted lapdog, warm and soft,
Nestles upon my knee;
My birds have shut their diamond eyes
That love to look at me;
Lonely, I watch my neighbor,
And watching can but weep
To see her rock her darlings
Upon her breast asleep.

Alas! my doves are gentle, my dogs come at my call,
But there is no childish shadow upon my chamber wall.

My beauty is the talk of fools;
And by the gaslight's glare,
In glittering dress and gleaming gems,
I know that I am fair;
But there is something fairer,
Whose charm in loving lies,
And there is something dearer,
The light of happy eyes.

So I return triumphant queen of the brilliant ball,
To envy the sweet shadow of the housewife on the wall.

My earthly lot is rich and high,
And hers is poor and low;
Yet I would give my heritage
Her deeper joys to know;
For husbands that are lovers
Are rare in all the lands,
And hearts grow fit for heaven,
Moulded by childish hands;

And while I go up lonely, before the Judge of all,
A cherub troop will usher the shadow on the wall.

THE LITTLE PUZZLER.

"Do angels wear white dresses, say?
Always, or only in the summer? Do
Their birthdays have to come like mine, in May?
Do they have scarlet sashes then, or blue?"

"When little Jessie died last night,
How could she walk to heaven — it is so far?
How did she find the way without a light?
There wasn't even any moon or star.

"Will she have red, or golden wings?
Then will she have to be a bird, and fly?
Do they take men like presidents and kings
In hearses with black plumes, clear to the sky?

"How old is God? Has he gray hair?
Can he see yet? Where did he have to stay
Before — you know — he had made — anywhere?
Whom does he pray to, and what does he say?

"How many drops are in the sea?
How many stars? — well, then, you ought to know.
How many flowers are on an apple-tree?
How does the wind look when it doesn't blow?

"Where does the rainbow end? And why
Did — Captain Kidd — bury the gold there? When
Will this world burn? And will the firemen try
To put the fire out with the engines then?

"If you should ever die, may we
Have pumpkins growing in the garden, so
My fairy godmother can come for me
When there's a princes' ball, and let me go?

"Read Cinderella just once more —
What makes — men's other wives so mean?" I know
That I was tired, it may be cross, before
I shut the painted book for her to go.

Hours later, from a child's white bed
I heard the timid, last queer question start:
"Mamma, are you — my stepmother?" it said.
The innocent reproof crept to my heart.

SARAH M. B. PLATT

A TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

FATHER, guide me! Day declines;
Hollow winds are in the pines;
Darkly waves each giant bough
O'er the sky's last crimson glow;
Hushed is now the convent's bell,
Which erewhile with breezy swell,
From the purple mountains bore
Greeting to the sunset shore.
Now the sailor's vesper hymn
Dies away.

Father! in the forest dim,
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
Of the leaves that late hung still;
In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea-wave's distant moan;
In the deep tints of the sky
There are signs of tempests nigh.
Ominous, with sullen sound,
Falls the echoing dust around.
Father! through the storm and shade,
O'er the wild,
Oh! be thou the lone one's aid.
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
Homeward through the boding gloom,
O'er my way hath flitted fast,
Since the farewell sunbeam passed,
From the chestnut's ruddy bark,
And the pools now low and dark,
Where the wakening night winds sigh
Through the long reeds mournfully.
Homeward, homeward all things haste —
God of night!
Shield the homeless: midst the waste,
Be his light!

In his distant cradle nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest;

Beautiful his slumber seems,
 With a glow of heavenly dreams,
 Beautiful o'er that bright sleep,
 Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
 Where his mother bends to pray
 For the loved one far away.
 Father! guard that household bower, —
 Hear that prayer!
 Back through thine all-guiding power,
 Lead me there!

Darker, wilder, grows the night;
 Not a star sends quivering light
 Through the massy arch of shade
 By the stern old forest made.
 Thou! to whose ne'er slumbering eyes
 All my pathway open lies,
 By thy Son, who knew distress
 In the lonely wilderness, —
 Where no roof to that blest head
 Shelter gave,—
 Father! through the time of dread,
 Save! oh, save!

MRS. HEMANS.

CALLING A BOY IN THE MORNING.

THE Connecticut editor who wrote the following, evidently knew what he was talking about: —

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair-door and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp, "John," followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry." A

grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made; and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about the trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda-bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

COOKING AND COURTING.

DEAR Ned, no doubt you'll be surprised,
When you receive and read this letter.

I've railed against the marriage state;

But then, you see, I knew no better.

I've met a lovely girl out here.

Her manner is — well — very winning:

We're soon to be — well, Ned, my dear,

I'll tell you all from the beginning.

I went to ask her out to ride

Last Wednesday — it was perfect weather.

She said she couldn't possibly:

The servants had gone off together

(Hibernians always rush away,

At cousins' funerals to be looking);

Pies must be made, and she must stay,

She said, to do that branch of cooking.

"Oh, let me help you," then I cried:

"I'll be a cooker, too — how jolly!"

She laughed, and answered, with a smile,

"All right! but you'll repent your folly;

For I shall be a tyrant, sir,
And good hard work you'll have to grapple ;
So sit down there, and don't you stir,
But take that knife, and pare that apple."

She rolled her sleeve above her arm, —
That lovely arm so plump and rounded ;
Outside, the morning sun shone bright ;
Inside, the dough she deftly pounded.
Her little fingers sprinkled flour,
And rolled the pie-crust up in masses :
I passed the most delightful hour
'Mid butter, sugar, and molasses.

With deep reflection, her sweet eyes
Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle :
She sliced the apples, filled her pies,
And then the upper crust did settle.
Her rippling waves of golden hair
In one great coil were tightly twisted ;
But locks would break it, here and there,
And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I
Fastened it up — her hands were doughy ;
Oh ! it did take the longest time,
Her arm, Ned, was so fair and snowy.
She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy ;
Somehow, that made me all the bolder ;
Her arch lips looked so red that I —
Well — found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Ned, next month ;
Come and attend the wedding revels.
I really think that bachelors
Are the most miserable devils !
You'd better go for some girl's hand ;
And if you are uncertain whether
You dare to make a due demand,
Why, just try cooking pies together.

TOM TO NED.

A TRAGICAL TALE OF THE TROPICS.

JEAN JACQUE KNYFE was a jolly tar,
Aboard of the steamship "Golden Star,"
That belongs to the line of old what-d'ye-call,
And sails from New York to Aspinwall.

Kitty Bo Peep was a dusky maid,
Whose father was in the banana trade;
Oranges, too, were in his way;
And the Bo Peeps lived at Panama Bay.

One day Jean Jacque Knyfe left his ship,
And across the Isthmus he took a trip;
And in his wanderings who should he see
But Kitty, asleep, 'neath a mango-tree.

Under a mango-tree, fast asleep,
With her head on her arm, lay sweet Bo Peep.
She looked like an angel — minus wings —
In her snow-white muslin and other things.

And Jean he took and shivered his eyes,
And swore an oath of tremendous size,
That any party might take his hat,
If he'd ever seen a sight like that.

Kitty Bo Peep started up in alarm,
And Jacque Knyfe offered to her his arm:
You'd thought he'd known her a year or two
If you'd only seen the kisses he threw.

'Twas love at first sight, I am sure, with he;
And ditto it was, I know, with she:
She promised to meet him and tell her love
That night, at nine, in the pine-apple grove.

And there, at that witching hour in June,
They whispered their love 'neath the round full moon:
He held her fast in his manly arms,
And feasted his eyes on her dusky charms.

The ring-tailed monkeys sported around,
And the speckled snakes squirmed over the ground;
The crocodile paused in his wild career,
When he heard their low-toned voices near.

Ominous hour! sad to relate!
A cocoanut dropped on Jean Jacques Knyfe's pate:
It doubled him up, — she gave a yell, —
And down a cold corpus Jean Jacques fell!

Bo Peep she shrieked for a glass of rum,
And an ounce of a kind of native gum,
Which the generous neighbors, quick as flash,
Kindly supplied her with — for cash.

She mixed them together, and every speck
She — drank, and fell on her Jean Jacques's neck;
Then smoothed her hair, and laid by his side,
And, bidding farewell to Bo-Peep, died.

They buried them under the Ginkgo-tree, —
Jean Jacques Knyfe and Kitty Bo P.;
And around the foot of the Ginkgo's trunk
The mourners, I'm sorry to say, got drunk.

And over Jean Jacques's and Bo Peep's grave
The winds and the bald-faced monkeys rave:
This for a trysting-place they choose, —
The aforesaid monkeys and kangaroos.

Stranger! if ever you pass that way,
Remember the lovers of Panama Bay;
Find the Ginkgo-tree under which they sleep,
Where the gay gorillas their vigils keep.

THE PADDOCK ELMS.

THE belated wayfarer, whose steps led him to the vicinity of the granary burying-ground on a certain night, would, had he chanced to be of an observant nature, have seen a group of

persons under one of the largest Paddock elms. He would have noticed that they were men considerably past the middle age, with marvellously weak hams, infirm of body, and rapidly entering into the lean-and-slippered-pantaloon period of life. They all had old-fashioned gingham umbrellas with brass nozzles and buck-horn handles, and were well muffled in comforters. One or two had long, heavy worsted stockings over their boots, and all had handkerchiefs tied over their hats and ears. They were wheezing and coughing piteously, and one or two of them seemed as though they would give up the ghost in some of the paroxysms of sneezing under which they occasionally suffered. The rain dripped from the ribs of their upraised umbrellas, which, when an occasional breath of air took them underneath, rendered their holders so unsteady as to give rise to the fear that the poor old gentlemen would be overturned. One of them, an amiable-looking fat person, with a round, baby face, smoothly shaven, and a pair of silver spectacles astride his nose, carried a tin lantern full of holes, like a nutmeg grater, in which a number-six tallow-candle flickered, emitting a sickly and spasmodic light. Had this same wayfarer concealed himself in a favorable spot, he would have heard this old gentleman, after a preliminary wheeze and a throat-clearing cough, deliver himself to the following effect, in a shrill and piping voice:—

“We are convened here, gentlemen, to give vent to our indignation against those villains who would counsel the removal of the Paddock elms.”

A snuffle of approval was given by his listeners; and one in particular drooled with so much enthusiasm that he nearly went into a fit, and had to be thumped violently in the back with the handle of an umbrella before he could be brought to his senses again.

“Gentlemen,” continued the first speaker, “upon us, the oldest inhabitants, devolves the duty of preserving these relics of the past from the hand of the destroyer, and I take upon myself the duty of calling the meeting to order upon the steps of Park-street Church.”

Here an old gentleman began to sob, and to cluck like a hen; but he was soothed by one of his companions, who told him with much feeling not to be afraid, for the elms should not be removed, whereupon the entire party adjourned to the steps of Park-street Church, and held an indignation meeting.

"I call Brother Behindhand to the floor," crooned the gentleman with the lantern; whereat the party addressed held on by the railings, and delivered himself as follows:—

"Brethren, we are met in one of the holiest of causes, the preservation of the Paddock elms. We played beneath them when we were children, and our parents played beneath them when they were children; and now, because some people have gone to work and built the city up to them, so that they are no longer in the country, it is proposed to remove them. Is it the fault of the trees that they are in the city? Did they ask anybody to cover the fields which once surrounded them with houses? Then, why should they be blamed because they are in the way? But they are not in the way. It is the streets and houses that are in the way. These trees, then, must remain at any cost." Here the speaker trembled with emotion, and the tears rolled down his aged cheeks. He essayed to speak again, but found himself unable to do so on account of shortness of breath, and the sobs which choked his utterance. A severe fit of coughing attacked him also; and he felt suddenly obliged to sit down on the steps, where the warmth of his body presently melted a desirable spot in the snow, in which he could repose in comfort. A murmur of approval greeted him, and the oldest gentleman present proposed three cheers for the speaker. These were given at once, and with a vehemence that overturned two or three of the performers. The chairman then said:—

"We would like to hear a few remarks from Brother Standstill."

Brother Standstill came forward, but found himself suffering from a weakness in the knees, and was permitted to address the chair in a sitting posture.

"Brothers," he whimpered in a weak treble voice, "I am, as you all know, adverse to any proposition for the removal of these trees. Already has the vandalism of the age introduced gas into houses, laid on water-mains, invented the telegraph, done away with mail coaches, and tolerated steam railroads. That is quite enough to submit to, and it is time that the advance of innovation was stayed. Tallow candles have nearly disappeared, and sperm-oil lamps have also gone. Does your blood not boil at these outrages? You have weakly submitted to them, but they are as nothing compared to the new one that is proposed,—one that would

cover the age with infamy : I allude to the removal of these beloved elms. Let all go but these ! Save these, and you may well echo the words of Julius Cæsar, or Rufus Choate, or Charles I., I forget who now : ‘All is gone but honor.’ In the year 1794, when I was a boy, I remember riding from Roxbury to Long Wharf on a hay-wagon. Could I do that now ? No ! Emphatically no ! I used to pick cherries from a tree on the corner of School Street. Can I do that now ? No ! It is well said by the poet, a bird in the hand — no, it was *Æsop* ; — is worth two — no it was *Alexander the Great* ! — no ; I ” — The speaker grew confused ; and, to render his discomfiture greater, he began to cough, and lost his false teeth. The meeting was interrupted while the other old gentlemen began to hunt in the snow for them. The chairman opening the door of the lantern to give light, a gust of wind blew the candle out, and left them in the dark, whereupon there was a great consternation, in the midst of which the meeting adjourned. We hope, however, that these, the real advocates for the preservation of the Paddock elms, will not be discouraged, but will continue to exert themselves in favor of their cherished landmarks.

B. E. WOODF.

THE BOBOLINK.

ONCE, on a golden afternoon,
 With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
 Two fond lovers, in dreaming mood,
 Threaded a rural solitude.
 Wholly happy, they only knew
 That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,
 That light and beauty and joy and song
 Charmed the way as they passed along :
 The air was fragrant with woodland scents ;
 The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence ;
 And hovering near them, “ Chee, chee, chink ? ”
 Queried the curious bobolink,
 Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
 As saucily questioning all they said ;
 While the ox-eye danced on its slender stem,
 And all glad nature rejoiced with them.

Over the odorous fields were strewn
Wilting winrows of grass new mown,
And rosy billows of clover bloom
Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume.
Swinging low on a slender limb,
The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
And balancing on a blackberry brier,
The bobolink sung with his heart on fire, —
“Chink? If you wish to kiss her, do!
Do it, do it! You coward, you!
Kiss her! kiss, kiss her! Who will see?
Only we three! we three! we three!”

Tender garlands of drooping vines,
Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,
Past wide meadow-fields, lately mowed,
Wandered the indolent country road.
The lovers followed it, listening still,
And loitering slowly, as lovers will,
Entered a gray-roofed bridge that lay
Dusk and cool, in their pleasant way.
Under its arch a smooth, brown stream,
Silently glided with glint and gleam,
Shaded by graceful elms which spread
Their verdurous canopy overhead —
The stream so narrow, the bough so wide,
They met and mingled across the tide.
Alders loved it, and seemed to keep
Patient watch as it lay asleep,
Mirroring clearly the trees and sky,
And the fitting form of the dragon-fly,
Save where the swift-winged swallow played
In and out in the sun and shade,
And darting and circling in merry chase,
Dipped and dimpled its clear, dark face.

Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,
Followed the garrulous bobolink,
Rallying loudly with mirthful din,
The pair who lingered unseen within.
And when from the friendly bridge at last
Into the road beyond they passed,
Again beside them the tempter went,
Keeping the thread of his argument —

"Kiss her! kiss her! chink-a-chee-chee!
 I'll not mention it! Don't mind me!
 I'll be sentinel — I can see
 All around from this tall birch-tree!"
 But ah! they noted — nor deemed it strange —
 In his rollicking chorus a trifling change, —
 "Do it! do it!" — with might and main
 Warbled the tell-tale — "Do it again!"

ALDINE

TOOTHACHE.

To have it out or not, — that is the question:
 Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer
 The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,
 Or to take steel against a host of troubles
 And by extracting end them? To pull, — to tug: —
 No more; and by a tug to say we end
 The toothache, and a thousand natural ills
 The jaw is heir to, — 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To pull, — to tug: —
 To tug! perchance to break: — ay, there's the rub;
 For in that wrench what agonies may come,
 When we have half-dislodged the stubborn foe,
 Must give us pause: there's the respect
 That makes an aching tooth of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and stings of pain,
 The old wife's nostrum, dentists' contumely,
 The pangs of hope deferred, kind sleep delay,
 The insolence of pity, and the spurns
 That patient sickness of the healthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 For one poor shilling? who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sink beneath a load of pain,
 But that the dread of something lodged within,
 The linen-twisted forceps, from whose pangs
 No jaw at ease returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes it rather bear the ills it has,
 Than fly to others that it knows not of?
 Thus dentists do make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And many a one, whose courage seeks the door,
With this regard his footsteps turns away,
Scared at the name of dentist.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

In the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen,
With the gambrel roof and gable looking westward to the
green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night.

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came!
What a cry of eager voices! what a group of cheeks in flame!
When the wondrous box was opened that had come from
over seas,
With its smell of mastic varnish and its flash of ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy,
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the
boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave, paternal way;
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now,
Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign
balm;
She had sprinkled it o'er Sorrow, and seen its brow grow
calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with the tapping, tink-
ling quills,
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glittering
keys.
Hushed were the children's voices; and every eye grew dim
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper Hymn."

Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-red,
Wedded since and a widow, — something like ten years
dead, —

Hearing a gush of music such as none had heard before,
Steals from her mother's chamber, and peeps at the open
door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
"Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,
(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box she
heard;)

"Open it! open it, lady, and let me see the bird!"

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

PRESS ON.

PRESS on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And, through the ebon wall of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
While on their breasts, who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! if Fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts, and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs! Press on, press on!

Therefore, press on, and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown ;
Faint not, for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth and honor and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil ;
Press on, and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE BEAUTY OF YOUTH.

How beautiful is youth, — early manhood, early womanhood, how wonderfully fair ! what freshness of life, cleanness of blood, purity of breath ! What hopes ! There is nothing too much for the young maid or man to put into their dream, and in their prayer to hope to put into their day. O young men and women ! there is no picture of ideal excellence of manhood and womanhood that I ever draw that seems too high, too beautiful, for your young hearts. What aspirations there are for the good, the true, the fair, and the holy ! The instinctive affections, — how beautiful they are, with all their purple prophecy of new homes and generations of immortals that are yet to be ! The high instincts of reason, of conscience, of love, of religion, — how beautiful and grand they are in the young heart, fragrantly opening its little cup, not yet full-blown, but with the promise of a man ! I love to look on these young faces, and see the firstlings of the young man's beard, and the maidenly bloom blushing over the girl's fair cheek ; I love to see the pure eyes beaming with joy and goodness, to see the unconscious joy of such young souls, impatient of restraint, and longing for the heaven that we fashion here. So have I seen in early May among the New-England hills the morning springing in the sky, and gradually thinning off the stars that hedge about the cradle of the day ; and all cool and fresh and lustrous came the morning light, and a few birds commenced their songs, prophets of many more ; and ere the sun was fairly up you saw the pinky buds upon the apple-trees, and scented the violets in the morning air, and thought of what a fresh and lordly day was coming up the eastern sky.

THEODORE PARKER.

QUEEN MAB.

Oh! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweatmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

ROMEO AND JULIET

A MILITIA GENERAL.*

"IN all other countries, and in all former times, a gentleman who would either speak or be listened to on the subject of war, involving subtle criticisms and strategy, and careful reviews of marches, sieges, battles, regular and casual, and irregular onslaughts, would be required to show, first, that he had studied much, investigated fully, and digested the science and history of his subject. But here, sir, no such painful preparation is required: witness the gentleman from Michigan! He has announced to the House that he is a militia general on the peace establishment!

"Sir, we all know the military studies of the military gentleman from Michigan before he was promoted. I take it to be beyond a reasonable doubt that he had perused with great care the title-page of 'Baron Steuben.' Nay, I go further; as the gentleman has incidentally assured us that he is prone to look into musty and neglected volumes, I venture to assert, without vouching in the least from personal knowledge, that he has prosecuted his researches so far as to be able to know that the rear rank stands right behind the front. This I think is fairly inferrible from what I understood him to say of the two lines of encampment at Tippecanoe. Thus we see, Mr. Speaker, that the gentleman from Michigan, being a militia general, as he had told us, his brother officers, in that simple statement has revealed the glorious history of toils, privations, sacrifices, and bloody scenes, through which, we know from experience and observation, a militia officer, in time of peace, is sure to pass. We all, in fancy, now see the gentleman from Michigan in that most dangerous and glorious event in the life of a militia general on the peace establishment—a parade day! That day, for which all the other days of his life seem to have been made. We can see the troops in motion, — umbrellas, hoes, and axe handles, and other like deadly implements of war, overshadowing all the field: when, lo! the leader of the host approaches!

'Far off his coming shines;'

* From a speech by Thomas Corwin, in Congress, in 1840, in answer to Gen. Crary of Michigan, who on that occasion attacked Gen. Harrison for military mistakes.

"His plume which, after the fashion of the great Bourbon, is of awful length, reads its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen-roosts. Like the great Suwaroff, he seems somewhat careless in forms and points of dress; hence his epaulettes may be on his shoulders, back, or sides, but still gleaming, gloriously gleaming, in the sun. Mounted he is, too, let it not be forgotten. Need I describe to the colonels and generals of this honorable House, the steed which heroes bestride on these occasions? No! I see the memory of other days is with you. You see before you the gentleman from Michigan, mounted on his crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare, the singular obliquity of whose hinder limbs is best described by that most expressive phrase, 'sickle hams' — for height just fourteen hands, 'all told;' yes, sir: there you see his 'steed that laughs at the shaking of the spear;' that is his war-horse 'whose neck is clothed with thunder.' Mr. Speaker, we have glowing descriptions in history of Alexander the Great and his war-horse Bucephalus, at the head of the invincible Macedonian phalanx; but, sir, such are the improvements of modern times that every one must see that our militia general, with his crop-eared mare, with bushy tail and sickle ham, would totally frighten off a battle-field a hundred Alexanders. But, sir, to the history of the parade-day. The general, thus mounted and equipped, is in the field, and ready for action. On the eve of some desperate enterprise, such as giving order to shoulder arms, it may be, there occurs a crisis, one of those accidents of war, which no sagacity could foresee nor prevent. A cloud rises and passes over the sun! Here is an occasion for the display of that greatest of all traits in the history of a commander, — the tact which enables him to seize upon and turn to good account unlooked-for events as they arise. Now for the caution wherewith the Roman Fabius foiled the skill and courage of Hannibal! A retreat is ordered, and troops and general, in a twinkling, are found safely bivouacked in a neighboring grocery. But even here the general still has room for the execution of heroic deeds. Hot from the field, and chafed with the heroic events of the day, your general unsheathes his trenchant blade, eighteen inches in length as you will remember, and with energy and remorseless fury he slices the water-melons that lie in heaps around him, and shares them with his surviving friends.

Others of the sinews of war are not wanting here. Whiskey, Mr. Speaker, that great leveller of modern times, is here also, and the shells of the water-melons are filled to the brim. Here again, Mr. Speaker, is shown how the extremes of barbarism and civilization meet. As the Scandinavian heroes of old, after the fatigues of war, drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies, in Odin's halls, so now our militia general and his forces, from the skulls of the melons thus vanquished, in copious draughts of whiskey assuage the heroic fire of their souls, after a parade-day. But, alas for this short-lived race of ours! all things will have an end, and so it is even with the glorious achievements of our general. Time is on the wing, and will not stay his flight; the sun, as if frightened at the mighty events of the day, rides down the sky, and 'at the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,' the curtain of night drops upon the scene,

'And Glory, like the phoenix in its fires,
Exhales its odors, blazes and expires.'

ADDRESS OF SPOTTYCUS.

It had been a circus day in East Kittery Centre. James Myers, the grand and awful tumbler, had amused the populace with the sports of the ring, to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The sounds of cavalry had died away; the roar of the ragged-tailed ourang-outang had ceased; the lanterns had been extinguished. The moon, piercing the impenetrable tissue of woolly clouds, showed her benevolent nature by silvering the brass buttons of a man going across the street, and casting its irradiant beams through an extensive aperture in the canvas, tipped the foam-capped waves in a bucket of dirty water with a wavy, mellow light. No sound was heard, save the gentle breathings of the elephant, ~~only~~ answered at intervals by the pitiless moanings of the nine-legged calf in the side tent, which had been cruelly deprived of its supper. Under a cart, in one corner, a little band of acrobats were seated, their countenances still dirty from the agony of conflict,

tobacco-juice running down their under lips, the daubs of paint still lingering on their brows, when Spottycus, the head clown, limping forth from amid the company, thus addressed them, —

“Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call *him* chief, who, for three long weeks, has stumped every man, woman, child, and beast that has entered our show, to fight, and who never yet has run. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in Irish row or private fight, my actions did not confirm my tongue, let him step up and say it. If there be nine in all your company dare face me, let them come on ! And yet I was not always thus, — a hired buffoon, a scaly chief of still more scaly men. My ancestors came from old Scarborough, and settled among the loose rocks and leafless groves of East Moluncus. My early life ran quiet as the puddle in which I played ; and when, at noon, I gathered the hogs beneath the sunshine, and played upon a borrowed tuning-fork, there was a friend, the son of the man that lived in the next house, to join me in the pastime. We let our hogs into the same man’s turnip-field, and partook together our rusty meal. One evening, after the hogs and hens were foddered, and we were all seated beneath the currant-bush which shaded our cottage, my great-grandsire, an *old* man, was telling of Marathon Crossing, and Thermopylæ Courthouse, and Lucknow Corner, and the Aroostook war, in which he had been riddled with bullets ; and how, on previous occasions, a little band of Choctaws had run before a big army. I knew not, till then, what war was ; but then my undimpled cheeks did burn, and to show my new-born fire, I pulled the hair of that venerable man, until my mother, taking me by the nape of the neck, slapped my throbbing chops, and packed me off to bed, bidding me exercise no more my warlike spirit. That night a burglar entered our house. I saw my mother trampled on by the hoof of a big dog, the sleeping form of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our hog-pen. These insults were too much. I left the vicinity and joined a circus.

“To-day, you know, I killed a hydrophobious dog in the arena ; and when I gazed intently on him, behold ! it was ‘old dog Tray,’ my old friend’s dog. He made one pass at me, bit a farewell hunk out of my leg, kicked, and died, — the same tail, shorter only by six inches, which he used to wear when he and his master and I, in adventurous infancy,

scaled the picket-fence to pluck the first ripe potato-balls, and bear them home in childish exultation! I told the proprietor that the deceased had been my friend's dog, homely, faithful, and kind, and I begged that I might convey away the carcass to a taxidermist, and sell the skin for 'nippers.' Ay! upon my head, amid the blood and mud of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and mothers, and the scrabble, shouted in derision; deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see the prince of clowns turn red and grumble about that piece of bleeding dog-flesh. And the proprietor drew back, as I were dilution, and sternly said, 'Let the beast alone! It shall not be *mee* (a) *t* for you.' And so, fellow-acrobats, rusty cusses, clowns, must you as well as I be bluffed by these covetous proprietors. O Rum, Rum! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that indigent, unostentatious hog-boy, who never heard a louder noise than a thunderbolt, cast-iron muscles, and a heart of brick, taught him to run his hands within the mails and pocket cash, to run his sword against brick buildings and stone walls, to gaze into the bleared eyeballs of the fierce Khamscatkan woodpecker, even as a young lady upon an intimate cat! And he shall pay thee back as soon as the yellow Paddygumpus shall turn red as frothing logwood, and in its deepest juice the codfish lie cradled!

"Ye stand there now like rowdies, as ye are! There is no tin within your gaping pockets; and to-morrow, or next day, some rustic Polyphemus, breathing of onions from his infinite mouth, shall with his freckled fingers point at your red noses, and bet a three-cent piece on your head. Hark! Hear ye yon giraffe roaring in his hen-coop? 'Tis six weeks since he has tasted food; but to-morrow they will, as likely as not, give him your breakfast, and miserable fodder will it be for him, by the way. If ye know nothing at all, scarcely, work then like dogs, for almost nothing and board! If ye are men, follow me; leave the concern, run off with the horses, and set up for yourselves, as your ancestral grandfathers did at old Spoodinkum. Is Scarborough dead? Is the old 'New England' that you drank to-day dried up within your bowels, that ye do skulk and squat, like a be-horsewhipped pup beneath his master's barn? O fellow comrades, rusticusses, clowns! if we must turn inside out, let us do it for ourselves! If we must turn summersets

for subsistence, let us do it under a clean tent, with horses that are not lame in more than three legs, ponies that have tails, and horses that haven't sore backs! Let us carve for ourselves, in the annals of cavalry, names which shall far transcend those of all that the world calls great, so that all champions and knights of old, — Skipio, Alabamacanus, the Knights of Malta, the Arabian Nights, the Spanish Cid, — shall sink into insignificance before us. Let us spur on our painted-white steeds, till we reach the summit of equine renown."

OUR VISITOR, AND WHAT HE CAME FOR.

HE came in with an interrogation-point in one eye, and a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view.

"I want to see," said he, "the man that puts things into this paper."

We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way.

"Well, I want to see the man which cribs things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand."

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us, driven to frenzy by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional insanity plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went on calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling and indistinct through the recent loss of half a dozen or so of his front teeth, —

"Just so. I presume so. I don't know much about this business; but I want to see a man, the man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back, and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to talk with him."

Then he leaned his stick against our desk and spit on his

serviceable hand, and resumed his hold on the stick as though he were weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added, in a somewhat louder tone, —

"Mister, I came here to see that 'ere man. I want to see him bad."

We told him that particular man was not in.

"Just so. I presume so. They told me before I come that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He sat down by the door, and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps?"

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

"Just so. I thought just as like as not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wasn't much of a piece, I don't think; but I want to see the man that printed it, just for a few minutes. You see, John Smith, he lives next door to my house, when I'm to home, and he gets how-come-you-so every little period. Now, when he's sober, he's all right, if you keep out of his way; but when he's drunk, he goes home and breaks dishes, and tips over the stove, and throws the hardware around, and makes it inconvenient for his wife; and sometimes he gets his gun and goes out calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant.

"Not that I want to say any thing about Smith; but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drunk yesterday, and broke all the kitchen windows out of his house, and followed his wife around with the carving knife, talking about her liver, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece: it wasn't much of a piece; and I thought if I could pour some water down his spine, on his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife and a square thing to do all around. So I poured a bucket of spring-water down John Smith's spine of his back."

"Well," said we, as our visitor paused, "did it make him sober?" Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick and replied with increased emotion, —

"Just so. I suppose it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson; but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man I ever see; and, mister, John Smith is a bigger man than me and stouter. Bla — bless him, I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday; and he's handy with his fists too. I should suppose he's the handiest man with his fists I ever saw."

"Then he went for you, did he?" we asked innocently.

"Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about the best he knew; but I don't hold no grudge against John Smith! I suppose he ain't a good man to hold a grudge against, only I want to see the man that printed that piece. I want to see him bad. I feel as though it would soothe me to see that man. I want to show him how a drunken man acts when you pour water down the spine of his back. That's what I come for."

Our visitor, who had poured water down the spine of a drunken man's back, remained until about six o'clock in the evening, and then went up-street to find the man that printed that little piece. The man he is looking for started for Alaska last evening for a summer vacation, and will not be back before September, 1878.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT NOSE?"

SNYDER kept a beer-saloon some years ago "over the Rhine." Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper, — "sudden and quick in quarrel," — get mad in a minute. Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for the boys, — partly because of the excellence of his beer, and partly because they liked to chafe "old Snyder" as they called him; for, although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing; and it was explained by his "frau," who "jerked" the beer that day, that he had "gone out fishing mit der poys." The next day one of the boys, who was particularly fond of "roasting" old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's

nose, which was a big one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead-ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?" said the caller.

"I peen out fishing mit der poys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis: "the sun it pes hot like ash der tifel, unt I purns my nose. Nice nose, don't it?" And Snyder viewed it with a look of comical sadness in the little mirror back of his bar. It entered at once into the head of the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a joke upon Snyder; so he went out and collected half a dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should drop in at the saloon one after another, and ask Snyder, "What's the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it. The man who put up the job went in first with a companion, and, seating themselves at a table called for beer. Snyder, brought it to them; and the new-comer exclaimed as he saw him, "Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I just dell your frient here I peen out fishin' mit der poys, unt the sun he purnt 'em — zwilager — den cents — all right."

Another boy rushes in. "Halloo, boys, you're ahead of me this time: s'pose I'm in, though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret" — (appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose, looks wonderingly a moment, and then bursts out laughing) — "ha! ha! ha! Why, Snyder, — ha! — ha! — what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder, of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose or having it laughed at; and he says, in a tone sternly emphatic, —

"I've peen out fishing mit der poys, unt de sun it juse as hot like ash dar tifel, unt I purnt my nose; dat ish all right."

Another tormentor comes in, and insists on "setting 'em up" for the whole house. "Snyder," says he, "fill up the boys' glasses, and take a drink yourse — ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! Snyder, wha — ha! ha! — what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner, —

"I peen out fishin' mit der poys on der Leedle Miami. De sun pese hot like as — vel, I purn my pugle. Now, that is more vot I don't got to say. Vot gind o' peseness? Dat ish all right; I purn my own nose, don't it?"

"Burn your nose, — burn all the hair off your head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose; for he was tramping about behind his bar, and growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage. Another one of his tormentors walks in. Some one sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy, "but, Snyder, you may give me one of your best ciga— Ha-a-a! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! he! he! he! ah-h-h-ha! ha! ha! ha! Why — why — Snyder — who — who — ha-ha! ha! what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time; his face was purple with rage, all except his nose, which glowed like a ball of fire. Leaning his ponderous figure far over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared, —

"I've been out fishin' mit ter poys. The sun it pese hot like ash never vas. I purnt my nose. Now you no like dose nose, you yust take yose nose unt wr-wr-wr-wring your mean American finger mit em! That's the kind of man vot I am!"

And Snyder was right.

OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

WORKERS AND THINKERS.

On a large scale, and in work determinable by line and rule, it is indeed both possible and necessary that the thoughts of one man should be carried out by the labor of others; in this sense I have already defined the best architecture to be the expression of the mind of manhood by the hands of childhood. But on a smaller scale, and in a design which cannot be mathematically defined, one man's thoughts can never be expressed by another: and the difference between the spirit of touch of the man who is inventing and of the man who is obeying directions is often all the difference between a great and a common work of art. How wide the separation is between original and second-hand execution, I shall endeavor to show elsewhere: it is not so

much to our purpose here, as to mark the other and more fatal error of despising manual labor when governed by intellect; for it is no less fatal an error to despise it when thus regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always, in these days, endeavoring to separate the two: we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas, the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working; and both should be gentlemen, in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising, his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers, and miserable workers. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity. It would be well if all of us were good handicraftsmen in some kind, and the dishonor of manual labor done away with altogether; so that, though there should still be a trenchant distinction of race between nobles and commoners, there should not, among the latter, be a trenchant distinction of employment, as between idle and working men, or between men of liberal and illiberal professions. All professions should be liberal; and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement. And yet more, in each several profession, no master should be too proud to do its hardest work. The painter should grind his own colors; the architect work in the mason's yard with his men; the master-manufacturer be himself a more skilful operative than any man in his mills; and the distinction between one man and another be only in experience and skill, and the authority and wealth which these must naturally and justly obtain.

RUSKIN

THE LAST RIDE.

THERE was red wine flowing from the flagons,
The jewel-crusted flagons slim and tall,
And a hundred voices, laughing, jesting,
And a hundred toasts ringing down the hall;
For the baron held a feast at the castle, —
The gay young baron, lithe and tall.

From the dais-steps the red drums beating,
And the horns and the silver trumpets blowing,
And the quick sweet rasping of the fiddles,
Set the dancers in the dance-room a-going ;
And all through the palace ran the music,
And all night the red wine was flowing.

And the baron led the wassail and the dance, —
The gay young baron, lithe and tall,
With gallant smiles and jests for the lovely women guests,
Till the cock crew athwart the castle wall ;
But amid the lovely faces rising out of ruffs and laces,
One face for the baron shone fairer than them all.

He had stolen from the drinking and the dancing ;
He was standing in the doorway at her side ;
He was praying, he was pleading and entreating,
A suit she coquetted and denied ;
He was praying, he was pleading and entreating,
When the blast of a bugle far and wide

Rang its clear silver treble in the court-yard,
Three times three, for a sharp battle-call ;
And the voice of a trooper hoarsely shouted,
“ Ho, barons, for the king, one and all ! ”
Round and round, over hill and over valley,
Far and wide rang the sharp battle-call.

Round and round rang the news of the rising,
The rising of old Coventry that night ;
And the barons, one and all, at the bugle's battle-call,
Mustered forth, fifty strong, for the fight.
Corslets ringing, feathers flinging, pennons swinging —
Oh, it must have been a spirit-stirring sight !

Women's faces grew as white as the rose, —
The white rose of York upon each breast ;
Red lips in that moment lost their blooming,
Gay hearts in that moment lost their jest.
But out of fifty faces, sorrow-saddened,
There was one face sadder than the rest.

Eyes that a moment since disdained him,
Lips that were laughing and denying,
Heart that coquetted with its wooing,
Now on the wooer's breast is lying ;
While the bugle rings its blast, and the troopers rattle past,
Over hill and over valley flying, flying.

And the baron rides last, but the baron rides fast,
Over hill and over valley, rides away ;
With a smile upon his face, and with a gallant grace,
As if he rode to tournament, or a hunting holiday.
But in the early dawning, in the gray of the morning,
In the front of the fight his white plumes play.

And in the early dawning, in the gray of the morning,
The red field is won ere the day's half begun ;
And the Cavaliers are shouting, at the Roundheads routing,
Till over hill and valley comes creeping up the sun ;
Then the shouts and the cheers turn suddenly to tears,
For there on the field, his brief race run,

White and still in the dawning of the wild autumn morn-
ing,

White and still in the chill of the new-risen day,
While the Roundheads are flying, the hero lies dying,
Who so late rode straight in the front of the fray ;
With a smile upon his face, and with a gallant grace,
As if he rode to tournament, or a hunting holiday.

NORA PERRY.

BABY ATLAS.

AN arm and a fist — there's muscle !
What think you of that for a grip ?
Where would Hercules be, or Samson,
If I'd either one on the hip ?

Not use them ? Why, don't I grapple
Already with wind and things ?
I know I could swim too ; see that, now —
About all I need is wings.

I'm going for papa's whiskers :
 I'll get his moustache some day ;
 And I'll lift it clean off his features,
 And make him believe it's play.

He has too much nose, I'm certain,
 For a man of his age and size —
 There ! only six inches farther
 And I'd either had that or his eyes !

He thinks I'm only a baby ;
 But I'm five months old this week,
 And to call such a fellow an infant
 Is a fraud of which I won't speak.

Now it surely is time for dinner :
 Why can't they look out for a man ?
 I could go for it now bald-headed —
 No one else in the family can.

My fists, or a slice out of papa, —
 Was there ever starvation like mine ?
 I'll squall if it isn't forth-coming,
 For they all know a man must dine.

What's this ? Me, taken and lifted
 This reckless way through the air ?
 What's that ? Ah, I know, my dinner ;
 And it's time it was coming. THERE !

POSSESSION.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

A POET loved a Star,
 And to it whispered nightly,
 " Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far ?
 Or why so coldly shine who shinest so brightly ?

O Beauty wooed and unpossessed!
Oh might I to this beating breast
But clasp thee once, and then die blest!"
That Star her Poet's love,
So wildly warm, made human.
And leaving, for his sake, her heaven above,
His Star stooped earthward, and became a Woman.
"Thou who hast wooed and hast possessed,
My lover, answer, which was best,
The Star's beam or the Woman's breast?"
"I miss from heaven," the man replied,
"A light that drew my spirit to it."
And to the man the woman sighed,
"I miss from earth a poet."

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! The stars go down,
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer shower
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flower.

The granite rocks disorganize,
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them — the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
Is life — there are no dead.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE LEARNED NEGRO.

THERE was a negro preacher, I have heard,
In Southern parts, before rebellion stirred,
Who did not spend his strength in empty sound;
His was a mind deep-reaching and profound.
Others might beat the air, and make a noise,
And help to amuse the silly girls and boys;
But as for him he was a man of thought,
Deep in theology, although untaught.
He could not read or write, but he was wise,
And knew right smart how to extemporize.
One Sunday morn, when hymns and prayers were said,
The preacher rose, and rubbing up his head,

" Bredren and sisterin, and companions dear,
 Our preachment to-day, as you shall hear,
 Will be ob de creation, — ob de plan
 On which God fashioned Adam, de fust man.
 When God made Adam, in the ancient day,
 He made his body out of earth and clay,
 He shape him out all right, den by and by,
 He set him up agin de fence to dry."

" Stop," said a voice; and straightway there uprose,
 An ancient negro in his master's clothes.

" Tell me," said he, " before you farder go,
 One little thing which I should like to know.
 It does not quite get through this nigger's har,
 How came that fence so nice and handy dar?"
 Like one who in the mud is tightly stuck,
 Or one non-plussed, astonished, thunder-struck,
 The preacher looked severely on the pews,
 And rubbed his hair to know what words to use:
 " Bredren," said he, " dis word I hab to say;
 De preacher can't be bothered in dis way;
 For, if he is, it's jest as like as not,
 Our whole theology will be upsot."

CONGREGATIONALIST.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be, —
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Then let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me
 In Mercy given:
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly;
 Still all my song shall be, —
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

A SHORT SERMON.

THERE'S nine men a standin' at the dore, an' they all sed they'd take shugar in their'n. Sich, friends and brethering, was the talk in a wurdly cens, wonst common in this our ainshunt land; but the dais is gone by, and the sans run dry, and no man can say to his nabur, Hoo art thou, man, and will you take enny more shugar in your kaughey? But the wurds of our text has a difrunt and more partickler meenin' than this. Thar they stood at the dore, on a cold winter's mornin', two Baptiss and two Methodiss and five Lutharians, and the tother one was a publikin. And they

all with one vois sed they wouldn't dirty their feet in a dram shop; but if the publikin would go and git the drinks, they'd pay for 'em. And they all cried out, and every man sed, "I'll take mine with shugar; for it won't feel good to drink the stuff without sweeten'." So the publikin he marched in, and the barkeeper said, "What want ye?" and he answered and said: "A drink." — "How will you have it?" — "Plane and strate," says he; "for it ain't no use wastin' shugar to circumsalivate akafortis. But there's nine more a standin' at the dore, and they all sed they'd take shugar in their'n." Friends and brethering, it ain't only the likker or sperrits that is drunk in this roundabout and underhanded way, but it's the likker of all sorts of human wickednis in like manner. Thar's the likker of mallis, that menny of you drinks to the dregs; but yure shure to sweeten it with the shugar of self-justification. Thar's the likker of avriss that sum keeps behind the curtin for constant use, but they always has it well mixt with the sweetin uv prudens and ekonimy. Thar's the likker of self-luv that sum men drinks by the gallon, but they always puts in lots of the shugar of take-keer-of-No.-1. And lastly, thar's the likker of extorshun, which the man sweetens accordin' to cirkumstances. If he's in the flour line, he'll say the pore'll be better off eating korn bread; if he's in the cloth line, wy it's a good thing to learn 'em to make their cloth at home; if he's in the lether line, it'll larn them the necessity of takin' better keer of shoos. And there's nine men at the door, and they all sed they'd take shugar in their'n. But, friends and brethren, thar's a time comin' and a place fixin' whar thar'll be no "standin' at the dore," to call for "shugar in their'n." But they'll have to go rite in and take the drink square up to the front: and the barkeeper'll be old Satun, and nobody else; and he'll give 'em "shugar in their'n" you'd better believe, and it'll be shugar uv led and red hot led at that, as shure as your name's Conshunce Dodger. And you'll be entitled to your rations three times a day, if not more frequentlier; and if you don't like it you'll have to lump it; and so may the old Nick close down upon all your silk palavering around the plane old poole of brotherly luv and ginerosity and feller-feelin' and fare play! Amen.

NOT BY A HARD-SHELL BAPTIST.

GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.

My business on the jury's done; the quibblin' all is through;
I've watched the lawyers, right and left, and give my verdict true;
I stuck so long unto my chair, I thought I would grow in;
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there ag'in.
But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay;
I'm loose, at last, and, thank the Lord, I'm goin' home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy, like, since first day I come down:
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine, on Sunday rightly sets,
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls and frets.
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper-salt and gray:
I'll have it on in half a jiff, when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one, —
As well as any woman could, — to see that things was done;
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot out doors,
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores.
But nothing prospers half so well, when I go off to stay,
And I will put things into shape when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I came away, we had a little bout:
I coolly took my hat and left, before the show was out.
For what I said was naught whereat she ought to take offence;
And she was always quick at words, and ready to commence.
But then, she's first one to give up, when she has had her say;
And she will meet me with a kiss, when I go home to-day.

My little boy, — I'll give 'em leave to match him if they can;
It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!

The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'd ever want to see!
And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl, — I can't contrive how it should happen thus,
That God could pick that sweet bouquet, and fling it down
to us.

My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a
stir;

And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half way down the hill, and kiss me, anyway;
And light my heart up with her smiles when I go home
to-day.

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again.
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often I'll be bound,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em, all
around.

But let my creed be right or wrong or be it as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me, — I'm goin' home to-day.

W. M. CARLETON.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"Oh what shall I do now? — 'twas looking at you now!
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!
'Twas the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Cleary!
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her; and ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season, — I can't tell the reason, —
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

ANONYMOUS.

A BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

I AM here. And, if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands: I think I'll put my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler; and the more paregoric they give me the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled snuff in it last night, and, when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two days' old baby. Never mind: when I'm a man I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now; and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip-tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush, don't wake up Emeline's baby;" and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline. No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just now, and wanted to see Bob's baby, and looked at me, and said I was a "funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I belong to. Yes, there's another one, that's "Gamma." Emeline told me so; and she took me up, and held me against her soft cheek, and said, "I was Gamma's baby, so I was." I declare I do not know who I do belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes snuffy with catnip-tea. The idea of giving babies catnip-tea when they are crying for information! I'm going to sleep. I wonder if I don't look pretty red in the face. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to.

THE DOUBLE SACRIFICE.

"AND so thou say'st, my brother, to-morrow the end shall be,
And I must perish amid the flames of the awful *auto-da-fé*!

"Thus let it be; for 'tis well to die, that the Word of the
Lord may live:

O blessed Jesu! be near to the last, that I, like thee, may
forgive."

On the damp dungeon-floor she knelt, and prayed in a
tremulous voice

For strength to endure the fiery trial, and faith to retain
her choice;

While the cowlèd priest stood mute, and gazed through the
strong bars, yellow with rust,

And trembled, as in her pallid face he read an unfaltering
trust.

At last he whispered, "O sister mine! recant ere it be too
late.

In the youthful bloom of a beautiful life, why choose ye so
cruel a fate?

"Renounce thine heresies even now, and the condemnation
dire

Of the Inquisition shall be revoked, — the torturing death
by fire!

"O sister beloved! remember well, thou art last of our kin
and race:

The name of our father is dear to the land; shall it fade in
this cloud of disgrace?

"Great Galileo at Rome hath knelt, and abjured his errors
vain:

Why do ye not even as he hath done, while the way of
escape is plain?"

So pleaded the priest, though he knew for nought, as she
rose in the dismal gloom,

Possessed of the hope and the peace not of earth, fixed far
beyond terror of doom.

More beautiful then, in her strength of soul, she seemed
than whenever, of old,
She had graced the palace or regal court, radiant with jewels
and gold.

No lady of all the wide kingdom of Spain, from the Pyre-
nees to the sea,
Might boast of a lineage prouder than hers, or a name from
reproach more free.

And he, the priest, though a soldier bred, yet forced from
the glory and strife
For the solemn peace and the sacred vows of the stern
monastic life.

And she answered him, "I will never renounce the price-
less joys of my faith,
But brave the impotent curse of the Church, and choose the
heretic's death!

"Thou servest the Church; but I serve Him whose temple is
built above,
And will die as the martyred saints of old, for the sake of
the truth I love."

The hour had come; and they led her forth, in the yellow
robe arrayed;
And she stood among the group of the doomed, still fearless
and undismayed.

And she saw not the eager multitude, nor the king enthroned
on high,
Nor the stern Inquisitors, robed in black, who had judged
her worthy to die.

They bound her fast to the fatal stake, and piled the fagots
around,
Then paused till the solemn chant had ceased, and the
signal of doom should sound.

Then the flames burst forth, and the smoke rolled high, and
blinded her lifted eyes;
And she murmured in agony, "Courage, O soul! thou hast
almost gained the prize!"

And he who had stood at the dungeon-door, and strove to
save her in vain,
When he saw her thus in the grasp of death, swift madness
seized on his brain.

With the strong resolve of a frenzied hope, he sprang in the
midst of the fire,
Which rose and leaped like a wrathful fiend, hissing with
baleful ire.

Too late, alas! the vengeful flame withered the outstretched
hand,

And the two freed souls together passed into the spirit land!

ARTHUR WM. AUSTIN.

SUNDAY MORNING.

THOUGHTS DURING SERVICE.

Too early, of course! How provoking!
I told ma just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper,
For there's not a soul here yet to see.
There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,—
I declare if it isn't too bad!
I know my suit cost more than hers did,
And I wanted to see her look mad.
I do think that sexton's too stupid,—
He's put some one else in our pew;
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely.
Now what am I going to do?
The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service,
Just to make a great show coming in.
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here:
She said she'd a headache last night.
How mad she'll be after all her fussing!
I declare it would serve her just right.

Oh! you've got here at last, my dear, have you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud
Of that bonnet, if Virot did make it:
It's horrid fast-looking and loud.
What a dress! — for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue! —
And those coat-sleeves — they wore them last summer —
-Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're new.
Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported —
So dreadful! — a minister's wife.
And thinking so much about fashion! —
A pretty example of life!
The altar's dressed sweetly — I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the font! —
Some girl who's gone on the assistant —
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.
Just look at her now, little humbug! —
So devout — I suppose she don't know
That she's bending her head too far over,
And the ends of her switches all show.
What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!
That woman will kill me some day,
With her horrible lilacs and crimsons:
Why will these old things dress so gay?
And there's Jenny Welles with Fred Tracy —
She's engaged to him now — horrid thing!
Dear me! I'd keep on my glove sometimes,
If I did have a solitaire ring!
How can this girl next to me act so, —
The way that she turns round and stares,
And then makes remarks about people;
She'd better be saying her prayers.
Oh, dear, what a dreadful long sermon!
He must love to hear himself talk!
And it's after twelve now, — how provoking!
I wanted to have a nice walk.
Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we don't dine till one:
How can people say church is poky! —
So wicked! — I think it's real fun.

GEORGE A. BAKER, JUN.

THE QUAKER'S MEETING.

A TRAVELLER wended the wilds among,
With a purse of gold and a silver tongue.
His hat it was broad, and all drab were his clothes,
For he hated high colors — except on his nose;
And he met with a lady, the story goes.
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The damsel she cast him a beamy blink;
And the traveller nothing was loth, I think.
Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath;
And the Quaker he grinned, — for he'd very good teeth, —
And he asked, "Art thee going to ride on the heath?"
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said the maid,
"As to ride this heath over I'm sadly afraid;
For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound,
And I wouldn't 'for any thing' I should be found,
For — between you and me — I have five hundred pound."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"If that is thine own, dear," the Quaker he said,
"I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed;
And I have another five hundred just now,
In the padding that's under my saddle-bow,
And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow!"
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The maiden she smiled, and her rein she drew:
"Your offer I take — though I'll not take you."
A pistol she held at the Quaker's head, —
"Now give me your gold — or I'll give you my lead —
'Tis under the saddle I think you said."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The damsel she ripped up the saddle-bow,
And the Quaker was never a Quaker till now;
And he saw, by the fair one he wished for a bride,
His purse borne away with a swaggering stride,
And the eye that shammed tender now only defied.
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"The spirit doth move me, friend Broadbrim," quoth she,
"To take all this filthy temptation from thee;
For Mammon deceiveth, and beauty is fleeting:
Accept from thy *maiden* a right loving greeting.
For much doth she profit by this Quaker's meeting."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"And hark! jolly Quaker, so rosy and sly,
Have righteousness more than a wench in thine eye:
Don't go again peeping girls' bonnets beneath;
Remember the one that you met on the heath;
Her name's *Jimmy* Barlow — I tell to your teeth."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"*Friend* James," quoth the Quaker, "pray listen to me,
For thou canst confer a great favor, d'ye see:
The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,
But my master's; and truly on thee I depend
To make it appear I my trust did defend."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"So fire a few shots through my clothes, here and there,
To make it appear 'twas a desp'rate affair."
So Jim he popped first through the skirt of his coat,
And then through his collar, quite close to his throat.
"Now one through my broadbrim," quoth Ephraim, "I vote."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"I have but a brace," quoth bold Jim, "and they're spent;
And I won't load again for a make-believe rent."
"Then," said Ephraim, producing *his* pistols, "just give
My five hundred pounds back, or as sure as you live
I'll make of your body a riddle or sieve."
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

Jim Barlow was diddled; and, though he was game,
He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim,
That he gave up the gold, and he took to his scrapers;
And when the whole story got into the papers,
They said that "*the thieves were no match for the Quakers.*"
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE HANDY SPEAKER.

PART III.

FRA GIACAMO.

ALAS, Fra Giacamo!
Too late! — but follow me:
Hush! draw the curtain, — so! —
She is dead, quite dead, you see.
Poor little lady! she lies
With the light gone out of her eyes;
But her features still wear that soft,
Gray, meditative expression,
Which you must have noticed oft,
And admired, too, at confession.
How saintly she looks, and how meek!
Though this be the chamber of death,
I fancy I feel her breath
As I kiss her on the cheek.
With that pensive, religious face,
She has gone to a holier place;
And I hardly appreciated her, —
Her praying, fasting, confessing.
Poorly, I own, I mated her:
I thought her too cold, and rated her
For her endless image-caressing.
Too saintly for me by far,
As pure and as cold as a star,
Not fashioned for kissing and pressing,
But made for a heavenly crown.
Ay, father, let us go down;
But first, if you please, your blessing.

Wine? No? Come, come, you must!
You'll bless it with your prayers,
And quaff a cup, I trust,
To the health of the saint up stairs?

My heart is aching so!
And I feel so weary and sad
Through the blow that I have had.
You'll sit, Fra Giacamo?
My friend (and a friend I rank you
For the sake of that saint) — nay, nay!
Here's the wine, — as you love me, stay! —
'Tis Montepulciano! Thank you.

Heigho! 'Tis now six summers
Since I won that angel, and married her:
I was rich, not old, and carried her
Off in the face of all comers, —
So fresh, yet so brimming with soul!
A tenderer morsel, I swear,
Never made the dull black coal
Of a monk's eye glitter and glare.
Your pardon! Nay, keep your chair!
I wander a little, but mean
No offence to the gray gaberdine.
Of the church, Fra Giacamo,
I'm a faithful upholder, you know;
But (humor me!) she was as sweet
As the saints in your convent-windows,
So gentle, so meek, so discreet:
She knew not what lust does, or sin does.
I'll confess, though, before we were one,
I deemed her less saintly, and thought
The blood in her veins had caught
Some natural warmth from the sun.
I was wrong, I was blind as a bat:
Brute that I was, how I blundered!
Though such a mistake as that
Might have occurred as pat
To ninety-nine men in a hundred, —
Yourself, for example? You've seen her?
Spite her modest and pious demeanor,
And the manners so nice and precise,
Seemed there not color and light,
Bright motion, and appetite,
That were scarcely consistent with *ice*? —
Externals implying, you see,
Internals less saintly than human?

Pray speak; for, between you and me,
You're not a bad judge of a woman.

A jest, — but a jest! . . . Very true:
'Tis hardly becoming to jest,
And that saint up stairs at rest:
Her soul may be listening, too!
Well may your visage turn yellow, —
I was always a brute of a fellow! —
To think how I doubted and doubted,
Suspected, grumbled at, flouted,
That golden-haired angel, and solely
Because she was zealous and holy!
Noon and night and morn
She devoted herself to piety;
Not that she seemed to scorn
Or dislike her husband's society;
But the claims of her *soul* superseded
All that I asked for or needed;
And her thoughts were afar away
From the level of sinful clay;
And she trembled if earthly matters
Interfered with her *aves* and *paters*.
Poor dove! she so fluttered in flying
Above the dim vapors of hell,
Bent on self-sanctifying,
That she never thought of trying
To save her husband as well.
And, while she was duly elected
For place in the heavenly roll,
I (brute that I was!) suspected
Her manner of saving her soul:
So, half for the fun of the thing,
What did I (blasphemer!) but fling
On my shoulders the gown of a monk, —
Whom I managed for that very day
To get safely out of the way, —
And seat me, half sober, half drunk,
With the cowl thrown over my face,
In the father-confessor's place.
Eheu! Benedicite!
In her orthodox, sweet simplicity,
With that pensive gray expression,
She sighfully knelt at confession,

While I bit my lips till they bled,
 And dug my nails in my hand,
 And heard with averted head
 What I'd guessed, and could understand.
 Each word was a serpent's sting;
 But, wrapped in my gloomy gown,
 I sat like a marble thing
 As she told me all! — SIT DOWN!

More wine, Fra Giacamo!
 One cup — if you love me! No?
 What, have these dry lips drank
 So deep of the sweets of pleasure, —
Sub rosa, but quite without measure, —
 That Montepulciano tastes rank?
 Come, drink, 'twill bring the streaks
 Of crimson back to your cheeks.
 Come, drink, drink again to the saint
 Whose virtues you loved to paint;
 Who, stretched on her wifely bed,
 With the tender gray expression
 You used to admire at confession,
 Lies poisoned overhead.

Sit still, — or, by heaven, you die!
 Face to face, soul to soul, you and I
 Have settled accounts in a fine
 Pleasant fashion over our wine.
 Stir not, and seek not to fly.
 Nay, whether or not, you are mine!
 Thank Montepulciano for giving
 Your death in such delicate sips:
 'Tis not every monk ceases living
 With so pleasant a taste on his lips;
 But, lest Montepulciano unsurely should kiss,
 Take this! and this! and this!

Cover him over, Pietro,
 And bury him in the court below, —
 You can be secret, lad, I know, —
 And, hark you! then to the convent go;
 Bid every bell of the convent toll,
 And the monks say mass for your
 Mistress' soul.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS-DINNER.

"AND how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple; and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor; and back came Tiny Tim, before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs,—as if, poor fellow! they were capable of being made more shabby,—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued, that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board; and even Tiny Tim, ex-

cited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose! Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family: indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough; and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone, — too nervous to bear witness, — to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose, — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said, that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it; but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the

hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, — two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:—

“A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!”
Which all the family re-echoed.

“God bless us every one!” said Tiny Tim the last of all.
DICKENS.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and burdock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down;
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whisking by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, “Father, who makes it snow?”
And I told of the good All-father,
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
 And thought of the leaden sky,
 That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
 When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
 That fell from that cloud-like snow,
 Flake by flake, healing and hiding
 The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
 "The snow that husheth all, —
 Darling, the merciful Father
 Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her ;
 And she, kissing back, could not know,
 That my kiss was given to her sister,
 Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE COUNTESS AND THE SERF.

FROM "LOVE."

The COUNTESS discovered, HUON reading to her.

Countess. Give o'er! I hate the poet's argument!
 'Tis falsehood : 'tis offence. A noble maid
 Stoop to a peasant! Ancestry, sire, dam,
 Kindred, and all, of perfect blood, despised
 For love !

Huon. The peasant, though of humble stock,
 High Nature did ennoble.

Coun. What was that ?

Mean you to justify it? But go on.

Huon. Not to offend —

Coun. Offend! No fear of that,
 I hope, 'twixt thee and me! I pray you, sir,
 To recollect yourself, and be at ease,
 And as I bid you, do. Go on.

Huon. Descent,

You'll grant, is not alone nobility,
 Will you not? Never yet was line so long,
 But it beginning had: and that was found
 In rarity of Nature, giving one
 Advantage over many; aptitude
 For arms, for counsel, so superlative
 As baffled all competitors, and made
 The many glad to follow him as guide
 Or safeguard, "and with title to endow him,
 For his high honor, or to gain some end
 Supposed propitious to the general weal,
 On those who should descend from him entailed."
 Not in descent alone, then, lies degree,
 Which from descent to Nature may be traced,
 Its proper fount? And that which Nature did,
 You'll grant she may be like to do again,
 And in a very peasant, yea, a slave,
 Enlodge the worth that roots the noble tree.
 I trust I seem not bold to argue so.

Coun. Sir, when to me it matters what you seem,
 Make question on't. If you have more to say,
 Proceed; yet mark you how the poet mocks
 Himself your advocacy: in the sequel
 His hero is a hind in masquerade!
 He proves to be a lord.

Huon. The poet sinned
 Against himself in that. He should have known
 A better trick, who had at hand his own
 Excelling nature to admonish him,
 Than the low cunning of the common craft.
 A hind, his hero, won the lady's love:
 He had worth enough for that! Her heart was his.
 Wedlock joins nothing, if it joins not hearts.
 Marriage was never meant for coats-of-arms.
 Heraldry flourishes on metal, silk,
 Or wood. Examine as you will the blood,
 No painting on't is there? As red, as warm,
 The peasant's as the noble's!

Coun. Dost thou know
 Thou speak'st to me?

Huon. 'Tis therefore so I speak.

Coun. And know'st thy duty to me?

Huon. Yes.

Coun. And see'st
My station, and thine own ?

Huon. I see my own.

Coun. Not mine ?

Huon. I cannot for the fair
O'ertopping height before.

Coun. What height ?

Huon. Thyself,

That towerest 'bove thy station ! Pardon me !

Oh, wouldst thou set thy rank before thyself ?

Wouldst thou be honored for thyself, or that ?

Rank that excels its wearer doth degrade ;

Riches impoverish, that divide respect.

Oh, to be cherished for one's self alone !

To owe the love that cleaves to us to nought

Which fortune's summer, winter, gives or takes !

To know that while we wear the heart and mind,

Feature and form, high Heaven endowed us with,

Let the storm pelt us, or fair weather warm,

We shall be loved ! Kings, from their thrones cast down,

Have blessed their fate, that they were valued for

Themselves, and not their stations, when some knee

That hardly bowed to them in plenitude

Has kissed the dust before them, stripped of all

Coun. [*Confused.*] I nothing see that's relative in this,
That bears upon the argument.

Huon. Oh, much !

Durst but my heart explain.

Coun. Hast thou a heart ?

I thought thou wast a serf ; and, as a serf,

Hadst thought and will none other than thy lord's,

And so no heart ; that is, no heart of thine own.

But, since thou say'st thou hast a heart, 'tis well.

Keep it a secret let me not suspect -

What, were it e'en suspicion, were thy death. [*Huon*
Sir, did I name a banquet to thee now, *smiles.*

Thou lookedst so ?

Huon. To die for thee were such.

Coun. Sir ?

Huon. For his master oft a serf has died,
And thought it sweet ; and may not, then, a serf
Say, for his mistress 'twere a feast to die ?

Coun. Thou art presumptuous, very : so no wonder
If I misunderstood thee. Thou'dst do well

To be thyself, and nothing more.

Huon. Myself !

Coun. Why, art thou not a serf? What right hast thou
To set thy person off with such a bearing,
And move with such a gait? to give thy brow
The set of nobles; and thy tongue his phrase?
Thy-betters' clothes sit fairer upon thee
Than on themselves; "and they were made for them."
I have no patience with thee; can't abide thee !
There are no bounds to thy ambition, none !
How durst thou e'er adventure to bestride
The war-horse, sitting him, that people say
Thou, not the knight, appear'st his proper load ?
How durst thou touch the lance, the battle-axe,
And wheel the flaming falchion round thy head,
As thou wouldst blaze the sun of chivalry ?
I know ! My father found thy aptitude,
And humored it, to boast thee off ! He may chance
To rue it; and no wonder if he should,
If others' eyes see that they should not see,
Shown to them by his own.

Huon. O lady —

Coun. What ?

Huon. Heard I aright?

Coun. Aright — what heard'st thou, then ?

I would not think thee so presumptuous
As through thy pride to misinterpret me.
It were not for thy health, yea, for thy life !
Beware, sir ! It would not set my quiet blood,
On haste for mischief to thee, rushing through
My veins, did I believe ! Thou art not mad :
Knowing thy vanity, I aggravate it.
Thou know'st 'twere shame the lowest free-woman
That follows in my train should think of thee !

Huon. I know it, lady.

Coun. That I meant to say,
No more. Don't read such books to me again.
I would you had not learned to read so well :
I had been spared your annotations.
For the future, no reply, when I remark.
Hear, but don't speak, — unless you're told, — and then
No more than you are told, — what makes the answer up,
No syllable beyond.

[*Exeunt.*]

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.

THE facts in the following case come to me by letter from a young lady who lives in the beautiful city of San José: she is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself "Aurelia Maria," which may, possibly, be a fictitious name. But no matter. The poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortunes she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she does not know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems almost hopelessly involved. In this dilemma, she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story.

She says, that, when she was sixteen years old, she met, and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives; and, for a time, it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned. Young Caruthers became infected with small-pox of the most virulent type; and, when he recovered from his illness, his face was pitted like a waffle-mould, and his comeliness gone forever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first; but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage-day for a season, and give him another trial.

The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well, and fractured one of his legs; and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement: but again love triumphed; and she set the day forward, and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and, within three months, he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not

but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last forever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way to stop its dreadful career; and, in her tearful despair, she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it. Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came forward, and insisted that the match should be broken off. But, after wavering a while, Aurelia, with a generous spirit which did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl, when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day; but once more she frowned down her relatives, and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials, another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair forever; and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with true womanly feeling — she still loves what is left of him. But her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property, and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. "Now, what should she do?" she asks with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question : it is one which involves the life-long happiness of a woman, and that of nearly two-thirds of a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build to him? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and, a glass eye and a wig, and give him another show: give him ninety days, without grace, and, if he does not break his neck in the mean time, marry him, and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk, anyway, Aurelia, because, if he sticks to his infernal propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are all right, you know, married or single. If married, the wooden legs, and such other valuables as he may possess, revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss, save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria! I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers, if he had started with his neck, and broken that first; but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy, and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it, if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.

MARK TWAIN.

LOSSES.

UPON the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known;
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;

But one had wilder woe, —
 For a fair face, long ago
 Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
 With a most loving ruth,
 For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
 And one upon the west
 Turned an eye that would not rest,
 For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talked of vanished gold;
 Some of proud honors told;
 Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
 And one of a green grave
 Beside a foreign wave,
 That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But, when their tales were done,
 There spake among them one,
 A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
 "Sad losses have ye met;
 But mine is heavier yet;
 For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
 "For the living and the dead,
 For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
 For the wrecks of land and sea!
 But, however, it came to thee,
 Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

FRANCES BROWNE,
The Blind Poetess of Donegal

MAD LUCE.

ALONG the hollow reaches, where the ripples curve on the
 sand,
 Or float the crimson seaweeds that wreath on the rocky
 strand;
 Over the frowning headlands, when the heather is all aglow,
 And the breakers crash 'neath the rugged cliffs, as the great
 tides come and go;

Out on the pier when the thundering surf thrills all the startled air, —
She wanders, the woman with wild blue eyes, wan face, and grizzled hair.

Passing amid the merry groups, where the happy children play,
Passing where sturdy fishermen push their cobbles out through the spray,
Passing where round the lighthouse the gathering sailors watch
The gleam on the warning crest of the Nab, or the tossing bark to catch;
And still to the wandering questioner, the fisher-folks will use
To answer quickly and carelessly, "It is only old Mad Luce!"

Should a pitying stranger ask of her, forever the pale lips say,
While all the while the weary eyes are gazing over the bay,
"The sea! I always loved it, since a bairn by its side I played,
Since down there by the Lecta Rock I and my Willie strayed:
I said I would never have a home but stood on the sounding shore,
Nor eat, nor sleep, nor work, nor live where I could not hear its roar.

" 'Thou'lt have to pay the tribute, lass,' I mind my mother said;
Ay, I told him, as we kissed and laughed, the day that we were wed.
He said he'd strive to earn it; but a costlier fee, I wot,
Than all his wage, was my good man's life, that the great sea sought and got.
I sat with our baby at my breast by his headstone up on the hill,
And heard the waves who kept his wake; and yet I loved them still.

"I wrought, and hard, for our bonnie bairn; and, whenever the day was passed,
We'd creep where the sea lay rosy bright as sunset shadows were cast;

And we'd listen to hear his dadda call amid the calling surf,
And fling him the pink-tipped daisies that grew on the
churchyard turf;
And I thought we might wait together, till life and its tasks
were done:
But the sea would have its dues in full, and it took my bold
one son.

“ For he was never easy till the men would take him afloat:
I think they brought me back his cap when they found the
broken boat;
But I cannot tell: the fever got hold of my brain and me.
Yet I hear him talk with Willie in the whispering of the
sea;
And when the foam is flying fast, and fierce north-easters
blow,
I wait to hear them summon me, that am so fain to go.

“ I daren't lie down in its arms, and die; for I know the
priest has said,
‘ They who will not wait God's time on earth, in heaven
must seek their dead.’
But I've never murmured or complained of the sea I've
loved so long,
And I let it take its tribute, and never thought of a wrong;
And maybe some day its soft white surf, just for my
patience's sake,
Will lap me round, and waft me away, with Willie and
George to wake.”

And so, along the sounding shore, and under the beetling
cliffs,
While the soft wind ruffles the sea's broad breast, and speeds
the glancing skiffs,
With yearning gaze on the long bright heave, or the wave
that gathers and breaks,
Her lonely way with her desolate hope, the weary wanderer
takes;
And still in the calm indifference that is born of wont and
use,
The idlers look, and smile, and say, “ It is only old Mad
Luce ! ”

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

THE SOLEMN BOOK-AGENT.

He was tall, solemn, and dignified. One would have thought him a Roman senator on his way to make a speech on finance. But he wasn't, singularly enough, he wasn't. He was a book-agent. He wore a linen duster; and his brow was furrowed with many care-lines, as if he had been obliged to tumble out of bed every other night of his life to dose a sick child. He called into a tailor-shop on Randolph Street, removed his hat, took his "Lives of Eminent Philosophers" from its cambric bag, and approached the tailor with, —

"I'd like to have you look at this rare work."

"I haf no time," replied the tailor.

"It is a work which every thinking man should delight to peruse," continued the agent.

"Zo?" said the tailor.

"Yes. It is a work on which a great deal of deep thought has been expended; and it is pronounced by such men as Wendell Phillips to be a work without a rival in modern literature."

"Makes anybody laugh when he zeas it?" asked the tailor.

"No, my friend: this is a deep, profound work, as I have already said. It deals with such characters as Theocritus, Socrates, and Plato, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. If you desire a work on which the most eminent author of our day has spent years of study and research, you can find nothing to compare with this."

"Does it shpeak about how to glean cloze?" anxiously asked the man of the goose.

"My friend, this is no receipt-book, but an eminent work on philosophy, as I have told you. Years were consumed in preparing this volume for the press; and none but the clearest mind could have grasped the subjects herein discussed. If you desire food for deep meditation, you have it here."

"Does dis pook say sumding about der Prussian war?" asked the tailor as he threaded his needle.

"My friend, this is not an every-day book, but a work on philosophy, — a work which will soon be in the hands of every profound thinker in the country. What is the art of philosophy? This book tells you. Who were, and who are,

our philosophers? Turn to these pages for a reply. As I said before, I don't see how you can do without it."

"And he don't haf any dings about some fun, eh?" inquired the tailor, as the book was held to him.

"My friend, must I again inform you that this is not an ephemeral work, not a collection of nauseous trash, but a rare, deep work on philosophy? Here, see the name of the author. That name alone should be proof enough to your mind, that the work cannot be surpassed for profundity of thought. Why, sir, Gerritt Smith testifies to the greatness of this volume!"

"I not knows Mr. Schmidt: I make no cloze mit him," returned the tailor in a doubting voice.

"Then you will let me leave your place without having secured your name to this volume? I cannot believe it. Behold, what research! Turn these leaves, and see these gems of richest thought! Ah! if we only had such minds, and could wield such a pen! But we can read, and, in a measure, we can be like him. Every family should have this noble work. Let me put your name down: the book is only twelve dollars."

"Zwelve dollars for der pook! Zwelve dollars, und he has noddings about der war, und no fun in him, or say noddings how to get glean cloze! What you take me for, mister? Go right away mit dat pook, or I call der bolice, and haf you locked up pooty quick!"

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID.

"WELL, yes, sir, yes, sir, thankee!
So-so, for my time o' life:
I'm pretty gray, and bent with pains
That cut my nerves like a knife:
The winters bear hard upon me;
The summets scorch me sore;
I'm sort o' weary of all the world:
And I'm only turned threescore.

- "My old father is ninety,
And as hearty as a buck:
You won't find many men of his age
So full of vigor and pluck.
He felled the first tree cut in the place,
And laid the first log down;
And living an honest, temperate life,
He's the head man of the town.
- "But you see, when I was twenty, or so,
I wanted to go to the city;
And I got with a wild set over there,
That were neither wise nor witty.
And so I laid the foundation, sir,
Of what you see to-day, —
Old little a-past the prime of life,
And a general wasting-away.
- "'Tain't a natural fever, this, sir:
It's one no doctor can cure.
I was made to bear strong burdens,
Ox-like and slow, but sure;
And I only lived for my pleasures,
Though I had been Christian bred.
I lived for self, sir, and here's the end, —
Crawling about half-dead.
- "Well, well! 'twon't do to think on't.
I try to forget my pain,
My poisoned blood, and my shattered nerves,
My wreck of body and brain.
Only, I saw you drinking, just now, —
Drinking that devil's drain:
There's where I liked to have stepped into hell,
And gone by the fastest train.
- "You don't like my blunt speech, mebbly:
Well, 'tisn't the nicest cut;
Only, when a man's looked over the brink,
He knows what he's talking about.
And if, with his eyes wide open,
He's walked straight into the flame,
And nothing less than the mercy of God
Has turned his glory to shame,

"Then, when he says there's a drunkard's hell,
 You'd better believe it's true.
 I've fought with the Devil hand to hand,
 And tested him through and through.
 We know, who've bartered body and soul,
 What body and soul are worth;
 And there's nothing like to a drunkard's woe
 In all God's beautiful earth.

"Wife, children! Haven't I had them? Yes!
 No man has had sweeter than I:
 But children and wife are dead and dust—
 Why, what could they do *but* die?
 Don't ask me to tell you of them, because
 It blots out God's mercy even;
 And it don't seem sure, though I've left my cups,
 That my sin *can* be forgiven.

"I tell you it's hard for a shattered hulk
 To drift into harbor safe:
 And I feel sometimes, with my threescore years,
 Like a hopeless, homeless waif.
 But there's one thing certain: I've overcome;
 And I'll fight while I draw a breath,
 When I see a fine young fellow like you
 Go down to the gates of death.

"You'll laugh, perhaps, at an old man's zeal:
 I laughed in a young man's glee;
 But God forbid, if you reach threescore,
 You should be a wreck like me!"

ALICE ROBBINS.

BONE AND SINEW AND BRAIN.

YE white-maned waves of the Western Sea,
 That ride and roll to the strand,
 Ye strong-winged birds, never forced a-lee
 By the gales that sweep toward land,
 Ye are symbols of death, and of hope that saves,
 As ye swoop in your strength and grace,
 As ye roll to the land like the billowed graves
 Of a past and puerile race.

Cry, "Presto, change!" and the lout is lord,
With his vulgar blood turned blue;
Go dub your knight with a slap of a sword,
As the kings in Europe do;
Go grade the lines of your social mode
As you grade the palace wall,—
The people forever to bear the load,
And the gilded vanes o'er all.
But the human blocks will not lie as still
As the dull foundation-stones,
But will rise, like a sea, with an awful will,
And ingulf the golden thrones;
For the days are gone when a special race
Took the place of the gilded vane;
And the merit that mounts to the highest place
Must have bone and sinew and brain.

Let the cant of "the march of mind" be heard,
Of the time to come, when man
Shall lose the mark of his brawn and beard
In the future's levelling plan:
'Tis the dream of a mind effeminate,
The whine for an easy crown;
For there is no need for the good and great
In the weakling's levelling down.

A nation's boast is a nation's bone,
As well as its might of mind;
And the culture of either of these alone
Is the doom of a nation signed.
But the cant of the ultra-suasion school
Unsinews the hand and thigh,
And preaches the creed of the weak to rule,
And the strong to struggle and die.
Our schools are pressed to the fatal race,
As if health were the nation's sin,
Till the head grows large, and the vampire face
Is gorged on the limbs so thin.
Our women have entered the abstract fields,
And avaunt with the child and home:
While the rind of science a pleasure yields
Shall they care for the lives to come?

And they ape the manners of manly times
In their sterile and worthless life,
Till the man of the future augments his crimes
With a raid for a Sabine wife.

Ho, white-maned waves of the Western Sea,
That ride and roll to the strand !
Ho, strong-winged birds, never blown a-lee
By the gales that sweep toward land !
Ye are symbols both of a hope that saves,
As ye swoop in your strength and grace,
As ye roll to the land like the billowed graves
Of a suicidal race.
Ye have hoarded your strength in its equal parts ;
For the men of the future reign
Must have faithful souls and kindly hearts,
And bone and sinew and brain.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

PAT AND THE OYSTERS.

ONE evening a red-headed Connaught swell, of no small aristocratic pretensions in his own eyes, sent his servant, whom he had just imported from the long-horned kingdom, in all the rough majesty of a creature fresh from the "wilds," to purchase a hundred of oysters on the City Quay. Paddy staid so long away, that Squire Trigger got quite impatient and unhappy, lest his "body man" might have slipped into the Liffey. However, to his infinite relief, Paddy soon made his appearance, puffing and blowing like a disabled bellows, but carrying his load seemingly in great triumph. "Well, Pat," cried the master, "what the devil kept you so long?" — "Long! Ah, thin, maybe it's what you'd have me to come home with half my *arrant*?" says Pat. "Half the oysters?" says the master. "No; but too much of the *fish*," says Pat. "What fish?" says he. "The oysters, to be sure," says Pat. "What do you mean, blockhead?" says he. "I mean," says Pat, "that there was no use in loading myself with more nor was useful." — "Will you explain yourself?" says he. "I will," says Pat, laying down his load. "Well, then, you see, please your honor, as I was coming

home along the quay, mighty peaceable, who should I meet but Shammus Maginus? 'Good-morrow, Shamien,' sis I. 'Good-morrow, kindly, Pauden,' sis he. 'What is it you have in the sack?' sis he. 'A hundred of oysters,' sis I. 'Let us look at them,' sis he. 'I will, and welcome,' sis I. 'Arrah! thunder and pratees!' sis he, opening the sack, and examin'in' them, 'who *sould* you these?' — 'One Tom Kinahan that keeps a small ship there below,' sis I. 'Musha, then, bad luck to that same Tom that *sould* the likes to you!' sis he. 'Arrah! why, avick?' sis I. 'To make a *bolsour* ov you, an' give them to you without claning thim,' sis he. 'An' arn't they claned, Jim, aroon?' sis I. — 'Oh! bad luck to the one of thim,' sis he. 'Musha then,' says I, 'what the dhoul will I do at all, at all? fur the master will be mad.' — 'Do!' sis he, 'why, I'd rather do the thing for you mysel, nor you should lose your place,' sis he. So wid that he begins to clane them wid his knife, *nate* and *well*, an', *afereed* ov dirtying the flags, begor, he swallowed the insides himself from beginnin' to ind, tal he had them as dacent as you see thim here," dashing down at his master's feet his bag of oyster-shells, to his master's no small amazement.

TWILIGHT.

'Tis daylight still; but now the golden cross,
Uplifted by the angel on the dome,
Stands rayless in calm color clear-defined
Against the northern blue: from turrets high
The flitting splendor sinks with folded wing
Dark-hid till morning; and the battlements
Wear soft relenting whiteness mellowed o'er
By summers generous and winters bland.
Now in the east the distance casts its veil,
And gazes with a deepening earnestness.
The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
Of shadow-broken gray; the rounded hills
Reddened with blood of Titans, whose huge limbs,
Entombed within, feed full the hardy flesh
Of cactus green and blue, broad-sworded aloes,
The cypress soaring black above the lines

Of white court-walls; the jointed sugar-canes
 Pale-golden with their feathers motionless
 In the warm quiet, — all thought-teaching form
 Utters itself in firm unshimmering hues.
 For the great rock has screened the westering sun
 That still on plains beyond streams vaporous gold
 Among the branches; and within Bedmár
 Has come the time of sweet serenity,
 When color glows unglittering, and the soul
 Of visible things shows silent happiness,
 As that of lovers trusting, though apart.
 The ripe-checked fruits; the crimson-petalled flowers;
 The winged life, that, pausing, seems a gem
 Cunningly carven on the dark green leaf;
 The face of man with hues supremely blent
 To difference fine as a voice 'mid sounds, —
 Each lovely light-dipped thing seems to emerge
 Flushed gravely from baptismal sacrament.
 All beauteous existence rests, yet wakes,
 Lies still, yet conscious, with clear open eyes,
 And gentle breath, and mild suffused joy.
 'Tis day, but day that falls like melody
 Repeated on a string with graver tones, —
 Tones such as linger in a long farewell.

SPANISH GYPSY.

THE SINGER.

A SINGER went singing adown the world,
 Now in green meadows, and now in the town,
 Anon where the smoke of the battle whirled,
 Then off where the autumn woods lay brown, —
 Singing, still singing; ay, nothing but that,
 When the trumpets summoned the hosts to war,
 And the soldiers rushed at the rat-tat-tat
 Of the deafening drum, she stood afar, —
 And sang of the conflict in ringing tones,
 Of the laurel-wreath, of the victor's death;
 Till the dying silenced their shuddering groans,
 And smiled as they drew their final breath.

She sang of duty. Her weak hands failed
When she strove the burden of life to bear;
But through all of the song no sadness wailed,
As she sang, still sang, in her white despair.

She sang of love. From her eager hand
The brimming chalice was dashed aside:
As her steps drew near to the unknown land,
She gazed on the past, and, wistful, sighed, —

“In all the fray I have struck no blow!
Ah, well-a-day! but the hours are long:
When the evening comes, what have I to show,
Save here and there the thread of a song?”

But the warriors knew at the conflict's end,
When the roar of the battle died away,
That the song which seemed with the cannon to blend
Had strengthened each arm in the deadly fray.

And the souls that in duty's lonely way
With faltering steps had journeyed long,
When the voice of the singer reached them that day,
Felt the hearts within them grow brave and strong.

And the happy lovers, that, hand in hand,
Wandered together the wide world o'er,
From that song they but dimly could understand,
Learned a deeper love than they knew before.

ALICE WILLIAMS.

SPEECH OF THE HON. PERVESE PEA- BODY ON THE ACQUISITION OF CUBA.

FELLER-CITIZENS, gentlemen and ladies, Mr. President. I rise before this August body with phelinks more easily described than imagined. Colder than a statooary, more deader nor Julius Cæsar, must be the buzzum of him who could look araound on this here assemblage without emo-

tions big enuf to choke an ox, risin in his throat. As I look araound what dew I see? On the one hand, the magnits and magnitaries of science, on t'other a perfeck constellation of beauty in the shape of female women. Sir, sich a specktackle is calkerlated to melt an isuckle or draw tears from a horseshoe. In view of sich scenes, I ax, in the name of Pontius Pilate at the siege of Corinth, Lives there a man with soul so dead as never to hissself has said this is *my* Kedantry. Mr. Pres. Sir. Altho' this here society in its more ginerall bearings is designed to settle all questions pertainin to the hull world, and for the perpetooation of the grate principals of human indewrance, as laid down in the Magny Charter, habeas corpus, and the forty thieves, yet the question now on hand, to be attended to right away, is annexation in ginerall, Cuby in pertikerlar. Sir, what are we? By *we*, I mean the biggest, the fastest, the moast onmitigated nation, on which the sun, from its risin in the purple chariots of the Oriental hemispheres of the East, to the goin' daoun tharof in the flambient hyfalutins of the West, shines on. Need I say I allude to the suvrin galaxy of the onterrified States, which stans afore the world, a bacon of light, conspikerous in the surroundin darkness, as a tarler candle in a sullar. I say, sir, What are we? Hark! From the battle-fields of Madawaska on the one hand, and from the amphibeous insyclopedys of the grate Western pararies, swells and busts one univarsal response, We are Angoly Saxonies, Dimmercratic plattitudes, and manifest destinies. What do we want? Sir, we want all them leetle strips of land which jine us, whether unoccupied, except by bares, wolves, shanghies, injuns, and howlin wildernesses, or whether possessed by them what haint got Angoly Saxony blood a-runnin in their vains. Sir, this is natral. Novy Zemby, Pattygoney, Buzzard Bay, Oyster-aly, Pemaquid, Canady, and the two hemispheres with lands configerous, up to 54, 49, in the parallels commencin at a stake and stone in Otisfield, and runnin thro' the ekynoc-tial tropic of Apricot and Kansas, the finger of Natur points out as our own. Mr. Pres. I have taken a heap of pains to get the boundaries right, and I may say without seemin praoud, I *am* posted up; and I challenge the hull world to prove me wrong in a single figger, onless it be in regard to Pemaquid, which, lyin in the seventeenth allegory, and baounded westerly by the Magdalene clouds,

and Easterly by the Tom-Bigbee mountains, makes it on-sertain, whether a bee line runnin thro' the kimmercial underlations of hydergin would strike it. Now, sir, whar does Cuby lie? Ef I had a map of the Univarse, a pair of compasses and a yard stick here, I'd pint out the sitooation of that gem of the Cariboo seas, and queen of the Antipodes. But as thar haint but one map in taown, and that belongs to a federalist, who's an inimy of Annexion, and wouldn't lend it, I must give you a verbum Rum derscription by word of maouth. Cuby is a perninsuly, intirely surrounded by salt water, lyin in latitude 482, 2 hours, 14 minutes, and 43 seconds, Nor by Nor East. Longevity 54-49. Climit permiskerous. Sometimes it's hot. Sometimes taint. Back in the perraries its healthy; while, owin to fogs and rumatiz, the sea coast is so salubrious, that nobody but alligators can live thar, except for a short time between the last of June and the furst of July. Proddux are maple sugar, punkins, tin-ware, wooden combs, cork-screws, rum, merlasses, and niggers. The inhabitants are mostly black and blew, tho' some is striped. Habits permiskerous; durin the hurry-cane months (thar ar twelve of them months) percarious. The poorer classes lives on what they can git while they do live, arter that, they don't live on nothing. The rich eats sum biled eggs; but their staple and daily dialect is rum and onions, half and half. Mr. Pres. This here detestable land, literly flowin with merlasses, and chuck full of likely niggers, is aourn. Yes, sir, it is jist as much ourn as is your horse or your cow, wich has strayed from your paster. Cuby is a stray from this onmitigated Republic. Agin I wish I had a map, I could show you that it onst jined on to the State of Maine. By it I could show you how the North shore of Cuby, and the coast of Maine would fit together jest like two parts of a broken sarser. Now, sir, if this air hypothecary are correct (and I'd like to see the critter that'll dispute it), why, we've only to prove property, and take back our own agin, and if any outlandish furriners darst to say any thing, lick 'em. Sir, the time aint fur off, when this devout consummation will become a fixed statoot. That are happy period is comin on at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, when the streaked banner of our common Kedantry shall wave in triumph over this lost but recovered jewel from the diaphragm of the E. Pluribus Onion. Then while that

almighty specimen of poultry, that most ontterrified faowl, the American eagle, roosts in towers of Moro Castle, we'll lick the merlasses, and haze the niggers. Mr. Pres. Thar is a destiny that shapes our ends, whether we will or whether we won't. Our destiny is a manifest one, and it pints us onmistakably to Cuby, and all the 'tother consarns raound about, axin us to make a long arm, and help ourselves.

BUNKER HILL.

“Nor yet, not yet; steady, steady!”
On came the foe in even line,
Nearer and nearer to thrice paces nine.
We looked into their eyes. “Ready!”
A sheet of flame; a roll of death!
They fell by scores: we held our breath!
Then nearer still they came.
Another sheet of flame;
And brave men fled who never fled before.
Immortal fight!
Foreshadowing flight
Back to the astounded shore.

Quickly they rallied, re-enforced,
‘Mid louder roar of ships’ artillery,
And bursting bombs and whistling musketry,
And shouts and groans anear, afar,
The new din of dreadful war.
Through their broad bosoms calmly coursed
The blood of those stout farmers, aiming
For freedom, manhood’s birthright claiming.

Onward once more they came:
Another sheet of deathful flame!
Another and another still.
They broke, they fled;
Again they sped
Down the green, bloody hill.

Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Gage,
Stormed with commanders' rage.
Into each emptied barge
They crowd fresh men for a new charge
Up that great hill.
Again their gallant blood we spill.
That volley was the last:
Our powder failed.
On three sides fast
The foe pressed in; nor quailed
A man. Their barrels empty, with musket-stocks
They fought, and gave death-dealing knocks,
Till Prescott ordered the retreat.
Then Warren fell; and through a leaden sleet
From Bunker Hill and Breed,
Stark, Putnam, Pomeroy, Knowlton, Read,
Led off the remnant of those heroes true;
The foe too weakened to pursue.
The ground they gained; but we
The victory.

The tidings of that chosen band
Flowed in a wave of power
Over the shaken, anxious land,
To men, to man, a sudden dower.
History took a fresh, higher start
From that stanch, beaming hour;
And when the speeding messenger, that bare
The news that strengthened every heart,
Met near the Delaware
The leader, who had just been named,
Who was to be so famed,
The steadfast, earnest Washington,
With hands uplifted, cries,
His great soul flashing to his eyes,
"Our liberties are safe! the cause is won!"
A thankful look he cast to heaven, and then
His steed he spurred in haste to lead such noble men.

GEORGE H. CALVERT.

TWO BIRTHS.

I SEE a radiant, starry night,
A bright October morn:
I hear a little infant's cries;
And tears of joy are in my eyes
For my first-born.

She was a darling little thing:
I worshipped her outright.
When in my arms she smiling lay;
When on my knees she climbed in play;
When round my neck her arms would cling,
As crooning songs I used to sing;
When on my back she gayly rode,
Then strong beneath its precious load;
When at my side, in summer days,
She gambolled in her childish plays;
When throughout all the after-years
I watched, with trembling hopes and fears,
The infant to a woman grow, —
I worshipped then, as I do now,
My life's delight.

Then she was mine, and mine alone.
Her heart had never heard a tone
That thrilled like mine.
And time rolled peacefully away
Till I had grown both old and gray,
When came a gallant youth along,
With pleasant eye and voice and song.
A glance he sent, a word he gave;
And like the ocean's mighty wave,
That ploughs the silent depths below,
He made her heart in tumult glow,
And stirred her soul as ne'er did I
With all my love and sympathy.
That tidal wave o'erthrew my throne.
The regnant sway, so long my own,
I must resign.

Again that starry night I see
Through crowded years of memory:
Again I hear an infant's cries,
And grateful tears suffuse my eyes;
For on her breast, in speechless joy,
She holds a little cherub boy.
With smile divine she views him o'er,
And worships, as I did before:
Visions of dear delights to come
Around her gather.

Now in her life my life appears
With all its hopes and cares and fears,
As on that bright October morn
I gaze upon *her* sweet first-born,
And in her child again live o'er
The pleasures that her coming bore —
A grandfather

CHARLES J. SPRAGUE.

THE OLD FOGY MAN.

He was a queer old fogy man,
And loved old fogy ways,
And railed against the reckless speed
Of these fast modern days.
He once could travel leisurely,
And stop his friends to hail;
But now they rushed him through by steam,
And rode him on a rail.

The good old coach was fast enough
For prudent folks to go:
Imprudent men now laugh at it,
And say 'twas rather slow;
And so they rush upon the train,
And speed like thought away,
Until a smash-up breaks his bones:
He thinks it doesn't pay.

He loved old housewives' spinning-wheels :
The music of their hum
Was far more grand to his old ear
Than grand-piano thrum.
But, ah ! he sighs, those wheels are gone,
Since Whitney made his gin :
No more we hear their thrifty hum ;
No more the sisters spin.

The rosy girls of olden time,
Sunburnt, were firmer made
Than these, the late and tender shoots,
That grow up in the shade :
They did their mother's heavy work,
And eased her weary hands ;
And sometimes, too, if brothers failed,
Could help to do a man's.

Their dresses, made with easy fit,
Gave not a pain beneath ;
Their hearts had ample room to beat,
Their lungs had room to breathe,
Unlike our present girls, with waists
Too much compressed and slight,
Who, if they do not dissipate,
Are very often *tight*.

They let no fashion dwarf their forms,
But grew to comely size ;
And health shone even on their brows,
And sparkled from their eyes :
They thanked kind Heaven for its gifts,
And thought, with secret pride,
That they were beautiful enough,
And they were satisfied.

But now our modern girls, alas !
Think Providence unkind
For putting too much in the midst,
And not enough behind ;
And so they bustle round, and lace,
To mend such clumsy ways,
And think they far outshine the girls
Of good old foggy days.

He wished, he said, for their sweet sakes,
That fashion's torturing vice
Would ease them up a little, and
Less pinching would suffice;
That they might feel the bounding health
Around the heart that plays
When all unfettered, as it was
In good old foggy days.

AUCTION MAD.

FROM "THE TODDLES."

Enter MR. TODDLES, MRS. TODDLES following him.

Toodles. Oh, don't dear Toodles me! You'll drive me mad. Your conduct is scandalous in the extreme.

Mrs. T. My dear Toodles, don't say so!

Toodles. But I will say so, Mrs. Toodles. What will become of us, with your passion of going to auctions, and buying every thing you see, because it's cheap? I say, Mrs. Toodles, where's the money; and echo answers, Where?

Mrs. T. I'm sure, my dear Toodles, I lay it out to the best advantage.

Toodles. You shall not squander and waste my means.

Mrs. T. My dear, I buy nothing but what's useful.

Toodles. Useful — useless you mean. I won't have my house turned into a hospital for invalid furniture. At the end of the week, I ask, where's the money. All gone too — spent in cursed nonsense.

Mrs. T. My love, although they are of no use to you at present, we may want them; and how useful it will be to have them in the house!

Toodles. Why, Mrs. T., the house is full already of damaged chairs and dilapidated tables, sofas with one leg, washstands with two legs, chairs with three legs, and some without a leg to stand upon.

Mrs. T. I'm sure you can't find fault with the last bargain I bought.

Toodles. What is it?

Mrs. T. A pair of crutches.

Toodles. A pair of crutches! What use are they to me, Mrs. T.?

Mrs. T. No, no at present. But you might meet with an accident; and then how handy it will be to have them in the house!

Toodles. Oh! here's a woman goes to an auction, and buys a pair of crutches in anticipation that her husband will break his legs. But look what you did the other day: when this railroad was finished out here, why, curse me! if you did not buy forty-three wheelbarrows, — some with wheels, and some without wheels. And then again, before this new system of police was introduced, we had watchmen and watch-boxes: now our police have stars on their breasts, and the corporation abolished watch-boxes. They were all put up at auction; and I'll be hanged if you didn't buy ninety-three watch-boxes!

Mrs. T. Now, my dear Toodles, how unreasonable you are! You don't know but they will be wanted; and then how handy it will be to have them in the house!

Toodles. That's your old excuse. We have wheelbarrows in the yard, watch-boxes in the cellar, wheelbarrows and watch-boxes all over the house. The pigs eat out of the wheelbarrows; and the cows sleep in the watch-boxes.

Mrs. T. Now, my dear Toodles, don't that prove their utility?

Toodles. When I came home the other night, I tumbled into something, and broke my shins. I called Jane to bring a light. I found myself in a watch-box. What was your last purchase? The other day I saw a cart before the door, and two men carrying into the house — a door-plate.

Mrs. T. My dear Toodles —

Toodles. And the name of Thompson upon it, — Thompson with a P. Mrs. Toodles, if I were not innately a sober man, you would drive me to an extreme case of drinking. Well, what was your reason for buying the door-plate? "Toodles, my dear," says you, "we may have a daughter, and that daughter may be a female, and live to the age of maturity; and she may marry a man of the name of Thompson with a P.; then, how handy it will be to have it in the house!"

Mrs. T. And won't it, dear?

Toodles. You had it stuck over the mantle-piece; and when I come down to breakfast, or home to dinner, there's

that odious name of Thompson looking me in the face. If I had a daughter, and I caught a man of the name of Thompson making love to her, I'd break his head with that door-plate.

Mrs. T. But, my dear Toodles —

Toodles. Yes, Mrs. T., I say religiously, morally, sincerely, and emphatically, "Curse Thompson!" But I went to the auction too, to-day. I've got a present for you. I bought it quite a bargain.

Mrs. T. What is it, eh, dear?

Toodles. As soon as I saw it, I said to myself, "It will be just the fit for my dear Tabitha!"

Mrs. T. Don't plague me. What is it, eh, dear?

Toodles. I think I can see you looking so nice and comfortable in it!

Mrs. T. Well, why don't you tell me what it is?

Toodles. Just your fit. A nice brass plate on it, and varnished all over.

Mrs. T. Yes, yes; and it is —

Toodles. A coffin, my love.

Mrs. T. Oh, you brute!

Toodles. We don't want it just now: but we don't know what may happen; and then how handy it will be to have it in the house!

Mrs. T. Oh, you wretch, you'll be the death of me.

Toodles. Will I? It's lucky I bought the coffin.

[Exit, followed by MRS. TOODLES.]

THE WEDDING-FEE.

ONE morning, fifty years ago,
When apple-trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spellbound with the perfume rare,
Upon a farm-horse, large and lean,
And lazy with its double load,
A sun-browned youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies;
But bluer were that maiden's eyes.
The dewdrops on the grass were bright;
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath the long-fringed lid,
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid.
Adown the shoulders, brown and bare,
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair,
Where, almost strangled with the spray,
The sun, a willing sufferer lay.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,
That the young man had ever seen;
And, with his features all aglow,
The happy fellow told her so.
And she, without the least surprise,
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes,
Saw underneath that shade of tan
The handsome features of a man;
And, with a joy but rarely known,
She drew that dear face to her own,
And by her bridal bonnet hid —
I cannot tell you what she did.

So on they rode, until, among
The new-born leaves with dewdrops hung,
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out, a more than welcome sight.
Then, with a cloud upon his face,
"What shall we do," he turned to say,
"Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow-case?"
And, glancing down, his eye surveyed
The pillow-case before him laid,
Whose contents, reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joy for them.

The maiden answers, "Let us wait:
To borrow trouble where's the need?"
Then at the parson's squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed.

Down from the horse the bridegroom sprung;
The latchless gate behind him swung;
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household pale with fright;
And there, with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The farmer met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells;
And, as the parson nods, he leans
Far o'er the window-sill, and yells,
"Come in! He says he'll take the beans."

Lord, how she jumped! With one glad bound
She and the bean-bag reached the ground;
Then, clasping with each dimpled arm
The precious product of the farm,
She bears it through the open door,
And down upon the parlor-floor
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.

Ah! happy were their songs that day
When man and wife they rode away;
But happier this chorus still
Which echoed through those woodland scenes, —
"God bless the priest of Whitinsville!
God bless the man who took the beans!"

R. M. STREETER.

SCHNEIDER'S TOMATOES.

SCHNEIDER is very fond of tomatoes. Schneider has a friend in the country who raises "garden sass, and sich." Schneider had an invitation to visit this friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Pfeiffer being busy negotiating with a city produce-dealer, on his arrival, Schneider thought he would take a stroll in the garden, and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of his story in his own language, —

"Vell, I walks shust a liddle while roundt, when I sees some of dose dermarters, vot vas so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dinks I vill put mineself oudside about a gouple-a-tozen, shust to geef me a liddle abbedite vor dinner. So I bulls off von ov der reddest und pest lookin' ov dose dermarters, und dakes a pooty good pite out ov dot, und vas chewing it oup pooty qvick, when — py shiminy! — I dort I hat a peese of red-hot goals in mine mout, or vas chewing oup dwo or dree bapers of needles; und I velt so pad, alreaty, dot mine eyes vas vool of tears; und I mate vor an 'olt oken pucket,' vot I seen hangin' in der vell, as I vas goomin' along.

"Shust den mine vriend Pfeiffer game oup, und ask me vot mate me veel so pad, und if any of mine vamily vas dead. I dold him dot I vas der only von ov der vamily dot vas pooty sick; und den I ask him vot kind of dermarters dose vas vot I hat shust peen bicking; und, mine cracious! how dot landsman laughft, und said dot dose vas *red beppers*, dot he vas raising vor bepper-sauce. You pet my life, I vas mat. I radder you geef me feefty tollars as to eat some more v dose bepper-sauce dermarters."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THE WOLVES.

Ye that listen to stories told,
 When hearths are cheery, and nights are cold,
 Of the lone woodside, and the hungry pack
 That howls on the fainting traveller's track;
 The flame-red eye-balls that waylay
 By the wintry moon the belated sleigh;
 The lost child sought in the dismal wood;
 The little shoes, and the stains of blood
 On the trampled snow, — ye that hear
 With thrills of pity, or chills of fear,
 Wishing some kind angel had been sent
 To shield the hapless innocent, —

Know ye the fiend that is crueller far
Than the gaunt gray herds of the forest are?

Swiftly vanish the wild fleet tracks
Before the rifle and the woodman's axe.

But hark to the coming of unseen feet,
Pattering by night through the city street.

Each wolf that dies in the woodland brown
Lives a spectre, and haunts the town!

By square and market they slink and prowl;
In lane and alley they leap and howl;

All night long they snuff and snarl before
The patched window and the broken door.

They paw the clapboards, and claw the latch;
At every crevice they whine and scratch.

Children, crouched in corners cold,
Shiver with tattered garments old;

They start from sleep with bitter pangs
At the touch of the phantom's viewless fangs.

Weary the mother, and worn with strife,
Still she watches and fights for life;

But her hand is feeble, and her weapon small, —
One little needle against them all.

In evil hour, the daughter fled
From her poor shelter and wretched bed,

Through the city's pitiless solitude
To the door of sin: the wolves pursued!

Fierce the father, and grim with want,
His heart was gnawed by the spectres gaunt:

Frenzied, stealing forth by night,
With whetted knife for the desperate fight,

He thought to strike the spectres dead,
But killed his brother-man instead.

Oh! ye that listen to stories told
When hearths are cheery, and nights are cold,

Weep no more at the tales you hear:
The danger is close, and the wolves are near.

- Shudder not at the murderer's name;
Marvel not at the maiden's shame;

Pass not by with averted eye
The door where the stricken children cry:

But, when the beat of the unseen feet
Sounds by night through the city street,

Follow thou where the spectres glide,
And stand, like Hope, at the mother's side;

And be thyself the angel sent
To shield the hapless innocent.

He gives but little who gives his tears.
He gives best who aids and cheers.

He does well in the forest wild
Who slays the monster, and saves the child;

He does better, and merits more,
Who drives the wolf from the poor man's door.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side:
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide.
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade:
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks
away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks
should see:

I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont — and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream;
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam:
Oh! there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain —
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again.

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, "Oh! what was that, my daughter?"
"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a-swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, "Now bring me my harpoon:
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb:
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoond,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe;
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE DECK-HAND AND THE MULE.

THE mule stood on the steamboat-deck,
The land he would not tread:
They pulled the halter round his neck,
And whacked him o'er the head.

But obstinate and braced he stood,
As born the scene to rule, —
A creature of the hold-back brood,
A stubborn, steadfast mule.

They cursed and swore : he would not go
Until he felt inclined;
And, though they thundered blow on blow,
He altered not his mind.

The deck-hand to the shore complained,
"The varmint's bound to stay!"
And still upon the critter's hide
The sounding lash made play.

His master, from the shore, replied,
"The boat's about to sail:
As other means in vain you've tried,
Suppose you twist his tail.

It's likely that will make him land!"
The deck-hand, brave, though pale,
The nearer drew, with outstretched hand,
To make the twist avail.

Then came a kick of thunder-sound.
The deck-hand — where was he?
Ask of the waves, that far around
Beheld him in the sea.

A moment, not a voice was heard;
But winked the mule his eye,
As though to ask to him occurred, —
"Now how was that for high?"

"Just cut his throat!" the captain roared,
"And end the awful brute."
But the noblest soul who perished there
Was he who tried to do't.

A LAY OF REAL LIFE.

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My grandfather.

THE READING-CLUB.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me, and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?

My grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope the overseer?

My father.

Who let me starve to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin"?

My mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home, and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?

My aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast,
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?

My uncle.

Who got in scrapes an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter bang I bore?

My cousin.

Who took me home, when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?

My stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And, when I played, cried, "What a noise!"
Girls always hector over boys?

My sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight, and he was nine?

My brother.

Who stroked my head, and said, "Good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had;"
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But, when misfortune came to pass,
Referred me to the pump? Alas!
My friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathized with grief,
Or shared my joy, my sole relief?
Myself.

TOM HOOD.

RIDING DOWN.

Oh! did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh! did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout?
And did you hear that cheer on cheer,
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, and tattered flags,
Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbals' clash, the cannons' crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there, and watching there, —
One little lass amid the mass,
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face, —

My face uplifted, red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight,
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Out flashing in the swift surprise?

Oh! did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame, —
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
Oh! all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair beyond compare
Beamed out upon him, riding there.

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem; and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame;
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all that grace:
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me, —
The little lass who blushed to see.

NORA PERRY.

THE MINUTE-MEN OF '73.

WE are fortunate that we behold this day. The heavens bend benignly over us; the earth blossoms with renewed life; and our hearts beat joyfully together with one emotion of filial gratitude and patriotic exultation. Citizens of a great, free, and prosperous country, we come hither to honor the men, our fathers, who on this spot and upon this day, a hundred years ago, struck the first blow in the con-

test which made that country independent. Here, beneath the hills they trod, by the peaceful river on whose shores they dwelt, amidst the fields that they sowed and reaped, proudly recalling their virtue and their valor, we come to tell their story, to try ourselves by their lofty standard to know if we are their worthy children ; and, standing reverently where they stood and fought and died, to swear before God and each other, in the words of him upon whom in our day the spirit of the Revolutionary fathers visibly descended, that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

This ancient town, with its neighbors who share its glory, has never failed fitly to commemorate this great day of its history. Fifty years ago, while some soldiers of the Concord fight were yet living ; twenty-five years ago, while still a few venerable survivors lingered, — with prayer and eloquence and song, you renewed the pious vow. But the last living link with the Revolution has long been broken. Great events and a mightier struggle have absorbed our own generation. Yet we who stand here to-day have a sympathy with the men at the old North Bridge, which those who preceded us here at earlier celebrations could not know. With them war was a name and a tradition. So swift and vast had been the change, and the development of the country, that the Revolutionary clash of arms was already vague and unreal, and Concord and Lexington seemed to them almost as remote and historic as Arbela and Sempach. When they assembled to celebrate this day, they saw a little group of tottering forms, eyes from which the light was fading, arms nerveless and withered, thin white hairs that fluttered in the wind : they saw a few venerable relics of a vanished age, whose pride was, that, before living memory, they had been minute-men of American Independence. But with us how changed ! War is no longer a tradition, half romantic and obscure. It has ravaged how many of our homes ! It has wrung how many of the hearts before me ! North and South, we know the pang. Our common liberty is consecrated by a common sorrow. We do not count around us a few feeble veterans of the contest ; but we are girt with a cloud of witnesses. We are surrounded everywhere by multitudes in the vigor of their prime. Behold them here to-day, sharing in these pious and peaceful rites, the honored citizens, legislators,

magistrates, — yes, the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, — whose glory it is that they were minute-men of American liberty and union. These men of to-day interpret to us with resistless eloquence the men and the times we commemorate. Now, if never before, we understand the Revolution. Now we know the secret of those old hearts and homes. . . .

No royal governor, indeed, sits in yon stately capital ; no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coasts ; nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drum-beat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guaranties of freedom, or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education, or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights, or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life, there, minute-men of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge ; and as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy ! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might. Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber ; hang upon his flank and rear from morn to sunset, and so, through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice, back, back, in utter defeat and ruin.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

UNCLE REUBEN'S BAPTISM.

He is an industrious colored man, living in a small cabin down the river ; and his wife is a corpulent, good-natured woman, but very deaf.

Some weeks ago, Reuben began to ponder. He had never been a bad nigger ; but he had never embraced Christianity, much to the sorrow of Aunt Susan, his wife, who has been prepared for heaven, lo, these many years past. The more he pondered, the more he became convinced that he ought to become a Christian ; and Aunt Susan encouraged him with tender words and tearful eyes.

The old man came to town several days ago to see about joining a church, and was informed that he would have to be baptized before he could become a member. He didn't relish the idea much; but he informed his wife that he would consent; and she clasped her hands, and replied, —

“Glory to Richmond! De angels am a-comin’!”

Uncle Reuben got the idea, the other day, that he'd like to try the water alone, before being publicly baptized; and, while his wife was getting breakfast ready, he slipped down to the river-bank to take a preparatory dip. He removed his coat, hat, and boots, placed them on a log; and, as he descended the bank, his broad feet slipped, and the convert came down on the back of his neck.

“What de debbil!” — he commenced, as he picked himself up; but, suddenly remembering that he was soon to join the church, he checked himself, and remarked, —

“I'm ashamed of dat; and I hope de angels will 'scuse me.”

He put one foot into the water, drew back with a shiver; put in the other, and looked longingly toward the house. At that moment Aunt Susan began singing, —

“We's gwine up to glory :
We's gwine on the cars.”

And old Reuben braced up, and entered the water.

“Yes; we's gwine up to glory!” he remarked as he waded along, — “gwine on de fast express.”

At the next step, his foot struck a sunken log; and he pitched over it, under water, head first. As soon as he came to the surface, and blew the water from his mouth, he yelled, —

“Woosh! What in blazes is dis yere performance?”

In raising up, his foot slid over the log, and under a limb, in such a manner, that the old darky was caught fast. He could hang to a stub of a limb; but he could not put himself forward enough to slip his foot out of the trap.

“Whar de angels now?” he yelled out, as he kicked the water higher than his head.

Aunt Susan answered with, —

“De angels are a-comin’ :
I hear de music play.”

When the old man realized that he was fast, and must have help from the shore, he yelled out, —

“Ho, dere, old woman! Hi!”

She couldn't have heard a cannon fire on the bank of the river, and went on singing, —

“Dere's a seat for me in heaven :
I's gwine to jine de band.”

“Hi, dere! I'll jine your old black head off, if ye don't year me!” yelled old Reuben.

He struggled and kicked, got his head under water, and out, and yelled, —

“Cuss dat old woman! Why don't she hear me?”

“Uncle Reube's a-gwine
To be an angel sho’,”

came the song.

“It's a lie, a big debbil lie!” he yelled, pulling his head under water again.

“And he'll fly among de angels,
And play upon a harp,”

continued the old woman, as she turned over the bacon.

“Hi, dere! woosh, whoop!” he yelled, floundering around, pulling at his leg.

“De Lawd has got his name,
And dere is a place for him!”

howled the old woman.

“Whoa, dere, you old black villum!” yelled Uncle Rube.

“Dey'll dress him up in white,
Wid a crown upon his brow,”

wailed Aunt Susan, as she poured the water off the potatoes.

“If I ebber git out 'o dis ribber alive, I'll break her old deaf head, I will!” growled the victim; and then, resting his voice, he shouted, —

"You dere, old Satan, hi, hi!" As if in direct answer, came the song, —

"He struggles wid de evil one;
But he gained de vict'ry, shore!"

"Susan, Susan! if I had ye by de wool, I'd barry dat ole deaf head agin de cabin till yer eye couldn't see!" he screamed; and he made another tremendous effort to get loose. It was successful; and just then she sang, —

"Oh! whar's de angel now?
Send him 'long; send him 'long!"

"De angel am a-comin'!" growled Uncle Reuben as he waded ashore; "and he'll turn dat cabin inside out!"

He limped up to the house. She was placing the meal on the table, and singing, —

"He gwine to be baptized;
He's gwine" —

when he entered the house, and gave her a cuff on the ear which nearly loosened the roots of her hair.

"Oh, yes! I'ze an angel wid wings on, I is!" he yelled, as he brought her another cuff; "and I'ze gwine to glory, — and I'll knock yer ole head off! — and I'ze gwine to jine de band — and you deaf ole alligator! — and I'ze gwine up to heaven — and blast yer ole deaf ears! — and de glory am a-comin'!"

People who know Uncle Reuben say that he swears again with great relish; and it is certain that he hasn't been up to Vicksburg to be baptized, and become a church-member.

VICKSBURG HERALD.

HOW PERSIMMONS TOOK CAH OB DER BABY,

PERSIMMONS was a colored lad
'Way down in Lou'sianny;
And all the teaching that he had
Was given him by his granny.

But he did his duty ever,
 As well as you, it may be :
 With faithfulness and pride always,
 He minded missus' baby.
 He loved the counsels of the saints,
 And, sometimes, those of sinners, —
 To run off 'possum-hunting, and
 Steal "water-milion" dinners.
 And fervently at meetin', too,
 On every Sunday night,
 He'd with the elders shout and pray
 By the pine-knots' flaring light,
 And sing their rudest melodies,
 With voice so full and strong,
 You could almost think he learned them
 From the angels' triumph-song.

SONG.

" We be nearer to de Lord
 Dan de white folks, — and dey knows it.
 See de glory-gate unbarred!
 Walk in, darkies, past de guard:
 Bet you dollar he won't close it!

 Walk in, darkies, troo de gate;
 Hear de kullered angels holler!
 Go 'way, white folks: you're too late:
 We's de winnin' kuller. Wait
 Till de trumpet blow to foller."

He would croon this over softly
 As he lay out in the sun ;
 But the song he heard most often,
 His granny's favorite one,

Was, " Jawge Washington,
 Thomas Jefferson,
 Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
 Quick! shut de do';
 Get up off dat flo';
 Come heah and mind de baby."

One night there came a fearful storm,
Almost a second flood :
The river rose, a torrent swoln
Of beaten, yellow mud.
It bit at its embankments,
And lapped them down in foam,
Till, surging through a wide crevasse,
The waves seethed round their home.
They scaled the high veranda;
They filled the parlors clear,
Till floating chairs and tables
Clashed against the chandelier.
'Twas then Persimmons' granny,
Stout of arm, and terror-proof,
By means of axe and lever,
Pried up the veranda roof ;
Bound mattresses upon it
With stoutest cord of rope;
Lifted out her fainting mistress,
Saying, " Honey, dar is hope!
You, Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick on dat raft!
Don't star' like a calf,
But take good cah ob baby ! "

The frothing river lifted them
Out on its turbid tide ;
And for a while they floated on
Together, side by side ;
Till, broken by the current strong,
The frail raft snapped in two,
And Persimmons saw his granny
Fast fading from his view.

The deck-hands on a steamboat
Heard, as they passed in haste,
A child's voice singing in the dark,
Upon the water's waste, —

A song of faith and triumph,
 Of Moses and the Lord ;
 And, throwing out a coil of rope,
 They drew him safe on board.

Full many a stranger city
 Persimmons wandered through,
 " A-totin ob der baby," and
 Singing songs he knew.
 At length some City Fathers
 Objected to his plan,
 Arresting as a vagrant
 Our valiant little man.
 They carried out their purposes:
 Persimmons " 'lowed he'd spile 'em: "
 So, *sloping* from the station-house,
 He stole baby from the 'sylum.

And on that very afternoon,
 As it was growing dark,
 He sang, beside the fountain, in
 The crowded city park,
 A rude camp-meeting anthem,
 Which he had sung before,
 While on his granny's fragile raft
 He drifted far from shore : —

SONG.

" Moses smote de water, and
 De sea gabe away :
 De chilleren dey passed ober, for
 De sea gabe way.
 O Lord ! *I feet so glad !*
It am always dark fo' day :
So, honey, don't yer be sad :
 DE SEA'LL GIVE WAY.

A lady dressed in mourning
 Turned with a sudden start,
 Gave one glance at the baby,
Then caught it to her heart,

While a substantial shadow
 That was walking by her side
 Seized Persimmons by the shoulder,
And while she shook him, cried, —
 “ You, *Jawge Washington,*
 THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Persimmons, Henry Clay,
 Be quick, splain yourself, chile,
 Stop dat ar fool smile!
Whar you done been wid baby ? ”

ST. NICHOLAS

THE EVILS OF IGNORANCE.

THE wickedness and blindness of the subjects are the judgments of heaven for the neglect of the sovereign ; for to this end, and to no other, was superiority given to a few, and the souls of all men pre-adapted to pay spontaneous homage to strength and talent and exalted station, that, through the benignant and attractive influence of their possessors, the whole race might be won to wisdom and virtue. Let those, then, whose wealth is lost or jeopardied by fraud or misgovernment ; let those who quake with apprehension for the fate of all they hold dear ; let those who behold and lament the desecration of all that is holy ; let rulers whose counsels are perplexed, whose plans are baffled, whose laws are defied or evaded, — let them all know, that whatever ills they feel or fear are but the just retributions of a righteous Heaven for neglected childhood.

Remember, then, the child whose voice first lisps to-day, before that voice shall whisper sedition in secret, or thunder treason at the head of an armed band. Remember the child whose hand to-day first lifts its tiny bawble, before that hand shall scatter firebrands, arrows, and death. Remember those sportive groups of youth, in whose halcyon bosoms there sleeps an ocean, as yet scarcely ruffled by the passions which soon shall heave them as with a tempest's strength. Remember, that, whatever station in life you may fill, these mortals, these immortals, are your care. Devote, expend, consecrate, yourselves to the holy work of their improvement. Pour out light and truth as God pours sun-

shine and rain. No longer seek knowledge as the luxury of a few, but dispense it amongst all as the bread of life. Learn only how the ignorant may learn, how the innocent may be preserved, the vicious reclaimed.

Call down the astronomer from the skies ; call up the geologist from his subterranean explorations ; summon, if need be, the mightiest intellects from the council-chamber of the nation ; enter cloistered halls, where the scholiast muses over superfluous annotations ; dissolve conclave and synod, where subtle polemics are vainly discussing their barren dogmas ; collect whatever of talent, or erudition, or eloquence, or authority, the broad land can supply, — and go forth and teach this people. For, in the name of the living God, it must be proclaimed that licentiousness shall be the liberty, and violence and chicanery shall be the law, and superstition and craft shall be the religion, and the self-destructive indulgence of all sensual and unhallowed passions shall be the only happiness, of that people who neglect the education of their children.

HORACE MANN.

SCENES FROM THE SCHOOL OF REFORM.

LORD AVONDALE, FERMENT, ROBERT TYKE, *an OLD MAN.*

An Apartment in Avondale Castle ; two chairs.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, R. ; he pauses, then proceeds to door L. stage, and opens it. TYKE enters from it.

Ld. A. (R.) Come hither ! How is this, Robert ? When I left England, you were a youth whose example was pointed out as an object of imitation, your morals were pure, your industry exemplary. How is it, then, that I now see you an abandoned outcast ?

Tyke. (L.) Ah, sur, it was all along wi' you.

Ld. A. Me ! Was not my bounty ample ? Did not I give you independence ?

Tyke. Ah, that was it. When you sent me that little child to take care on —

Ld. A. Hush!

Tyke. Well, well — and that big lump of money! You see, as I had not worked for it, it made me quite fidgetty. I always had my hand in my pocket, scrummeling it about like: so, as all Yorkshire lads like galloping horses, I bought one, and took't to races, up at our country side; and, ecod! I pulled stuff into my hat as clean as ninepence. "Oh, oh!" says I, "I'll make short work of this: I'll go to Newmarket, where the lords do bring their cattle, and settle matters in a hurry." So I went, and mighty pleased I was; for the jockey lords called me 'squire, you see, and clapping me on the back, in this manner, says, "'Squire, your horse will beat every thing!"

Ld. A. Indeed!

Tyke. Yes, yes, that was pleasant enough. But, unluckily, the jockey lads told me a cursed heap o' lies; for ma horse always came in lag last. Then they told ma to hedge; but it was not the hedging I had been used to, and somehow I got intid ditch like. So what with that, and playing cards at Lamb skinings (for, bless you! I could not catch them at Snitchums), I was —

Ld. A. Ruined.

Tyke. Yes, as jockey lords said, completely cleaned out.

Ld. A. Did you not return to honest labor?

Tyke. Oh, no! I could not: my hands had got soft and smooth, and I had a ring girt about my finger. No, I could not tak to work.

Ld. A. Go on.

Tyke. Why, as I could stay there no longer, I thought it would not be a bad plan to go away. So I went intid stable; and (would you believe it?) the horse that beat mine somehow coaxed and contrived to get me on his back like — and, ecod! galloped off wi' me a matter of a hundred miles. I thought no more about it myself —

Ld. A. But they did?

Tyke. Yes, dom them! and were very cross indeed; for they put me intid castle, and tried me at 'sizes.

Ld. A. What could you say to avert your fate?

Tyke. Why, I told the judge, says I, "My lord, I hope you'll excuse my not being used to this kind of tackle. Exchange is no robbery. Mistakes of this kind will happen. But I assure you I've kept the best of company with the jockey lords, and such like as yourself." So they all smiled,

as much as to say, "He's one of us like;" and I thought all was right enough; but the judge puts him on a black cap, and without saying, "With your leave," or any thing, orders me to be hanged.

Ld. A. Poor wretch!

Tyke. Don't you be frightened! They did not hang me, man — don't believe that — no, bless you! they sent ma to Botany Bay for fourteen years.

Ld. A. Where, I hope, you remained resigned to your fate.

Tyke. Oh! quite resigned; for I could not get away. I daresay I tried a hundred times.

Ld. A. Why did not I know it? Had you sent to my house —

Tyke. I did send to your house.

Ld. A. Well!

Tyke. Why, they wrote word, I think, that you had been called up to t'other house, — but then I did not know where that was, — and that you was sent abroad by government. I was sorry to hear that, because I knew what that was by myself like; not that it surprised me, because I heard of your always being at Cockpit, and I guessed what that would end in.

Ld. A. Pshaw! Come hither; tell me — I dread to ask it — that child — where — Hush! we are interrupted.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

MR. FERMENT peeps through R., looks about, then enters.

Mr. F. While his lordship is engaged, no harm in taking a peep. Charming rooms! fit for expanded genius like mine. Here I shall meander through these enchanting labyrinths till I reach the closet — the sanctum sanctorum — the — Eh! somebody in that room: it would be *mal-a-propos* to stumble on the peer before I'm introduced. But he's safe with the general: so never mind. (*Re-enter TYKE, L.*) Sir, your most devoted servant.

Tyke. Same to you, sir; same to you. (*Crosses to R.*)

Mr. F. Odd figure! Oh, I see at once who he is, — great county man, in the commission — get well with him — may be useful. Sorry, sir, the robbery was not brought home to that rascal.

Tyke. Are you? Now there we differ.

(*Takes chair and sits R.*)

Mr. F. Indeed! (*Sits L.*) You who are used to the sessions must know these things better than I. Your friend Lord Avondale is a great character, extremely popular. Did you hear his last speech?

Tyke. (R.) No. I don't myself much fancy last speeches.

Mr. F. (L.) In the country, perhaps?

Tyke. No. I was out of the country.

Mr. F. Abroad?

Tyke. Yes.

Mr. F. What, run out a little, eh — rather out at the elbow?

Tyke. A good deal.

Mr. F. You'll excuse me; but I see things in a moment — What — cards, hazard — ah, my dear sir, you should have got some friend to have tied you up.

Tyke. You think so? Why, I could have got that done fast enough.

Mr. F. But I suppose you were determined to take your swing?

Tyke. Not exactly; but I did not go abroad on that account.

Mr. F. Oh, I know it in a moment — ill health?

Tyke. Why, I certainly should have died if I had staid.

Mr. F. Indeed! Oh, my dear sir! in this world we must all have our trials, and you have had yours.

Tyke. I have.

Mr. F. Suffered much confinement?

Tyke. A good deal.

Mr. F. You, of course, were properly attended: you had good judges of your case?

Tyke. They were reckoned so: I did not much fancy them myself.

Mr. F. And they said a voyage would save you?

Tyke. To a certainty.

Mr. F. You must have been transported at the news.

Tyke. I was.

Mr. F. What was your disorder?

Tyke. A galloping consumption.

Mr. F. Has it cured you? (*Offering a pinch of snuff.*)

Tyke. I don't know: I think I feel some of my old symptoms. (*Takes the box.*) This is a very pretty box: I've lost mine.

Mr. F. Do me the honor to use that till (*apart*) — If

he would but keep it! (*TYKE puts it in his pocket.*) He has! My dear sir, you have doubtless considerable interest with Lord Avondale?

Tyke. Why, I believe he would not much like to offend me.

Mr. F. Lucky fellow! (*Apart.*) My name, sir, is Ferment: by and by I shall be introduced to the peer. You know business—a word thrown in by you would prevent my being thrown into the wrong box—eh! (*TYKE winks and nods.*) I apprehend you.

Tyke. You apprehend me, do you? (*Alarmed.*)

Mr. F. That is, I conceive—I understand— Ah, sir, you don't know me.

Tyke. No, I don't; and you don't know me.

Mr. F. Yes, I do: you are a generous, disinterested gentleman. I can see what others can't.

Tyke. Yes, you can.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, unobserved by FERMENT, L.

Ld. A. Ah! whom have we here? (*Apart.*)

Mr. F. As for the peer, you'll see how I'll manage him. I'll worm into his secrets. I say, which is the weak side? where is he ticklish?

Tyke. Ticklish! I'm sure I never tried.

Mr. F. Never mind, I know—between ourselves—see the whole man as plain as if he stood before me.

(*LORD AVONDALE has placed himself close to FERMENT'S chair.*)

Tyke. Why, for that matter, so do I.

Mr. F. I'll soon find the right place to tickle him.

[*Turns round, sees LORD AVONDALE at his elbow, who eyes him with severity. FERMENT attempts to speak, but cannot. LORD AVONDALE advances. FERMENT escapes R.*]

Ld. A. Worm into my secrets! What does he mean? Who is he?

Tyke. (*R.*) He calls himself Ferment.

Ld. A. I shall remember him.

Tyke. He gave me this box to speak a good word for him like. He seems but a silly bad sort of chap, I think.

Ld. A. At present he is not worth a thought; for I have received information that alarms, distracts me. Come near!

That boy — (what a question for a parent!) does he survive?

Tyke. I don't know.

Ld. A. Not know?

Tyke. No.

Ld. A. Where did you leave him?

Tyke. Where did I leave him? Why — come, come, talk of something else. (*Seems disturbed.*)

Ld. A. Impossible! Have you to human being ever told from whom you received that child?

Tyke. No.

Ld. A. Then my secret's safe?

Tyke. I've said so.

Ld. A. Why that frown? What! not even to your father?

Tyke. Who? (*Starts.*)

Ld. A. What agitates you? You had a father.

Tyke. Had a father! Be quiet, be quiet.

(*Walks about greatly agitated.*)

Ld. A. By the name of Him who indignantly looks down on us, tell me —

Tyke. (*Striking his forehead.*) Say no more about that, and you shall hear all. Yes, I had a father; and, when he heard of my disgrace, the old man walked wi' heavy heart, I warrant, all the way tid' jail to see me. And he prayed up to heaven for me (*pointing, but not daring to look up*), just the same as if I had still been the pride of his heart.

(*Speaks with difficulty, and sighs heavily.*)

Ld. A. Proceed.

Tyke. Presently.

Ld. A. Did you intrust the child to his care?

Tyke. I did.

Ld. A. Do not pause: you rack me.

Tyke. Rack you! Well, you shall hear the end on't. I meant to tell father all about the child; but, when parting came, old man could not speak, and I could not speak. Well, they put me on board a ship, and I saw father kneeling on the shore with the child in his arms —

Ld. A. Go on.

Tyke. 'Tis soon said (*collecting his fortitude*). When the signal-gun for sailing was fired, I saw my old father drop down dead; and somebody took up child, and carried it away. I felt a kind of dizziness; my eyes flashed fire; the blood gushed out of my mouth: I saw no more. (*Sinks exhausted into chair, L.*)

Ld. A. Horrible! What! record a father's death without a tear?

Tyke. Tear! Do you think a villain who has a father's death to answer for can cry? No, no! I feel a pack of dogs worrying my heart, and my eyes on fire; but I can't cry. (*A vacant stare of horror.*)

Ld. A. And is this desolation my work? Oh, repent! repent!

Tyke. (*Starting up.*) For what? Is not father dead? An't I a thief? cursed, hated, hunted? Why should I be afraid of the Devil? Don't I feel him here? My mouth's parched —

Ld. A. Within is wine.

Tyke. Brandy, brandy!

Ld. A. Compose yourself, follow me. (*Crosses L.*) You want sleep.

Tyke. Sleep! ha, ha! Under the sod I may.

[*Points down, and groans heavily. Exit, following LORD AVONDALE, L.*]

Inside of Cottage. Table, and a candle burning on it. OLD MAN seated R., looking on a purse. TYKE sitting, L.

O. Man. Pray, sir, who is that generous youth?

Tyke. Why, he's a kind of a foreman like to Lord Avondale, my friend.

O. Man. Are you the friend of that worthy nobleman?

Tyke. Yes — between ourselves — I have him under my thumb; but I say that out of confidence — you understand. That's a smartish purse you've got there; but, I tell you what, I don't think it's very safe just now.

O. Man. Indeed, sir! You alarm me!

Tyke. I tell you what: I'll take care of this for you. (*Takes the purse.*)

O. Man. Well, sir, you are very kind. You live at the castle?

Tyke. Yes, yes!

O. Man. Then, perhaps you could aid a petition I have presented to his lordship. My name is —

Tyke. Well, well, let's hear your name.

O. Man. Robert Tyke.

Tyke. Eh! What! — speak! — no, don't!

O. Man. Robert Tyke!

Tyke. (Trembling violently, rushes to the table, brings down the candle, looks at the OLD MAN, dashes candle and purse on the ground, and tears his hair in agony.) O villain, villain!

O. Man. What's the matter?

Tyke. Don't you know me?

O. Man. No, sir.

Tyke. I'm glad on't: I'm glad on't. Ruin my own father!

O. Man. Ah! did I hear rightly? Father!—what! Oh! let me see, let me see! (TYKE, with a countenance strongly impressed with shame and sorrow, turns round.) Ah! it's my son, my long-lost, dear profligate boy! Heaven be thanked! Heaven be thanked!

Tyke. (Groaning, strikes his breast.) Oh! burst, burst, and ease me! Eh!—but he's alive—father's alive! ha, ha! (Laughs hysterically.)

O. Man. You terrify me. Robert, Robert, hear me! Take my forgiveness; take my blessing!

*Tyke. What! Forgive—bless—such a rogue as—
(Bursts into a flood of tears.)*

O. Man. Be composed.

Tyke. Let me cry. It does me good, father; it does me good.

O. Man. Oh! if there be holy water, it surely is the sinner's tears.

Tyke. But he's alive. (Rushes into his arms.)

O. Man. Ay! alive to comfort and pardon thee, my poor prodigal; and Heaven will pardon thee.

Tyke. No, don't say that, father, because it can't.

O. Man. It is all merciful.

Tyke. Yes, I know it is. I know it would if it could, but not me! No, no!

O. Man. Kneel down, and ask its mercy.

Tyke. I dare not, father: I dare not. Oh, if I durst but just thank it for thy life!

O. Man. Angels will sing for joy.

Tyke. What!—may I, think you? May I, may I?

*[By degrees he tremblingly falls on his knees, and clasps his hands with energetic devotion.
Scene closes.]*

THOMAS MORTON

AMBITION.

I HAVE been accused of ambition in presenting this measure, — inordinate ambition! If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself, — the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconception, both of friends and foes. Ambition! If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers, if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still: I might have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could. I have been heretofore often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, grovelling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism, beings, who, forever keeping their own selfish aims in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement, judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even for the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated: I never wish, never expect to be. Pass this bill, tranquillize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, amid my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people, once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land, — the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people.

HENRY CLAY.

THE VICTORIES OF PEACE.

PEACE has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill — fields sacred in the history of human freedom — lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature, not when we follow him through the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton, not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown, but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he met unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. What glory of battle in England's annals will not fade by the side of that great act of justice, when her parliament, at a cost of one hundred million dollars, gave freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves? And when the day shall come (may these eyes be gladdened by its beams!) that shall witness an act of larger justice still, — the peaceful emancipation of three million fellow-men, "guilty of a skin not colored as our own," now, in this land of jubilant freedom, bound in gloomy bondage, — then will there be a victory, in comparison with which that of Bunker Hill will be as a farthing candle held up to the sun. That victory will need no monument of stone. It will be written on the grateful hearts of uncounted multitudes that shall proclaim it to the latest generation. It will be one of the famed landmarks of civilization, or, better still, a link in the golden chain by which humanity connects itself with the throne of God.

CHARLES SUMNER.

FOR LOVE.

CURLY-HAIRED Carl! Were a blithsomer mate
For a ride o'er the snow to be wished for than he?
Yet were it well not to linger too late;
The pines are in shadow, the flakes dance and flee.
Crisp on the white sound the patter and clack
Of hoofs beating briskly; and sharp through the air
Rises ripple of laughter; the bridles hang slack,
And hand touches hand. She is frolic and fair,

Sunny-eyed Marguerite, brightest of girls,
With teeth gleaming whitely, and tumble of curls.

"You! Gallant Carl, so they call you! No doubt,
Bayard the brave were a whipster to you!"
Gretchen the winsome can wickedly flout:
Red, curling lips, and arch eyes flashing blue,
Wing home her taunts. So he flushes and sets
Teeth under lips that are wreathed in a smile:
"Now truce, mocking sprite, to your feigned regrets
At fair chivalry's flight. Give me glances the while,
And what man may dare to win loyalty's meed,
I, Carl, and no Bayard, will venture at need."

Quick rings her laughter: sledge-bells at full flight
Never sounded more silvery musical. "You?
Easy is talking, sir spur-lacking knight:
Were death at my lips, sirrah, what would you do?"
Curly-haired Carl bendeth suddenly. "Hawk
Should stoop straight to its quarry," laughs she, as her lips
Deftly evade him. "Sir Carl, you can talk,
But you do not strike home: feeble sword, sir, that slips.
What dare you — for love?" Smileth Carl, "It were best,
Oh, vow-flouting lady, to wait till the test."

On through the snow; for the wood-shadows blacken,
The night-wind is waking, the pine-branches sigh.
They laugh as they fly; for their speed may not slacken.
"Now swift! Stride for stride, Carl!" Hist! What is that
cry?

Faces, mirth-flushed and wind-bitten, go white,
Deep bite the spur-points, and bridles shake free.
Didst e'er hear the yelling of wolves through the night?
Harsh, hoarse devils' music that murders all glee.
Now, Brocken, now Fleetfoot, give proof of your pace;
For hundred-mouthed death is behind in full chase!

One breathless mile is ticked off from the three
By heart-beats that throb to the pulses of fear.
Swift! Flash along! Flying skirts, tresses free;
For death on the track yelleth near and more near.

“Courage!” cries Carl, “we’ve the pace of them yet.”
 White is her face, and her breath shudders short.
 Watchful his eyes, and his teeth tightly set.
 “Bravo, brave Brocken! Well leapt!” Never port
 More eagerly looked for by storm-driven bark
 Than the red village lights as they flash through the dark.

Two breathless miles! But the swift-sweeping pack
 Of mad, yelling demons, have gained in its flight.
 O God! half a mile; and her gallop is slack!
 Those hell-litten eyes, how they gleam through the night!
 But one minute more! “Gracious Heaven above,
 Too late! Now the test!” Then his voice ringeth loud:
 “Ride on, and farewell! But remember — for love!”
 Then right in the path of the hideous crowd
 Brave Carl hath drawn bridle, and leapt to the ground;
 And a hundred hot hell-hounds have hemmed him around.

.

Yon little brown woman, belle Marguerite? Nay,
 Brave Carl, as you know, is beau-garçon no more.
 Those devil-hounds marked him. We fellows made play
 Not a second too soon. Ah! the hideous roar
 Of rage and base fear from that hot-throated pack
 As we plunged, heaven-sent, through the pines in their rear:
 Two dozen lank demons stretched dead in a crack!
 But Carl, gallant Carl! Oh the sickening fear
 That struck to my heart as I lifted his head,
 His bonny boy-face all so furrowed and red!

He lived, scarred and seamed as you know him. I hold
 No battle-marks borne with more honor. But she?
 Beauty seeks beauty. She shrank and grew cold,
 Slowly, half-shamed, but — the thing had to be.
 “Not heart enough for the trial?” Just so
 Many a winsome one fails at the push.
 Carl has the little brown woman. I know
 She hasn’t belle Marguerite’s sparkle and flush;
 But she has the secret that sets her above
 The shallow-bright sort. She would die, sir, “for love.”

THE FLOWER-MISSION, JUNIOR.

WHAT time have you got now, hey, Cousin Ben?

I want a handful of —. What do you say?

Only five minutes more? I reckon, then,

We'd better skedaddle along our lay.

No use? 'Twon't pay to run for the train?

The deuse you say! How long to the next?

Half an hour? Well, tears are vain,

And curses, too. But I swear I'm vexed

That I should have got you left, old boy;

But, now that I have, I'll take the time

And pay old scores, as remarked Jim Joy,

When the judge kinder winked at a petty crime.

So puff away at your old cigar

While I jump this fence for some golden-rod;

Looks a heap like our prairies now, I sw'ar,

As the heavy blossoms sway and nod.

What am I going to do with all this trash?

Do you ask? Oh! come, now, lay kinder low:

Such squeamishness don't pan out worth a — dash,

As you Yankees sw'ar in print, with an "Oh!"

And pursed-up lips, as at virtue's knell,

'Cause we who hail from the grand, free West

A'n't hypocrites enough our oaths to correll

Beneath our teeth, and let 'em be guessed.

What you s'pose I'll do with 'em? Come, now, guess.

Ask an easier one? That's good, but old.

Stick 'em on your desk? That would be a mess!

Not much, old fellow! You'll have to be told.

Do you think I'm as soft a galoot as that, —

I, the son of your father's sister Jule,

Who went off West, and married Joe Pratt,

My dad, 'stead of stickin' fast to her school?

You might be proud of the nosegay, though;

For see! it's as much as I can clutch

Of hardhack, golden-rod, tansy-blow,

Thistle, and butter-an'-eggs, and such,

Not to speak of the autumn leaves. And here
 Is a bunch of barberries, purtiest yet.
 They say you Yankees eat them. Queer !
 I'd as lief eat shoe-peg sauce, you bet !

What, in already? Kinder jumped !
 Or did the time only seem to fly
 'Cause I was thinkin' of how you'd be stumped
 When you come to find the reason why
 I brought these in? Well, I'll be round
 To the store by an' by. . . . Oh! I didn't know
 But p'r'aps you wouldn't care to be found
 With me and my big nosegay in tow.

What street's this leads from the depot? South?
 A part of the South Cove? Yes, just so.
 And this little chap with tobacco-stained mouth
 Must be one of the South Coves, hey? Ho, ho !
 A joke for Jerry! What does he say?
 "Please, mister, give me a flower?" You bet,
 Little God-forsaken! That's my lay:
 That's what I got 'em for. Now, you get!

And tell every playmate, dirty or not,
 And every sweetheart of yours or theirs—
 For graybeard or toddler that ha'n't got
 A sweetheart, or never for "spooning" cares,
 The dry-rot's eatin' his heart away—
 Yes, tell yer playmates and sweethearts quick,
 That Jerry Pratt's got a big nosegay.
 See 'em swarm around, Ben, noisy and thick.

See here, little Yellow-Hair,—gold, I s'pose
 The poets would call it,—here's a sprig
 Of golden-rod and some tansy-blows
 To match your hair. And you, little prig!
 This thistle-blow's 'bout the thing for you:
 It's much like love, as you'll find some day,—
 Prick or please, according as you shall woo:
 Keep your ears agog when the asses bray.

Bright barberry-berries and autumn leaves
For Black-Eyes here; and this pink flush
Of hardhack yon little blonde believes
Would fill her bill. What a row and rush
For the last! There it is. I say, Cousin Ben,
I reckon, if I owned a garden like yours,
I should give it a stripping now and then
For such fun as this. You'll find it endures.

EARL MARBLE.

THE SONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

NINE-TENTHS of our people, perhaps more, are toiling on the land or on the sea, in the workshop, in the professions, in all educational institutions, to furnish themselves and their families with subsistence, to create the material wealth of the community, and to elevate and refine and organize and save society. To the productive and cultivating power of these classes every thing else stands secondary. To them every avenue is open. From this great multitude spring, in each succeeding generation, the foremost men, who accomplish for us in every service the great results. It is our laborers who become our inventors, anxious to relieve the burdens, and quicken the capacity of toil. It is they who, step by step, advance from the simplest details and the commonest service, up to the highest positions in all the great enterprises which make up our busy life. They build and organize, and rise into the control of our railroads; they conduct our mills; they guide our ships; they open the paths for capital; they fill our schools; they apply their ingenuity to the soil; they legislate for us; they rise into the highest seats of power. The farmer's boy, to whom neither academy nor college was ever opened, spends his youth in clearing the forests, and his manhood in guiding the councils of his country through a great war, dying a martyr to the cause of human freedom. A young village merchant becomes secretary of the treasury; and upon his integrity and sagacity the country implicitly relies. The highest judicial officer in the land once labored on the soil. From our workshops and farms sprang the heroes of the war. And all over the land stand the tasteful and elegant

abodes of those who toiled with their own hands to lay the foundation of their prosperity, of those who have not forgotten to cultivate themselves as they have progressed, and who remember liberally the intellectual and moral and religious wants of the rising generation. How the sons of our working-men strive for the high places! I have not forgotten, and I shall never forget, that boy from the State of Maine, whom I found, in my early life, on his way to Boston in search of labor and distinction. He had left his home two hundred miles away, had dropped a tear as he took his last look of the old familiar spot, — and humble too, — where were his father and mother, and his ten brothers and sisters, as he told me, and where were his few well-read books, to become a Boston printer, because he learned from those books that Benjamin Franklin was a great man. He was barefoot, and the miles had been long; but his courage had not failed. And as I took him into the great city, and found him occupation, I learned the intelligence and ambition and energy which inspire the sons of New England labor.

HON. GEORGE B. LORING.

THE JONESVILLE SINGIN' QUIRE.¹

THOMAS JEFFERSON is a good boy. His teacher to the Jonesville Academy told me the other day, says he, —

“Thomas J. is full of fun, but I don't believe he has a single bad habit; and I don't believe he knows any more about bad things than Tirzah Ann, and she is a girl of a thousand.”

Now, last Saturday night, to have heard him go on about the Jonesville quire, you'd a thought he never had a sober, solemn thought in his head. They meet to practise Saturday nights, and he had been to hear 'em. I stood his light talk as long as I could, and finally I told him to stop it, for I would not hear him go on so.

“Wall,” says he, “you go yourself, mother, some time, and see thier carryin's on. Why,” says he, “if fightin' en-

¹ By permission. From “My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet.” Published by the American Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn.

titles anybody to a pension, they ought to draw ninety-six dollars a year, every one of 'em. You go yourself, and hear 'em rehearse, if you don't believe me;" and then he begun to sing, —

"Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinkin' now of you."

"I'll be hanged if I would rehearse!" says Josiah. "What makes 'em?"

"Let 'em rehearse," says I sternly: "I should think there was need enough of it."

It happened that very next night, Elder Merton preached to the red schoolhouse; and Josiah hitched up the old mare, and we went over. It was the first time I had been out sense the axident. Thomas J. and Tirzah Ann walked.

Josiah and I sot right behind the quire, and we could hear every word they said; and while Elder Merton was readin' the hymn, "How sweet for brethren to agree," old Gowdey whispered to Mr. Peedick in wrathful accents, —

"I wonder if you will put us all to open shame to-night by screechin' two or three notes above us all?"

He caught my keen gray eye fixed sternly upon him, and his tone changed in a minute to a mild, sheepish one; and he added, smilin', "as it were, deah brother Peedick."

Mr. Peedick designed not to reply to him; for he was shakin' his fist at one of the younger brethrin' in the quire, and says he, —

"Let me catch you pressin' the key agin to-night, you young villain, if you think it is best!"

"I shall press as many keys as I am a minter, for all you. You'r always findin' fault with sunthin' or other," muttered he.

Betsey Bobbet and Sophronia Gowdey was lookin' at each other all this time with looks that made one's blood run cold in their vains.

Mr. Peedick commenced the tune, but, unfortunately, struck into short metre. They all commenced loud and strong, but couldn't get any further than, "How sweet for bretherin'." As they all come to a sudden halt there in front of that word, Mr. Gowdey, lookin' daggers at Mr. Peedick, took out his pitchfork, as if it was a pistol, and he was goin' to shoot him with it; but, applyin' it to his own ear, he started off on the longest metre that had ever been in our

neighborhood. After addin' the tune to the words, there was so much tune to carry, that the best calculator in tunes couldn't do it.

At that very minute, when it looked dark and gloomy indeed for the quire, an old lady — the best-behaved in the quire, who had minded her own business, and chawed caraway peacefully — come out and started it to the tune of "Oh, that will be joyful!"

They all joined in at the top of their voice; and, though they each one put in flats and sharps to suit thier own taste, they kinder hung together till they got to the chorus; and then Mr. Gowdey looked round, and frowned fiercely at Shakespeare Bobbet, who seemed to be flattin' most of any of 'em; and Betsey Bobbet punched Sophronia Gowdey in the side with her parasol, and told her she was "disgracin' the quire, and to sing slower;" and then they all yelled, —

How sweet is unitee—e
 How sweet is unitee,
 How sweet for bretheren' to agree,
 How sweet is unitee.

It seemed as if the very feather on my bunnet stood up straight to hear 'em, it was so awful. Then they collected their strength, and, drawin' long breaths, they yelled out the next verses like wild Indians round sufferin' whites they was murderin'. If any one had iron ears, it would have went off well, all but for one thing, — there was an old man who insisted on bein' in the quire, who was too blind to see the words, and always sung by ear; and, bein' a little deaf, he got the words wrong; but he sung out loud and clear like a trembone, —

How sweet is onion tee—e,
 How sweet is onion tea.

Elder Merton made a awful good prayer, about trials purifyin' folks, and makin' 'em better; and the same heroic, patient look was on his face when he give out the next him.

This piece begun with a long duett between the tenor and the alto; and Betsey Bobbet, by open war and stratagim, had carried the day, and was to sing this part alone with the tenor. She knew the Editer of the Augur was the only

tenor singer in the quire. She was so proud and happy, thinkin' she was goin' to sing alone with him, that not rightly sensin' where she was, and what she was about, she pitched her part too low; and here was where I had my trial with Josiah.

There is no more sing to Josiah Allen than there is to a one-horse wagon, and I have tried to convince him of it, but I can't; and he will probably go down to the grave, thinkin' he can sing base. But thier 'is no sing to it, that, I will contend for with my last breath: it is nothin' more nor less than a roar. But one thing I will give him the praise of, — he is a dreadful willin' man in the time of trouble, and, if he takes it into his head that it is his duty to sing, you can't stop him no more than you can stop a clap of thunder; and, when he does let his voice out, he lets it out strong, I can tell you. As Betsey finished the first line, I heard him say to himself, —

"It is a shame for one woman to sing base alone in a room full of men." And, before I could stop him, he struck in with his awful energy: you couldn't hear Betsey's voice, nor the Editor's, no more than you could hear two flies buz-zin' in a car-whistle. It was dreadful. And, as he finished the first verse, I ketched hold of his vest, — I didn't stand up by reason of bein' lame yet from the axident, — and says I, —

"If you sing another verse in that way, I'll part with you," says I. "What do you mean, Josiah Allen?"

Says he, lookin' down on me with the persperation a pourin' down his face, —

"I am a singin' base."

Says I, "Do you set down and behave yourself. She has pitched it too low: it hain't base, Josiah."

Says he, "I know better, Samantha: it is base! I guess I know base when I hear it."

But I still held him by the vest, determined that he shouldn't start off again, if I could hender it. And jest at that minute the duett begun agin; and Sophronia Gowdey took advantage of Betsey's indignation and surprise, and took the part right out of her mouth, and struck in with the Editor of the Angur, — she is kinder after him too, — and she broke out with the curiousest variations you ever heard. The warblin's and quaverin's and shakins she put in was the curiousest of any thing I ever heard. And thank-

ful was I that it took up Josiah's attention so, that he sunk down on his seat, and listened to 'em with breathless awe, and never offered to put in his note at all.

I waited till they got through singin', and then I whispered to him, and says I, —

"Now do you keep still for the rest of this meetin', Josiah Allen."

Says he, "As long as I call myself a man, I will have the privilege of singin' base."

"Sing," says I in a tone almost cold enough to make his whiskers frosty, — "I'd call it *singin'* if I was you." It worried me all through meetin' time, and thankful was I when he dropped off into a sweet sleep jest before meetin' was out. He never heard 'em sing the last time, and I had to hunch him for the benediction.

THE LAST TILT.

At twilight, through the shadow, fled
An ancient, war-worn knight,
Arrayed in steel from head to heel,
And on a steed of white ;
And, in the knight's despite,
The horse pursued his flight :
For the old man's cheek was pale ;
And his hands strove at the rein,
With the clutch of frenzied pain ;
And his courser's streaming mane
Swept dishevelled on the gale.

"Dong — dong !" And the sound of a bell
Went wailing away over meadow and mere —
"Seven !"

Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of time ; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet
Fell like lead on the ear,
As he left the dead hour on its desolate bier.

The old knight heard the mystic clock ;
And the sound, like a funeral-bell,
Rang in his ears till their caverns were full
Of the knoll of the desolate knell.
And the steed, as aroused by a spell,
Sprang away with a withering yell;
While the old man strove again,
But each time with feebler force,
To arrest the spectral horse
In its mad, remorseless course ;
But, alas ! he strove in vain.

“ Dong — dong ! ” And the sound of a bell
Went wailing away over meadow and mere —
“ Eight ! ”
Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of time ; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet
Fell like lead on the ear,
As he left the dead hour on its desolate bier.

The steed was white and gaunt and grim,
With lidless, leaden eyes
That burned with the lurid, livid glare
Of the stars of Stygian skies ;
And the wind, behind, with sighs,
Mimicked his maniac cries ;
While through the ebony gloom, alone,
Wan-visaged Saturn gazed
On the warrior unamazed,
On the steed whose eyeballs blazed
With a lustre like his own.

“ Dong — dong ! ” And the sound of a bell
Went wailing away over meadow and mere —
“ Nine ! ”
Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of time ; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet
Fell, like lead, on the ear,
As he left the dead hour on its desolate bier.

Athwart a swart and shadowy moor
The struggling knight was borne ;
And far away, before him, gleamed
A light like the gray of morn ;
While the old man, weak, forlorn,
And wan and travel-worn,
Gazed, mad with deathly fear ;
For he dreamed it was the day,
Though the dawn was far away ;
And he trembled with dismay
In the desert dark and drear.

“ Dong — dong.” And the sound of a bell
Went wailing away over meadow and mere —
“ Ten !”

Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of time ; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet
Fell like lead on the ear,
As he left the dead hour on its desolate bier.

In casque and cuirass, white as snow,
Came merrily over the wold
A maiden knight, with lance and shield,
And a form of manly mould,
And a beard of woven gold :
When, suddenly, behold !
With a loud defiant cry,
And a tone of stern command,
The ancient knight, with lance in hand,
Rushed, thundering over the frozen land,
And bade him “ Stand or die !”

“ Dong — dong !” And the sound of a bell
Went wailing away over meadow and mere —
Eleven !”

Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of time ; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet
Fell, like lead, on the ear,
As he left the dead hour on its desolate bier.

With his ashen lance in rest,
 Careered the youthful knight,
 With a haughty heart, and an eagle eye,
 And a visage burning bright ;
 For he loved the tilted fight.
 And under Saturn's light,
 With a shock that shook the world,
 The rude old warrior fell — and lay
 A corpse — along the frozen clay,
 As with a crash the gates of day
 Their brazen valves unfurled.

“ Dong — dong ! ” And the sound of a bell
 Went wailing away over meadow and mere —
 “ Twelve ! ”

Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
 On the turret of time ; and the regular beat
 Of his echoing feet
 Fell like lead on the ear,
 As he left the dead year on his desolate bier.

HENRY B. HURST.

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE.

Blue gulf all around us,
 Blue sky overhead :
 Muster all on the quarter:
 We must bury the dead.

It is but a Danish sailor,
 Rugged of front and form, —
 A common son of the forecastle,
 Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name and the strand he hailed from
 We know — and there's nothing more :
 But perhaps his mother is waiting
 In the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
 Reason drifting awreck ;
 “ 'Tis my watch,” he would mutter :
 “ I must go upon deck ! ”

Aye, on deck, 'by the foremast !
But watch and lookout are done ,
The Union-Jack laid o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun !

Slow the ponderous engine ;
Stay the hurrying shaft ;
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft ;
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft !

Stand in order, and listen
To the holiest page of prayer ;
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare :
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,
(A little spray on his cheeks),
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks :
"We therefore commit his body
To the deep ;" and as he speaks,

Launched from the weather-railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms, —
Down into the dark.

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin ;
But silence to doubt and dole :
There's a quiet harbor somewhere
For the poor aweary soul.

Free the fettered engine ;
Speed the tireless shaft ;
Loose to gallant and topsail,
The breeze is fair abaft.

Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead :
Every man to his duty :
We have buried our dead.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

APPEAL IN BEHALF OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

I CALL upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are and all you hope to be, resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, — the love of your offspring : teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain ! May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves !

No, I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We who are now assembled here must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs ! May he, who at the distance of another century shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people ! May he have reason to exult as we do ! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country !

STORY.

THE CHURCH OF THE BEST LICKS.¹

Just as the flame on the forestick, which Ralph had watched so intensely, flickered and burned low, and just as Ralph, with a heavy but not quite hopeless heart, rose to leave, the latch lifted, and Bud re-entered.

"I wanted to say something," he stammered; "but you know it's hard to say it. I ha'n't no book-larin' to speak of; and some things is hard to say when a man ha'n't got book-words to say 'em with. And they's some things a man can't hardly ever say anyhow to anybody."

Here Bud stopped. But Ralph spoke in such a matter-of-course way in reply, that he felt encouraged to go on.

"You gin up Hanner kase you thought she belonged to me. That's more'n I'd a done by a long-shot. Now, arter I left here jest now, I says to myself, 'A man what can gin up his gal on account of sech a feeling fer the rights of a Flat-Cricker like me, why, dog on it,' says I, 'sech a man is the man as can help me do better.' I don't know whether you're a Hardshell, or a Saftshell, or a Methodist, or a Campbellite, or a New Light, or a United Brother, or a Millerite, or what not. But I says, 'The man what can do the clean thing by a ugly feller like me, and stick to it, when I was jest ready to eat him up, is a kind of a man to tie to.'"

Here Bud stopped in fright at his own volubility; for he had run his words off like a piece learned by heart, as though afraid, that, if he stopped, he would not have courage to go on.

Ralph said that he did not yet belong to any church, and he was afraid he couldn't do Bud much good. But his tone was full of sympathy, and, what is better than sympathy, a yearning for sympathy.

"You see," said Bud, "I wanted to git out of this low-lived, Flat Crick way of livin'. We're a hard set down here, Mr. Hartsook; and I'm gittin' to be one of the hardest of 'em. But I never could git no good out of Bosaw with his whiskey and meanness. And I went to the Mount Tabor Church oncet. I heard a man discussin' baptism and regeneration, and so on. That didn't seem no cure for me. I went to a revival over at Clifty. Well, twarn't no

¹ From "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" by Edward Eggleston. By permission of the publishers, Orange Judd & Co., New York.

use. First night, they was a man that spoke about Jesus Christ in sech a way, that I wanted to foller him everywhere. But I didn't feel fit. Next night, I come back with my mind made up that I'd try Jesus Christ, and see ef he'd have me. But laws ! they was a big man that night that preached hell. Not that I don't believe they's a hell. They's plenty not a thousand miles away as deserves it ; and I don't know as I'm too good for it myself. But he pitched it at us, and stuck it in our faces in sech a way that I got mad. And I says, ' Well, ef God sends me to hell, he can't make me holler 'nough, nohow.' You see, my dander was up. And, when my dander's up, I wouldn't gin up fer the Devil hisself. The preacher was so insultin' with his way of doin' it ! He seemed to be kind of glad that we was to be damned ; and he preached somethin' like some folks swears. It didn't sound a bit like the Christ the little man preached about the night afore. So what does me' and a lot of fellers do, but slip out, and cut off the big preacher's stirrups, and hang them on to the rider of the fence, and then let his hoss loose ! And from that day, sometimes I did, and sometimes I didn't, want to be better. And to-day it seemed to me that you must know somethin' as would help me."

Nothing is worse than a religious experience kept ready to be exposed to the gaze of everybody, whether the time is appropriate or not. But never was a religious experience more appropriate than the account which Ralph gave to Bud of his " Struggle in the Dark." The confession of his weakness and wicked selfishness was a great comfort to Bud.

" Do you think that Jesus Christ would — would — well, do you think he'd help a poor, unlarnt Flat-Cricker like me? "

" I think he was a sort of a Flat-Creeker himself," said Ralph slowly and very earnestly.

" You don't say? " said Bud, almost getting off his seat.

" Why, you see the town he lived in was a rough place. It was called ' Nazareth,' which meant ' Bushtown.' "

" You don't say? "

" And he was called ' a Nazarene,' which was about the same as ' backwoodsman.' "

And Ralph read the different passages which he had studied at Sunday school, illustrating the condescension of Jesus, the stories of the publicans, the harlots, the poor who came to him. And he read about Nathanael, who lived

only six miles away, saying "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

"Just what Clifty folks says about Flat Crick!" broke in Bud.

"Do you think I could begin without being baptized?" he added presently.

"Why not? Let's begin now to do the best we can, by his help."

"You mean, then, that I'm to begin now to put in my best licks for Jesus Christ, and that he'll help me?"

This shocked Ralph's veneration a little. But it was the sincere utterance of an earnest soul. It may not have been an orthodox start; but it was the one start for Bud. And there be those who have repeated with the finest æsthetic appreciation the old English liturgies, who have never known religious aspirations so sincere as that of this ignorant young Hercules, whose best confession was, that he meant hereafter "to put in his best licks for Jesus Christ." And there be those who can define repentance and faith to the turning of a hair, who never made so genuine a start for the kingdom of heaven as Bud Means did.

Ralph said, Yes, that he thought that was just it. At least, he guessed, if there was something more, the man that was putting in his best licks would be sure to find it out.

"Do you think he'd help a feller? Seems to me it would be number one to have God help you, — not to help you fight other folks, but to help you when it comes to fighting the Devil inside. But you see I don't belong to no church."

"Well, let's you and me have one right off. Two people that help one another to serve God make a church."

I am afraid this ecclesiastical theory will not be considered orthodox. It was Ralph's; and I write it down at the risk of bringing him into condemnation.

THE ROMAN SOLDIER. — DESTRUCTION OF HERCULANEUM.

THERE was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous and brave and kind.

He had a son: it was a rosy boy,
 A little faithful copy of his sire
 In face and gesture. From infancy the child
 Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport
 The father shared and heightened. But at length
 The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned
 To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot
 He felt in all its bitterness: the walls
 Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
 And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and
 touched
 His jailer with compassion; and the boy,
 Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
 His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
 With his loved presence, that in every wound
 Dropped healing. But in this terrific hour
 He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
 Where he had been a cure.

With earliest morn
 Of that first day of darkness¹ and amaze,
 He came. The iron door was closed — for them
 Never to open more! The day, the night,
 Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate
 Impending o'er the city. Well they heard
 The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
 And felt its giddy rocking. And the air
 Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw
 The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped
 The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake
 From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
 The dangers of their state. On his low couch
 The fettered soldier sunk, and with deep awe
 Listened the fearful sounds: with upturned eye
 To the great gods he breathed a prayer, then strove
 To calm himself, and lose in sleep a while
 His useless terrors.

¹ Darkness produced by volcanic smoke, which preceded the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, when Herculaneum was destroyed, A.D. 79.

But he could not sleep.

His body burned with feverish heat; his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not; deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders; sounds
Fearful and ominous arose and died,
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood that burned before; cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him; then, anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk
And shivered, as in fear; now upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle-trumpet sound,
And longed to cope with death.

He slept at last, —
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well, had he slept
Never to waken more. His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm
Burst forth; the lightnings glanced; the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke: they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine — and was dark.
Again a flood of white flame fills the cell,
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,
And blackest darkness. With intensest awe
The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting, and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain.

Loudly the father called upon his child.
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw; with headlong haste
Trod round his stunted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth: no child was there.
Again he called: again at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters, till the blood
Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flashed, he strained with arm extended far,

And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil,
Yet still renewed! Still round and round he goes,
And strains and snatches, and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now.
He plants against the wall his feet; his chain
Grasps, tugs, with giant strength, to force away
The deep-driven staple: yells and shrieks with rage,

And, like a desert lion in the snare
Raging to break his toils, to and fro bounds.
But see! the ground is opening. A blue light
Mounts, gently waving, noiseless: thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;
But by its lustre, on the earth outstretched,
Behold the lifeless child! his dress is singed;
And o'er his face serene a darkened line
Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw;
And all his fury fled. A dead calm fell
That instant on him. Speechless, fixed, he stood,
And, with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed; and round those ruby lips
The wonted smile returned.

Silent and pale
The father stands: no tear is in his eye.
The thunders bellow; but he hears them not:
The ground lifts like a sea; he knows it not:
The strong walls grind and gape: the vaulted roof
Takes shapes like bubble tossing in the wind.
See! he looks up and smiles; for death to him
Is happiness. Yet, could one last embrace
Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near
Moves toward the father's outstretched arm his boy.
Once he has touched his garment: how his eye
Lightens with love and hope, and anxious fears!
Ha! see: he has him now! he clasps him round,

Kisses his face, puts back the curling locks
 That shaded his fine brow, looks in his eyes,
 Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands,
 Then folds him to his breast as he was wont
 To lie when sleeping, and resigned awaits
 Undreaded death.

And death came soon and swift

And pangless.

The huge pile sunk down at once
 Into the opening earth. Walls, arches, roof,
 And deep foundation-stones, all mingling, fell!

ATHERSTONE.

TEMPERANCE.

SOME men look upon this temperance cause as whining bigotry, narrow asceticism, or a vulgar sentimentality, fit for little minds, weak women, and weaker men. On the contrary, I regard it as second only to one or two others of the primary reforms of this age, and for this reason,— every race has its peculiar temptation; every clime has its specific sin. The tropics and tropical races are tempted to one form of sensuality; the colder and temperate regions, and our Saxon blood, find their peculiar temptation in the stimulus of drink and food. In old times, our heaven was a drunken revel. We relieve ourselves from the over-weariness of constant and exhausting toil by intoxication. Science has brought a cheap means of drunkenness within the reach of every individual. National prosperity and free institutions have put into the hands of almost every workman the means of being drunk for a week, on the labor of two or three hours. With that blood and that temptation, we have adopted democratic institutions, where the law has no sanctions but the purpose and virtue of the masses. The statute-book rests not on bayonets, as in Europe, but on the hearts of the people. A drunken people can never be the basis of a free government. It is the corner-stone neither of virtue, prosperity, nor progress. To us, therefore, the title-deeds of whose estates, and the safety of whose lives, depend upon the tranquillity of the streets, upon the virtue of the masses, the

presence of any vice which brutalizes the average mass of mankind, and tends to make it more readily the tool of intriguing and corrupt leaders, is necessarily a stab at the very life of the nation. Against such a vice is marshalled the temperance reformation. That my sketch is no fancy picture, every one of you knows. Every one of you can glance back over your own path, and count many and many a one among those who started from the goal at your side, with equal energy, and perhaps greater promise, who has found a drunkard's grave long before this. The brightness of the bar, the ornament of the pulpit, the hope and blessing and stay of many a family—you know, every one of you who has reached middle life, how often on your path you set up the warning, "Fallen before the temptations of the streets!" Hardly one house in this city, whether it be full and warm with all the luxury of wealth, or whether it find hard, cold maintenance by the most earnest economy, no matter which, — hardly a house that does not count among sons or nephews some victim of this vice. The skeleton of this warning sits at every board. The whole world is kindred in this suffering. The country mother launches her boy with trembling upon the temptations of city life. The father trusts his daughter anxiously to the young man she has chosen, knowing what a wreck intoxication may make of the house-tree they set up. Alas! how often are their worst forebodings more than fulfilled! I have known a case — probably many of you recall some almost equal to it — where one worthy woman could count father, brother, husband, and son-in-law, all drunkards — no man among her near kindred, except her son, who was not a victim of this vice. Like all other appetites, this finds resolution weak, when set against the constant presence of temptation.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

ROAST PIG.—A BIT OF LAMB.

I SPEAK not of your grown porkers, things between pig and pork, those hobbydehoys, but a young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest; his voice as yet not

broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble, — the mild forerunner, or *prælude*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled; but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called. The very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet, in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous, — oh, call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it, the tender blossoming of fat, — fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence; the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food; the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna; or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing:" it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! He hath wept out his pretty eyes, radiant jellies, shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle: how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation. From these sins he is happily snatched away. His memory is odoriferous. No clown curseth while his stomach half rejecteth the rank bacon. No coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages. He hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of savors. Pine-apple is great. She is, indeed, almost too transcendent, — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause: too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her. She is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish; but she stoppeth at the palate; she meddleth not with the appetite; and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

Pig — let me speak his praise — is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him; and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbor's fare.

CHARLES LAMB.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.

It puzzled all, both kith and kin;
It reached a dreadful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were getting washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed.

And so, you see, by fate's decree,
Or, rather, nurse's whim,
My brother John was christened "me,"
And I was christened "him."

One night, John had an awful ache
His grinders round about;
But then the dentist, by mistake,
Pulled my best molar out!

If John was sick, the physio, ugh!
Went down my helpless throat:
When he was made a mason, too,
'Twas I who rode the goat.

This fatal likeness ever dogged
Our footsteps when at school ;
For I was always getting flogged,
Since John turned out a fool.

In fact, year after year, the same
Absurd mistake went on ;
And when I died, the neighbors came,
And buried brother " John."

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

To the scaffold's foot she came;
Leaped her black eyes into flame;
Rose and fell her panting breast, —
There a pardon closely pressed.

She had heard her lover's doom,
Traitor death and shameful tomb, —
Heard the price upon his head:
" I will save him!" she had said.

" Blue-eyed Annie loves him too:
She will weep, but Ruth will do.
Who should save him, sore distressed, —
Who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came;
On her lips there rose his name,
Rose, and yet in silence died, —
Annie nestled by his side.

Over Annie's face he bent;
Round her waist his fingers went:
" Wife " he called her — called *her* " wife!"
Simple word to cost a life.

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay;
But she coldly turned away.
" He has sealed his traitor fate:
I can love, and I can hate!"

"Annie is his wife," they said.

"Be it wife, then, to the dead,

Since the dying she will mate.

I can love, and I can hate!"

"What their sin? They do but love:

Let this thought thy bosom move."

Came the jealous answer straight, —

"I can love, and I can hate!"

"Mercy!" still they cried. But she:

"Who has mercy upon me? —

Who? My life is desolate:

I can love, and I can hate!"

From the scaffold-stairs she went:

Shouts the noonday silence rent;

All the air was quick with cries, —

"See the traitor! see, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream

Saw the axe upswinging gleam:

All her woman's anger died:

"From the king!" she faintly cried, —

"From the king. His name behold!"

Quick the parchment she unrolled:

Paused the axe in upward swing, —

"He is pardoned!" "Live the king!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long:

All about the scaffold throng,

There intertwining, fold in fold,

Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There against Ruth's tortured breast

Annie's tearful face is pressed,

While the white lips murmuring move,

"I can hate; but I can love!"

WILLIAM SAWYER.

THE RECANTATION OF GALILEO.

FAR 'neath the glorious light of the noontide,
In a damp dungeon, a prisoner lay,
Aged and feeble, his failing years numbered,
Waiting the fate to be brought him that day.

Silence, oppressive with darkness, held durance;
Death in the living - - or living in death;
Crouched on the granite, and burdened with fetters,
Inhaling slow poison with each labored breath.

O'er the damp floor of his dungeon there glistened
Faintly the rays of a swift-nearing light;
Then the sweet jingle of keys, that soon opened
The door, and revealed a strange scene to his sight.

In the red glare of the flickering torches,
Held by the gray-gowned soldiers of God,
Gathered a group that the world will remember
Long ages after we sleep 'neath the sod.

Draped in their robes of bright scarlet and purple,
Bearing aloft the gold emblems of Rome,
Stood the chief priests of the papal dominion,
Under the shadow of Peter's proud dome,

By the infallible pontiff commanded,
From his own lips their directions received;
Sent to demand of the wise Galileo
Denial of all the great truths he believed, —

Before the whole world to give up his convictions,
Because the great church said the world had not moved;
Then to swear before God that his science was idle,
And truth was unknown to the facts he had proved.

So, loosing his shackles, they bade the sage listen
To words from the mouth of the vicar of God:
"Recant thy vile doctrines, and life we will give thee;
Adhere, and thy road to the grave is soon trod!"

His doctrines — the truth, as proud Rome has acknowledged —

On low, bended knee, in that vault he renounced ;
Yet, with joy in their eyes, the high priests retiring,
“ Confinement for life,” as his sentence pronounced.

But as they left him, their malice rekindled

Fires that their threats had subdued in his breast :
Clanking his chains, with fierce ardor he muttered,

“ But it *does* move, and tyrants can ne’er make it rest.”

FRANCIS E. RALEIGH.

MOSQUITOS.

TRUE mosquitos are small at the waist, delicate in their organization, round-shouldered, and inclined to consumption. Their disposition is flighty. Some people think mosquitos are a humbug ; but they are not. There’s nothing so real as mosquitos. You can see ’em. When you can’t see ’em, you can hear ’em. When you don’t hear ’em, you can feel ’em. And when you neither see, hear, nor feel ’em, you may know they’ve been round, because they’ve made their mark.

We all love mosquitos so well, that we offer them our hand, and are always wanting to squeeze them ; and although they like us, being shy, they reject our proposals at first, and then take us when we are least prepared for them.

Mosquitos are well educated. In music, they use the Italian school of singing, — trills, shakes, quavers, flying notes, and words not understood. It is decidedly sensation-music, and, like sensation-music generally, it is thrilling in its effect ; but one soon tires of it. Lying in bed, you hear the distant song of the mosquito : a feeling of dread comes over you, succeeded, as the song-sounds come nearer, by a thrilling of the nerves, and, when close to your ears, the excitement becomes such as to cause your blood to boil, and your hands to strike forcibly your own head and ears. If such is the effect of a single mosquito’s song on a single individual, what a perfect *furor* of excitement might be created by a singing band of mosquitos over a Boston Music Hall audience ! Operatic *impressarios* are welcome to this hint. Everybody knows that mosquitos *draw* well.

Mosquitos are philosophers. They understand gravitation. If a hand, or other weighty substance, should fall, they know there's danger, and get out of the way. And they understand suction so well, that they put a steam fire-engine to the blush.

Mosquitos are educated in the allopathic school of medicine: they believe in bleeding. They differ from men in applying the theory: they first present their bill, and then bleed you. They don't understand human nature enough to know that no man likes to have a bill presented before the work is done. Mosquitos also know how to develop humor, — a bad humor: they will *pity* a man so much in one night, that his face will look very *humorous* next morning. As mathematicians, mosquitos understand subtraction, and also multiply very fast.

As base-ballists, mosquitos are a success. They always come in "on a fly," and rarely go out on one. As "pitchers," they always pitch in, never mind who their opponents are. As "catchers," they often catch their opponents napping, and rarely get caught themselves. Everybody likes them "in the field;" and they often make "home-runs." They fail at the "bat," but get a good many bats. As "tallyists," they make their "innings;" but they are not good "umpires," being apt to raise a row.

Mosquitos, like dogs, have their days. In dog-days, dogs are expected to go mad. Mosquito-days begin with dog-days, and end with the first frost. Then they die happy: they gather in large bands under the trees, and there, flying up and down, they sing their death-song. Man exults in their death; the mosquitos exult; all is exultant; and soon after the governor appoints Thanksgiving.

K. K.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS; OR, THE OLD WOMAN'S RAILWAY SIGNAL.

THE most effective working-force in the world in which we live is the law of kindness; for it is the only moral force that operates with the same effect upon mankind, brute-kind, and bird-kind. From time immemorial, music has wonderfully affected all beings, reasoning or unreasoning, that have ears to hear. The prettiest idea and simile of ancient literature relate to Orpheus playing his lyre to

animals listening in intoxicated silence to its strains. Well, kindness is the music of good-will to men and beasts; and both listen to it with their hearts, instead of their ears; and the hearts of both are affected by it in the same way, if not to the same degree. Volumes might be written, filled with beautiful illustrations of its effect upon both. The music of kindness has not only power to charm, but even to transform, both the savage breast of man and beast; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Some time ago we read of an incident in America that will serve as a good illustration of this beautiful law. It was substantially to this effect: a poor, coarse-featured old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where it passed through a wild, unpeopled district in Western Virginia. She was a widow, with only one daughter living with her in a log-hut, near a deep, precipitous gorge crossed by the railway bridge. Here she contrived to support herself by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season, and other little articles for the market. She had to make a long, weary walk of many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by her house to this town; but the ride would cost too much of the profit of her small sales: so she trudged on generally to the market on foot. The conductor, or guard, came finally to notice her travelling by the side of the line, or on the footpath between the rails; and being a good-natured, benevolent man, he would often give her a ride to and fro without charge. The engine-man and brakemen also were good to the old woman, and felt that they were not wronging the interests of the railway company by giving her these free rides.

And soon an accident occurred that proved they were quite right in this view of the matter. In the wild month of March the rain descended, and the mountains sent down their rolling, roaring torrents of melted snow and ice into this gorge, near the old woman's house. The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crash of the railway bridge, as it was swept from its abutments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood; and the darkness was deep and howling. In another half-hour the train would be due. There was no

telegraph on the line; and the stations were separated by great distances. What could she do to warn the train against the awful destruction it was approaching? She had hardly a tallow candle in her house; and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain. Not a moment was to be lost; and her thought was equal to the moment. She cut the cords of her only bedstead, and shouldered the dry posts, head-pieces, and side-pieces. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs. Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled their all of household furniture upon the line, a few rods beyond the black, awful gap, gurgling with the roaring flood. The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well-dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red, swaling, booming light a long way up the line. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane; and she could not revive it with green, wet wood. The thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time? They might not put on the brakes soon enough. Awful thought! She tore her red woollen gown from her in a moment, and, tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the line, waving it in both hands, while her daughter swung around her head a blazing chair-post a little before. The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great red eye of the engine showed itself coming round a curve. Like as a huge, sharp-sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that echoed through all the wild heights and ravines around. The train was at full speed; but the brakemen wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation. The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stopped at the roaring fire. It still blazed enough to show them the beetling edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged into a death and destruction too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal. They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance. The conductor knelt down by the side of the engine; the engine-driver and the brakemen came and knelt down by him; all the passengers came and knelt down by them; and there, in the expiring light of the burnt-out pile, in the rain and the

wind, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives. All in a line, the kneelers and prayers sent up into the dark heavens such a midnight prayer and voice of thanksgiving as seldom, if ever, ascended from the earth to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret.

Kindness is the music of good-will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

ELIHU BURRITT.

ODE.¹

HEROES of Greek renown !
 Ye who with floods of Persian gore
 Purpled Cychreia's ² sounding shore !
 Strong wielders of the Dorian spear!
 And ye, dear children of the Dear,
 The Holy, Violet Crown!³
 Ye live to-day. Distance and time
 Vanish before our longing eyes;
 And, fresh in their eternal prime,
 The demigods arise.

Fierce breed of iron Rome !
 Ye whose relentless eagles' wings,
 O'ershadowing subjugated kings,
 With death and black destruction fraught,
 To every hateful tyrant brought
 His own cursed lesson home,
 Smile sternly now : a free-born race
 Here draw your proudest maxims in,
 And eagerly, in ampler space,
 A mightier Rome begin.

Savage yet dauntless crew !
 Who broke with grim, unflinching zeal
 The mighty Spaniard's heart of steel,

¹ Read on Bunker Hill, June 17, 1875.

² A very ancient name of Salamis.

³ A favorite title of the city of Athens.

When ye, with patriotic hands,
Bursting the dikes that kept your lands,
Let death and freedom through,
Arise in glory ! Angry floods
And haughty bigots all are tame;
But ye, like liberating gods,
Have everlasting fame.

Ye few rock-nurtured men,
Suliot or Swiss, whose crags defied
Burgundian power and Turkish pride,
Whose deeds, so dear to freemen, still
Make every Alp a holy hill,
A shrine each Suliot glen,
Rejoice to-day. No little bands
Face here the exulting despot's horde;
But Freedom sways with giant hands
Her ocean-sweeping sword.

Chiefs of our own blest land,
To whom turned long oppressed mankind
A sacred refuge here to find,
Of every race the pride and boast,
From wild Atlantic's stormy coast
To far Pacific's strand,
Millions on millions here maintain
Your generous aims with steady will,
And make our vast imperial reign
The world's asylum still.

GEORGE SENNOTT.

MR. STIVER'S HORSE.

THE other morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Perkins observed that Mr. Stiver, in whose house we live, had been called away, and wanted to know if I would see to his horse through the day.

I knew that Mr. Stiver owned a horse, because I occasionally saw him drive out of the yard, and I saw the stable every day; but what kind of a horse, I didn't know. I never went into the stable, for two reasons: in the first place, I had no desire to; and, secondly, I didn't know as the horse cared particularly for company.

I never took care of a horse in my life, and, had I been of a less hopeful nature, the charge Mr. Stiver had left with me might have had a very depressing effect; but I told Mrs. Perkins I would do it.

"You know how to take care of a horse, don't you?" said she.

I gave her a re-assuring wink. In fact, I knew so little about it, that I didn't think it safe to converse more fluently than by winks.

After breakfast, I seized a toothpick, and walked out toward the stable. There was nothing particular to do, as Stiver had given him his breakfast, and I found him eating it: so I looked around. The horse looked around too, and stared pretty hard at me. There was but little said on either side. I hunted up the location of the feed, and then sat down on a peck-measure, and fell to studying the beast. There is a wide difference in horses. Some of them will kick you over, and never look around to see what becomes of you. I don't like a disposition like that; and I wondered if Stiver's horse was one of them.

When I came home at noon, I went straight to the stable. The animal was there, all right. Stiver hadn't told me what to give him for dinner, and I had not given the subject any thought; but I went to the oat-box, and filled the peck-measure, and sallied up to the manger.

When he saw the oats, he almost smiled: this pleased and amused him. I emptied them into the trough, and left him above me, to admire the way I parted my hair behind. I just got my head up in time to save the whole of it. He had his ears back, his mouth open, and looked as if he were

on the point of committing murder. I went out and filled the measure again, and climbed up the side of the stall, and emptied it on top of him. He brought his head up so suddenly at this, that I immediately got down, letting go of every thing to do it. I struck on the sharp edge of a barrel, rolled over a couple of times, and then disappeared under a hay-cutter. The peck-measure went down on the other side, and got mysteriously tangled up in that animal's heels, and he went to work at it; and then ensued the most dreadful noise I ever heard in all my life, and I have been married eighteen years.

It did seem as if I never would get out from under that hay-cutter; and all the while I was struggling, and wrenching myself and the cutter apart, that awful beast was kicking around in that stall, and making the most appalling sound imaginable.

When I got out, I found Mrs. Perkins at the door. She had heard the racket, and had sped out to the stable, her only thought being of me, and three stove-lids which she had under her arm, and one of which she was about to fire at the beast.

This made me mad.

"Go away, you unfortunate idiot!" I shouted. "Do you want to knock my brains out?" For I remembered seeing Mrs. Perkins sling a missile once before, and that I nearly lost an eye by the operation, although standing on the other side of the house at the time.

She retired at once. And at the same time the animal quieted down; but there was nothing left of that peck-measure, not even the maker's name.

I followed Mrs. Perkins into the house, and had her do me up; and then I sat down in a chair, and fell into a profound strain of meditation. After a while, I felt better, and went out to the stable again. The horse was leaning against the stable stall, with eyes half closed, and appeared to be very much engrossed in thought.

"Step off to the left," I said, rubbing his back.

He didn't step. I got the pitchfork, and punched him in the leg with the handle. He immediately raised up both hind-legs at once; and that fork flew out of my hands, and went rattling up against the timbers above, and came down again in an instant, the end of the handle rapping me with such force on the top of the head, that I sat right down on

the floor, under the impression that I was standing in front of a drug-store in the evening. I went back to the house and got some more stuff on me. But I couldn't keep away from that stable. I went out there again. The thought struck me, that what the horse wanted was exercise. If that thought had been an empty glycerine can, it would have saved a windfall of luck for me.

But exercise would tone him down ; and exercise him I should. I laughed to myself to think how I would trounce him around the yard. I didn't laugh again that afternoon. I got him unhitched, and then wondered how I was to get him out of the stall without carrying him out. I pushed ; but he wouldn't budge. I stood looking at him in the face, thinking of something to say, when he suddenly solved the difficulty by veering about, and plunging for the door. I followed, as a matter of course, because I had a tight hold on the rope, and hit about every partition stud worth speaking of on that side of the barn. Mrs. Perkins was at the window, and saw us come out of the door. She subsequently remarked, that we came out skipping like two innocent children. The skipping was entirely unintentional on my part. I felt as if I stood on the verge of eternity. My legs may have skipped ; but my mind was filled with awe.

I took that animal out to exercise him. He exercised me, before I got through with it. He went around a few times in a circle ; then he stopped suddenly, spread out his fore-legs, and looked at me. Then he leaned forward a little, and hoisted both hind-legs, and threw about two coal-hods of mud over a line full of clothes Mrs. Perkins had just hung out.

That excellent lady had taken a position at the window ; and, whenever the evolutions of the awful beast permitted, I caught a glance at her features. She appeared to be very much interested in the proceedings ; but, the instant that the mud flew, she disappeared from the window, and, a moment later, she appeared on the stoop with a long poker in her hand, and fire enough in her eye to heat it red-hot.

Just then Stiver's horse stood up on his hind-legs, and tried to hug me with the others. This scared me. A horse never shows his strength to such advantage as when he is coming down on you like a frantic pile-driver. I instantly dodged ; and the cold sweat fairly boiled out of me.

It suddenly came over me that I had once figured in a

similar position years ago. My grandfather owned a little white horse that would get up from a meal at Delmonico's to kick the President of the United States. He sent me to the lot one day, and unhappily suggested that I often went after that horse, and suffered all kinds of defeat in getting him out of the pasture; but I had never tried to ride him. Heaven knows I never thought of it. I had my usual trouble with him that day. He tried to jump over me, and push me down in a mud-hole, and finally got up on his hind-legs, and came waltzing after me, with facilities enough to convert me into hash; but I turned, and just made for that fence with all the agony a prospect of instant death could crowd into me. If our candidate for the presidency had run one-half as well, there would be seventy-five postmasters in Danbury to-day, instead of one.

I got him out finally, and then he was quiet enough; and took him up alongside the fence, and got on him. He stopped an instant, one brief instant, and then tore off down the road at a frightful speed. I laid down on him, and clasped my hands tightly around his neck, and thought of my home. When we got to the stable, I was confident he would stop; but he didn't: he drove straight at the door. It was a low door, just high enough to permit him to go in at lightning speed; but there was no room for me. I saw, if I struck that stable, the struggle would be a very brief one. I thought this all over in an instant, and then, spreading out my arms and legs, emitted a scream; and the next moment I was bounding about in the filth of that stable-yard. All this passed through my mind as Stiver's horse went up into the air. It frightened Mrs. Perkins dreadfully.

"Why, you old fool!" she said. "Why don't you get rid of him?"

"How can I?" said I, in desperation.

"Why, there are a thousand ways," said she.

This is just like a woman. How different a statesman would have answered!

But I could think of only two ways to dispose of the beast. I could either swallow him where he stood, and then sit down on him, or I could crawl inside of him, and kick him to death.

But I was saved either of these expedients by his coming toward me so abruptly, that I dropped the rope in terror; and then he turned about, and, kicking me full of mud, shot for

the gate, ripping the clothes-line in two; and went on down the street at a horrible gallop, with two of Mrs. Perkins's garments, which he hastily snatched from the line, floating over his neck in a very picturesque manner.

So I was afterwards told. I was too full of mud myself to see the way into the house.

Stiver got his horse all right, and stays at home to take care of him. Mrs. Perkins has gone to her mother's to recuperate; and I am healing as fast as possible.

THE DANBURY NEWS MAN

THE HANDY SPEAKER.

PART IV.



THE TRAMP.

"WALK in," do you say? "Walk in," to me!
I'm only a ragged and shoeless tramp.
Madam, your carpets would shrink to be
Trodden by a pauper, a roving scamp.
I only ask for a crust of bread,
A morsel of meat your dog can spare,
A draught from the well, and leave to spread
My meal on your lawn, in the open air.

"Walk in," again? Well, beggars, they say,
Must not be choosers, but you're too kind:
You'll wish you had sent me on my way
When you see the tracks I leave behind.
You've a pleasant smile, a motherly face.
You see I'm not used to ways polite:
I've often been kicked from door to door,
And learned that yelping dogs can bite.

"Sit down, and eat," — to that table spread
For some more honored, expected guest!
Do you want to turn a poor tramp's head
With a glimpse at comforts of the blest?
"Welcome to all," and "God bless our home," —
No need of those tablets on the wall:
Where doors are open to those that roam,
His choicest blessing must surely fall.

"For what we receive," I'll grateful be.
Don't say it now: let me rest a while
In this easy-chair you have placed for me.
There's grace and blessing in your kind smile.
I cannot eat: there is something here,
Here in my throat, like a leaden ball;
And my eyes are dim. 'Tis many a year
Since these dry springs let a tear-drop fall.

"Seen better days?" Why, yes: tramps are made,
Not born to their mirey, mean estate.
God's image ne'er in the dust was laid
But by the blows of o'erwhelming fate.
I was once a man of sturdy frame,
Earnest and honest, could boast good birth;
But a fickle woman soiled my name,
And made me a worm to crawl the earth.

"Crossed in love," mum? Now you make me smile.
Are true love's crosses then, hard to bear?
Yet you're half right — it was passion's guile
Robbed my young life of its blissful share.
I loved a maid, and I gained a mate;
I reared me a home supremely blest;
I walked the earth in my pride elate,
And joyed in the comforts that filled my nest.

But there came a call. You heard it too:
Yonder crape-bound sabre tells the tale
How civil war brought sorrow to you.
Pardon, I beg — you are turning pale:
I'm rough, you see. 'Twas a wicked thrust:
I'll go ere I deeper wound your heart.
A wretch like me you can only trust,
For a healing word, to return a smart.

"Go on!" "Go on?" Do you care to hear
More of my worthless, wretched life?
Well, I sprang at the call, and year by year
Followed the standard through blood and strife, —
Followed it ever, till victory blest
Patriot zeal for its sturdy fight,
And unchained millions joyously prest
Into the gladness of liberty's light.

"And then came home?" Yes, came home to find
Treason had ravaged my peaceful nest;
For a crafty serpent had entwined
In poisonous folds the one loved best.
My wife had fled with my trusted friend,
Leaving our child to a stranger's care.
I fought the good fight; and this the end, —
For my country glory, for me despair.

Oh, yes; I worked; for I loved the child
With all the love she had turned away.
I was roughened by war: she, sweet and mild,
Out of the gloom brought a brighter day,
Till a fever-blast swept through the town.
I covered my pet with a paling face.
In vain: the angel of death swept down,
And snatched the darling from my embrace.

God knows I bowed 'neath his chastening hand,
With never a murmur of complaint.
A blighted home and a broken band,
On earth a mourner, in heaven a saint, —
'Tis the way of life: that broke me down.
The little burden so good and fair,
Lifted above for a golden crown,
Left me a weightier cross to bear.

I tried to work, to crush out my grief
With studied stroke and frenzied zest;
But how can the wretched find relief
With none to be by his labor blest?
The noon-bell struck, a welcome pealed
To all my mates: 'twas to me a knell.
To them sweet, blissful home revealed,
But smote my heart like a sad farewell.

I forsook my tools, shook honest toil
From out my life, to be borne no more,
And became a vagrant of the soil;
Yes, a tramp, to feed from door to door.
You see, I am frank. My pride has flown.
Of wretchedness I have had my fill;
Yet you are so kind, I'll frankly own,
I can neither drink nor steal nor kill.

"No hope," did you say? "No hope?" Yes, one, —
 To guide my poor old blistered feet, —
 That somehow, somewhere beneath yon sun,
 The base despoiler and I shall meet.
 On his throat my fingers fastened tight,
 My foot upon his cowering frame,
 His blood shall my bitter wrongs requite,
 And blot out the record of my shame.

"She looking on!" What! Is that your creed, —
 That angel watchers surround us here?
 She looking down upon such a deed!
 God grant, then, that meeting be not near!
 You've driven revenge from out my breast:
 I'll crawl content on my wretched way.
 The bullets of war should have given me rest,
 And spared my comrade Harry Fay.

"His mother!" You? Yes, those are his eyes;
 And that is his sabre on the wall.
 Brave fellow! 'Twas in a night surprise:
 I fought at his side, and saw him fall.
 "Oft mentioned me?" Well, now, that was kind.
 Needn't have blushed for his comrade then;
 For I was as — Well, never mind.
 What am I now? An outcast from men.

"My home with you!" and "For Henry's sake,
 Redeem all my manhood's better part!"
 The chance you offer I'll gladly take:
 Heaven bless your trustful mother heart!
 Yes, I'll work for you; but set the task, —
 Beside the forge, or behind the plough.
 Yes, mother, His gracious blessing ask:
 The tramp has some one to live for now!
 GEO. M. BAKER, in *Demorest's Magazine*.

JOAN OF ARC.

ON the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day,

guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air-currents. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment, did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No: she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

Bishop of Beauvais! * thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold,—thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both, sometimes, kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl,—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you,—let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she, from her dungeon; she, from her baiting at the stake; she, from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream—saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival, which man had denied to her languishing heart; that resurrection of spring-time, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests,—were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can

* Before whose tribunal Joan of Arc was condemned.

stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege, for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. The mission has now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered: the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted: the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously: victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died — died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies — died, amidst the drums and trumpets of armies — died, amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burdened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror — rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death — most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, bishop, well! Oh, mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet, is there! In glades, where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling: towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English Prince, Regent of France.

There is my Lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so-rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no: he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My Lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none. In heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from *me*: all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas, the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity; but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief. I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you: yes, bishop, *SHE* — when heaven and earth are silent.

DE QUINCEY.

DECORATION.

"MANIBUS DATE LILIA PLENIS."

'Mid the flower-wreath'd tombs I stand
 Bearing lilies in my hand.
 Comrades, in what soldier-grave
 Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest
 With his colors round his breast? •
 Friendship makes his tomb a shrine.
 Garlands veil it: ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath,
 Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
 Yet no heart more high and warm
 Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
 In the front of victory,
 Never foot had firmer tread
 On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb,
 Where the untended grasses bloom;
 And no stone, with feign'd distress,
 Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
 Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,
 Here lie buried: here in peace
 Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
 Kneeling where a woman lies,
 I strew lilies on the grave
 Of the bravest of the brave.

T. W. HIGGINSON, 1873.

MINOT'S LEDGE.

Like spectral hounds across the sky
 The white clouds scud before the storm;
 And naked is the howling night.
 The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
 The waves with slippery fingers clutch
 The massive tower, and climb and fall;
 And, muttering, growl with baffled rage
 Their curses on the sturdy wall.

Up in the lonely tower he sits,
 The keeper of the crimson light,—
 Silent and awe-struck does he hear
 The imprecations of the night.

The white spray beats against the panes
Like some wet ghost that down the air
Is hurried by a troop of fiends,
And seeks a shelter anywhere.

He prays aloud, — the lonely man —
For every soul that night at sea;
But more than all for that brave boy
Who used to gayly climb his knee, —
Young Charlie with his chestnut hair
And hazel eyes and laughing lip.
“May heaven look down,” the old man cries,
“Upon my son, and on his ship!”

While thus with pious heart he prays,
Far in the distance sounds a boom.
He pauses, and again there rings
That sullen thunder through the room.
A ship upon the shoals, to-night!
She cannot hold for one half-hour.
But clear the ropes and grappling-hooks,
And trust in God Almighty’s power!

On the drenched gallery he stands,
Striving to pierce the solid night.
Across the sea the red eye throws
A steady crimson wake of light;
And where it falls up the waves,
He sees a human head float by,
With long drenched curls of chestnut hair,
And wild but fearless hazel eye.

Out with the hooks! One mighty fling!
Adown the wind the long rope curls.
Oh! will it catch? Ah, dread suspense!
While the wild ocean wilder whirls.
A steady pull, — it tightens now!
Oh, his old heart will burst with joy,
As on the slippery rocks he pulls
The breathing body of his boy!

Still sweep the spectres through the sky,
Still scud the clouds before the storm,

Still naked in the howling night
 The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
 Without, the world is wild with rage,
 Unkennelled demons are abroad;
 But with the father and the son
 Within there is the peace of God.

FITZJAMES O'BRIEN.

SCENE FROM "THE HUNCHBACK."

JULIA AND MASTER WALTER.

Enter JULIA, R.

Julia. He that should guard me is mine enemy,
 Constrains me to abide the fatal die
 My rashness, not my reason, cast. He comes
 That will exact the forfeit. Must I pay it?
 E'en at the cost of utter bankruptcy?
 What's to be done? Pronounce the vow that parts
 My body from my soul? To what it loathes
 Links that, while this is linked to what it loves?
 Condemned to such perdition! What's to be done?
 Stand at the altar in an hour from this?
 An hour thence seated at his board — a wife?
 Thence — frenzy's in the thought! What's to be done?

Enter MASTER WALTER, L. U. E.

Walter. (L.) What! run the waves so high? Art ready,
Julia?
 Your lord will soon be here. The guests collect.

Julia. (R.) Show me some way to 'scape these nuptials
 Do it!

Some opening for avoidance or escape,
 Or to thy charge I'll lay a broken heart —
 It may be, broken vows and blasted honor,
 Or else a mind distraught.

Walter. What's this?

Julia. The strait
 I'm fallen into, my patience cannot bear.
 It frights my reason, warps my sense of virtue,

Religion — changes me into a thing
I look at with abhorring.

Walter. Listen to me!

Julia. Listen to me, and heed me! If this contract
Thou hold'st me to, abide thou the result.
Answer to heaven for what I suffer. Act!
Prepare thyself for such calamity
To fall on me, and those whose evil stars
Have linked them with me, as no past mishap,
However rare and marvellously sad,
Can parallel. Lay thy account to live
A smileless life, die an unpitied death, —
Abhorred, abandoned of thy kind, — as one
Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace,
Looked on, and saw her rashly peril it,
And when she owned her danger and confessed
Her fault, compelled her to complete her ruin.

Walter. Hast done?

Julia. Another moment, and I have.
Be warned! Beware how you abandon me
To myself. I'm young, rash, inexperienced, tempted
By most insufferable misery,
Bold, desperate, and reckless. Thou hast age,
Experience, wisdom, and collectedness, —
Power, freedom, — everything that I have not,
Yet want as none e'er wanted. Thou can'st save me.
Thou ought'st: thou must! I tell thee, at his feet
I'll fall a corse, ere mount his bridal bed!
So choose betwixt my rescue and my grave.
And quickly, too. The hour of sacrifice
Is near. Anon the immolating priest
Will summon me. Devise some speedy means
To cheat the altar of its victim. Do it!
Nor leave the act to me.

Walter. Hast done?

Julia. I have.

Walter. Then list to me — and silently, if not
With patience. [*Brings chair for himself and her. She R., he L.*]
Sit down.

How I watched thee from thy childhood,
I'll not recall to thee. Thy father's wisdom —
Whose humble instrument I was — directed
Your nonage should be passed in privacy,

From your apt mind that far outstripped your years,
Fearing the taint of an infected world.

He might be right or wrong.

I thought him right; and, therefore, did his bidding.

Most certainly he loved you: so did I;

Ay, well as I had been myself your father!

[*His hand is resting upon his knee. Julia attempts to take it. He withdraws it, looks at her: she hangs her head.*]

Well, you may take my hand.

When a good woman

Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,

How good soe'er before. I found the man

I thought a match for thee; and, soon as found,

Proposed him to thee. 'Twas your father's will,

Occasion offering, you should be married

Soon as you reached to womanhood. You liked

My choice, accepted him. We came to town;

Where, by important matter summoned thence,

I left you an affianced bride.

Julia. You did.

You did. [*Leans her head upon her hands, and weeps.*]

Walter. Nay, check thy tears. Let judgment now,

Not passion, be awake. On my return,

I found thee — what? I'll not describe the thing

I found thee then. I'll not describe my pangs

To see thee such a thing. The engineer

Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower

"It cost him years and years of toil to raise, —

And, smiling at it, tells the winds and waves

To roar and whistle now," — and, in a night,

Beholds the tempest sporting in its place,

Might look aghast, as I did!

Julia. [*Falling on her knees.*] Pardon me!

Forgive me, pity me!

Walter. Resume thy seat. [*Raises her.*]

I pity thee. Perhaps not thee alone

It fits to sue for pardon.

Julia. Me alone,

None other.

But, Master Walter,

These nuptials — must they needs go on?

Walter. Know'st not

What with these nuptials comes? Hast thou forgot?

Julia. What?

Walter. Nothing. I did tell thee of a thing.

Julia. What was it?

Walter. To forget it was a fault.

Look back, and think.

Julia. I can't remember it.

Walter. [*Up from chair.*] Fathers, make straws your children! Nature's nothing!

Blood, nothing! Once in other veins it runs,
It no more yearneth for the parent flood,
Than doth the stream that from the source disparts.
Talk not of love instinctive. "What you call so,
Is but the brat of custom. Your own flesh
By habit only cleaves to you — without,
Hath no adhesion." [*Aside.*] So you have forgot
You have a father, and are here to meet him?

Julia. I'll not deny it.

Walter. You should blush for't.

Julia. No!

No, no, dear Master Walter! What's a father
That you've not been to me? [*He turns his back to her.*]
Nay, turn not from me;

For at the name a holy awe I own,
That now almost inclines my knee to earth.
But thou to me, except a father's name,
Hast all the father been, — the care, the love,
The guidance, the protection of a father.
Can'st wonder, then, if like thy child I feel,
And feeling so, that father's claim forget,
Whom ne'er I knew save by the name of one?
Oh, turn to me, and do not chide me! or
If thou wilt chide, chide on, but turn to me!

Walter. [*Struggling with emotion.*] My Julia! [*Weeping, he holds out his hand to her: she eagerly takes it.*]

Julia. Now, dear Master Walter, hear me!

Is there no way to 'scape these nuptials?

Walter. Julia,

A promise made admits not of release,
"Save by consent or forfeiture of those
Who hold it: so it should be pondered well
Before we let it go." Ere man should say
I broke the word I had the power to keep,
I'd lose the life I had the power to part with!

Remember, Julia, thou and I to-day
 Must, to thy father, of thy training render
 A strict account. While honor's left to us,
 We've something — nothing, having all but that!
 Now for thy last act of obedience, Julia.
 Present thyself before thy bridegroom. [*She assents.*] Good,
 My Julia's now herself! Show him thy heart,
 And to his honor leave't to set thee free,
 Or hold thee bound. They come, they come! [*Exeunt, R.*]
SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

"I'm goin' to die!" says the Widder Green.
 "I'm goin' to quit this airthly scene:
 It ain't no place for me to stay
 In such a world as 'tis to-day.
 Such works and ways is too much for me.
 Nobody can't let nobody be.
 The girls is flounced from top to toe,
 An' that's the hull o' what they know.
 The men is mad on bonds an' stocks, —
 Swearin' an' shootin', an' pickin' locks.
 I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself
 Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
 There ain't a cretur but knows to-day
 I never was lunatic in any way;
 But since crazy folks all go free,
 I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me.
 There's another matter that's pesky hard, —
 I can't go into a neighbor's yard
 To say 'How be you?' or borry a pin
 But what the paper'll have it in.
 'We're pleased to say the Widder Green
 Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs Keene,
 Or 'Our worthy friend Miss Green has gone
 Down to Barkhamsted to see her son.'
 Great Jerusalem! can't I stir
 Without a-raisin' some feller's fur?
 There ain't no privacy — so to say —
 No more than if this was the Judgment Day.

And as for meetin,' — I want to swear
 Whenever I put my head in there, —
 Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spiled and done,
 Like everything else under the sun.
 It used to be so solemn and slow, —
 Praise to the Lord from men below :
 Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
 High diddle diddle, there and here !
 No respect to the Lord above,
 No more'n ef he was hand and glove
 With all the creturs he ever made,
 And all the jigs that ever was played.
 Preachin' too — but here I'm dumb.
 But I tell you what ! I'd like it some
 Ef good old Parson Nathan Strong
 Out o' his grave would come along,
 An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire.
 Judgment an' justice is my desire.
 'Taint all love an' sickish sweet
 That makes this world nor t'other complete.
 But law, I'm old. I'd better be dead.
 When the world's a-turnin' over my head,
 Sperit's talkin' like tarnal fools,
 Bibles kicked out o' deestric schools,
 Crazy creturs a-murderin' round, —
 Honest folks better be under ground.
 So fare-ye-well ! this airthly scene
 Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green."

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
 And a ragged old jacket, perfumed with cigars,
 Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
 I've a snug little kingdom, up four pairs of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
 But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure ;
 And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
 *grand, through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends,
Cheap bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed, —
A two-penny treasury, wondrous to see,
What matter? 'Tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp :—
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp.
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn :
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon !

Long, long through the hours and the night and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books and old friends and old times ;
And we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie.
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and cherish the best ;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair,
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair !

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet ;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair !

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withering old arms.
I looked and I longed. I wished in despair —
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place.
She'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face, —
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
As she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint or the throne of a prince.
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night, I sit here alone —
I sit here alone; but we yet are a pair —
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past, and revisits my room;
She looks, as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair;
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair!

THACKERAY.

THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.

"Yes, yes, sonny, I's mighty fo'-handed, and no ways like poo' white trash, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified col'd folks dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs a bone — no thanks to nobody!"

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she had become her own mistress, to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

"I'm truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?" asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye, and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, —

"You hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a 'spectable sort of a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckons. But for dese last twenty-five years, I'se done been a mighty powerful one, — one o' de kind dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs. I is one of the house-top saints, sonny."

"House-top saints! what kind of saints are those?" asked the young Northerner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl. "I thought like's not you never even heerd tell on 'em, up your way. Dey's mighty scarce any whar; but the Lor's got one on 'em, to any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl triumphantly.

"And that is you?"

"Yes, sonny, dat is *me*!"

"Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint."

"Well, I means dat I's been t'rough all de stories o' my Father's house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I's fairly on de ruff, — yes, on de very ridge-pole; and dare I sits and sings and shouts and sees heaven, — like you never see it t'rough de clouds down ye're."

"How did you get there, auntie?"

"How does you get from de cellar to de parlor, and from de parlor to de chamber, and from de chamber to de ruff? Why, de builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em, and puts your feet on 'em, and mounts. Ha?"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all his children, as for you: yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?"

"Sartin, sonny. Sta'rs don't get people up, 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leadin' up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits down at de bottom and howls and mourns 'bout how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a-blackin' of your boots, he's de husban' o' *my* bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor, down-cellar 'sciple, sittin' in de dark, and whinin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up sta'rs! I says to him, says I, 'Brudder,' — I's allus called him Brudder since he was born into de kingdom, — 'why don't you come up into de light?'

"Oh," says he, 'Sibby, I's too onworthy: I doesn't desurve de light dat God has made for de holy ones.'

"Phoo," says I, 'Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member,' says I, 'when our massa done married de gov'nness, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice, she was as poor as an unfeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar and sit 'mong de po'k barr'ls and de trash 'cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta'rs? Not she! She tuk her place to de head o' de table, and w'ar all de lacery and jewelry massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', I's no more poor gov'nness, teaching Col'n McIvor's chil'n; but I's de Col'n's b'loved wife, and I stan's for de mother of

his chil'n, as she had a right to say! And de Col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool and settin' down cellar 'mong de po'k barr'ls!

"Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so fur it haint fatched him up. De poor deluded cretur thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovelin' like! It's unworthy of a blood-bought soul for to stick to de cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warmf, up on de house-top."

"That's very true, Sibyl, but few of us reach the house-top," said the young man thoughtfully.

"Mo' fools you, den!" cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and de sta'rs is dere, and de grand glorious Master is dere, up 'bove all, callin' to you day and night, 'Frien', come up higher!' He reaches down his shinin' han' and offers for to draw you up; but you shakes your head and pulls back and says, 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing.' Is dat de way to treat him who has bought life and light for you? Oh, shame on you, sonny, and on all de down-cellar and parlor and chamber Christians!"

"What are parlor Christians, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Parlor Christians, honey? Why dems is de ones dat gets barly out o' de cellar and goes straightway and forgets what kind o' creturs dey was down dere! Dey grow proud and dresses up fine, like de worl's folks, and dances, and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our ole missus, she used to train 'mong her col'd folks wuss den old King Furio did 'mong de 'Gyptians. But, bless you, de minute de parson or any other good brudder or sister come along, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlor, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out.

"I do think missus got to heaven wid all her infarmities. But she didn't get very high up till de bridegroom come and called for her. Den she said to me, one dead-o'-night, 'O Sibby,' says she — she held tight on to my han' — 'O Sibby, if you could only go along o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' getting through de shinin' gate! Your clothes and your face and your hands shines like silver, Sibby!' says she.

"'Dear soul,' says I, 'dis light you see isn't mine! It all comes 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and

dere is heaps more of it to shine on to you and every other poor sinner dat will come near enough to cotch de rays!

"'Oh,' says she, 'Sibby, when I heard you shoutin, "Glory to God," and talkin' o' him on de house-top, I thought it was all su'stition and igno'ance. But now, O Sibby, I'd like to touch de hem o' your garment, and wipe de dust off your shoes, if I could on'y ketch a glimpse o' Christ.'

"'Do you b'lieve dat you's a sinner, missus?' says I.

"'Yes, de chief o' sinners,' says she, with a groan.

"'Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out his plan?' says I.

"'Yes,' says she.

"'Well, den,' says I, 'if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hender your bein' saved? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to him.'

"'Den she kotch sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself; and her face lit up like an angel's; and she was a new missus from dat yar hour till she went up. She died a singing,'—

"'In my han' no price I bring,
Simple to dy cross I cling.'

"But she mought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de hoomiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privileges o' de parlor. Parlors is fine things; but dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir whole time in."

"What's a chamber saint, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Chamber saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare of de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlor, and got through many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is glad o' rest. Dey says, 'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's on'y half way up, and thinks dey's come off conqueror a-ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhar, now. But he is close by 'em, and he smoooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while! De chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roostin'-place. You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No."

"What, never heerd tell o' John Bunyan?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and loss his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl'. Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By de help o' de Lord, and a contin'l watch, I keep de head ob de old sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty ginerall. Why, sometimes, when he rises up and thrusts his fangs out, I has such power gin me to stomp on him that I can hear his bones crack — mostly! I tell you honey, he don't like me, and he's most gin me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

"Heaps o' ways," she replied. "Sometimes I gets up in de mornin', and I sees work enough for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my narves done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear, 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat ar work is got to be done! You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, Sister Sibby,' — Satan often has de imperdence to call me 'sister,' — 'and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat ar pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter!' Dat's how he 'sails me when I'se weak. Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says in de words o' Scriptor, 'Clar out and git ahind my back, Satan! Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high 'nough to hide Him that is my strength!' And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a bundle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes-bask't, and says to 'em, 'You lay dar till to-morrow, will you? I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hime to cher my sperits, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tail and slinks off, most ginerall; and I goes 'bout my work a singin', —

"My Master bruise de sarpint's head,
And bind him wid a chain:
Come, brudders, hololujah shout,
Wid all your might and main!
Hololujah!"

"Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the young stranger.

"No, bless you, honey: sometimes he 'tacks me through my stummick, and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks, most geniral. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn-cake in times gone, I used to git low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought my Christ had forgotten to be gracious to me. Satan makes great weepens out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothin' has power to separate me from Him I loves. I's had sorrows enough to break down a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only fotched me nearer to him! Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on dair way to glory, and swim into de shinin' harbor through a sea o' honey! But, sonny, dere's crosses to bar, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to bar 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help him up de hill wid de load o' poor bruised and wounded and sick sinners he's got on his hands and his heart to get up to glory. But, la, honey, how de time has flew! I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gi'se Satan fresh 'vantage over him. Come up to my palace, some day, and we'll have more talk about de way to glory."

MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

TOM.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.

Just listen to this:—

When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless there, full in my view
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire.
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Troddled alone from the cottage without

Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,

Save little Robin ! " Again and again
 They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
 I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
 " Never mind, baby, sit still like a man !
 We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
 They could not see him, but I could. He sat
 Still on a beam, his little straw hat
 Carefully placed by his side ; and his eyes

Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
 Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
 The roar of the fire up above must have kept
 The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
 From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
 Again and again. O God, what a cry !
 The axes went faster : I saw the sparks fly
 Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
 That scorched them, — when, suddenly, there at their feet,

The great beams leaned in — they saw him — then, crash,
 Down came the wall ! The men made a dash, —
 Jumped to get out of the way, — and I thought,
 " All's up, with poor little Robin ! " and brought
 Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
 The sight of the child there, — when swift, at my side,
 Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,
 Straight as a dart — caught the child — and then came
 Back with him, choking and crying, but — saved !
 Saved safe and sound !

Oh, how the men raved,
 Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed ! Then they all
 Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
 Where I was lying, away from the fire,
 Should fall in and bury me.

Oh ! you'd admire
 To see Robin now : he's as bright as a dime,
 Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
 Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn't it true
 Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew ?
 There's Robin now ! See, he's strong as a log !
 And there comes Tom too —

Yes, Tom was our dog.
 CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

THE SONG OF THE DYING.*

WE meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare:
As they shout to our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink to our comrade's eyes.
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet:
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise.
A cup to the dead already:
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink:
We'll fall 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys.
One cup to the dead already;
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others:
We thought we were wiser then.
Ha, ha! let them think of their mothers
Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless are here and the wise.
A cup to the dead already:
Hurrah for the next that dies!

* The above striking poem is said to have been written by Capt. Dewling, of the East India Company service, during a fearful epidemic or plague, which desolated the garrison and cut off all means of rescue or escape.

There's many a hand that's shaking,
 There's many a cheek that's sunk;
 But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
 They'll burn with the wine we've drunk!
 So stand to your glasses, steady!
 'Tis here the revival lies.
 A cup to the dead already:
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing:
 'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath.
 And thus does the warmth of feeling
 Turn ice in the grasp of death.
 So stand to your glasses, steady!
 For a moment the vapor flies.
 A cup to the dead already:
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
 Who shrinks from the sable shore,
 Where the high and haughty yearning
 Of the soul shall sting no more?
 So stand to your glasses, steady!
 The world is a world of lies.
 A cup to the dead already:
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
 Betrayed by the land we find,
 Where the brightest have gone before us,
 And the dullest remain behind,
 Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
 'Tis all we have left to prize.
 A cup to the dead already,
 And hurrah for the next that dies!

MY NEIGHBOR'S BABY.

Across in my neighbor's window, with its drapings of satin
 and lace,
 I see, 'neath its flowing ringlets, a baby's innocent face.

His feet, in crimson slippers, are tapping the polished glass;
And the crowd in the street look upward, and nod and smile
as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window, catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron, stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome as the baby's over the
way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking, at my toiling every
day.

Sometimes when the day is ended, and I sit in the dusk to
rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling hugged close to my
lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby may not catch heaven's
roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead of my loved one as
they fall.

And when I draw the stockings from his little weary feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples in his limbs so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them from mine so pure and
fair.

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May God forgive my envy — I know not what I said!
My heart is crushed and troubled, — my neighbor's boy is
dead!

I saw the little coffin as they carried it out to-day:
A mother's heart is breaking in the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window, the flowers bloom at my
door,
My boy is chasing the sunbeams that dance on the cottage
floor.
The roses of health are blooming on my darling's cheek to-
day,
But the baby is gone from the window of the mansion over
the way.

“THE PAPER DON’T SAY.”

A FEW evenings since a Mr. Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident which happened at the factory in the town of L., and which the village editor had described in a great many words.

“I declare, wife, that was an awful accident over to the mill,” said Mr. Slocum.

“What’s it about, Mr. Slocum?”

“I’ll read the ’count, wife, and then you’ll know all about it.”

Mr. S. began to read:—

“*Horrible and Fatal Accident.*—It becomes our melancholy and painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being, in the prime of life, was hurried to that bourne from which, as the immortal Shakespeare says, ‘no traveller returns.’”

“Du tell!” exclaimed Mrs. S.

“Mr. David Jones, a workman who has but few superiors this side of the city, was superintending one of the large drums,”—

“I wonder if ’twas a brass drum, such as has *Epluribus Unum*, printed on’t?”

“When he became entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was drawn over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered, he had revolved with immense velocity about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution.”

“Poor creature! how it must have hurt him!”

“When the machinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Jones’s arms and legs were macerated into jelly.”

“Well, didn’t it kill him?” asked Mrs. Slocum, with increasing interest.

“Portions of the *dura mater*, *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum*, in confused masses, were scattered about the floor: in short, the gates of eternity had opened upon him.”

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and his wife seized the opportunity to press the question,—

“Was the man killed?”

"I don't know, haven't come to that place yet: you'll know when I have finished the piece."

And Mr. Slocum continued reading:—

"It was evident, when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by the immortal spirit, that the vital spark was extinct."

"Was the man killed? that's what I want to come at," said Mrs. Slocum.

"Do have a little patience," said Mr. S., eying his better-half over his spectacles. "I presume we shall come upon it right away." And he went on reading:—

"This fatal casualty has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to all persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills."

"Now," said Mrs. Slocum, perceiving that the narrative was ended, "now I should like to know whether the man was killed or not?"

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been perusing, and took a graceful survey of the paper.

"I declare, wife," said he, "it's curious; but really the paper don't say!"

THE POST-BOY.

"Come over the bridge, Kitty Clooney, an' up by the Black Rock way.

I'm going to meet the post-boy, — he's makin' his rounds to-day, —

An' I'll hold ye anything, Kitty, he'll bring me a bit of a note, For my heart is singin' an' dancin' an' pumpin' up in my throat.

"Make haste, dear, an' throw on yer shoulders yer little red-hooded cloak,
For the sky hangin' over the hill-tops is heavy with clouds like smoke.

'Twill be only a shower I'm thinkin', for, back of the mist, the sun

'Tis waitin' to laugh at the mountains for thinkin' the day was done.

"Sure, 'tis well we're two hearty colleems, not hurt by a
sprinklin' o' rain.
If 'twas ladies was in it, Kitty, how quick they'd turn back
again,
An' miss all the soft sweet mornin', the stretch o' the climbin'
road,
An' the blackbird that sings in the hedges, so thick with the
hawthorn sowed.

"The water was coolin' and fresh, then, an' curled 'round
our feet when they stepped
From one big black stone to the next with a gurglin' splash;
an' we've kept
Our mantles tidy and dry, or they'd tell on us over to
home.
So we'll sit here an' rest for a minute: 'tis this way the post
will come.

"Ah, Kitty, what do you think now? Will he bring me a
word this day,
From my Patrick, *ma bouchal deelish*, my lad that went over
the say
To the terrible wars an' the fightin' in the great big sorrow-
ful land,
Where agin' one another in battle own brothers are liftin'
the hand?

"Sure he wrote me the whole dark story, an' how from the
very first
He went to the fight full-hearted to stand by the bitter
worst.
I'll read ye the letter, Kitty, for I keep it still in my
breast:
I'd no more lave it out than the linnet would push her young
from the nest.

"Not 'list! is it, Mary?' he's sayin'—'Ah! 'twasn't yourself
that spoke,
For your sweet lips would scorn the message, tho' the tender
heart of you broke.
You'd rather grow white with the grievin' than blush at the
coward's name
That 'ud follow me like a shadow if I sold my soul into
shame.

“To the shame on the son of Erin who’d turn in her grief
and need,
From the land that has welcome kind, without favor of
clime or creed,
For the millions that come in crowds from the grudgin’ old
mother soil
To the country free-hearted an’ flowin’ with plenty for
honest toil.”

“’Tis true, Kitty dear, ’twas fightin’ for what there’s no room
for here, —
The struggle for right and for freedom, that’s costin’ the big
world dear.
Sure the sweet Holy Mother laned smilin’, and heard ev’ry
prayer that I said,
An’ never let baynet or bullet touch one hair of his darlin’
head.

“Och, Kitty! I hear the post-boy! my heart with terror
faints!
If he *hasn’t* a letter, Kitty! Run up while I pray to the
saints;
An’ I’ll shut my eyes till ye bring me the hope or the heart-
break down, —
The word that’ll call me to meet him, or the silence that
laves me alone.”

“Look up then, Mary Alanna!” called Kitty, as down out of
breath
She ran, where the waiting colleen sat quiet and pale as
death.
“It is not a letter, agra! but” — “Your Patrick’s own self,
in troth,
That the post has brought ye to-day, Mary, — myself an’ the
letter both!

“Aye, cry with the joy, *acushla*, ’twill ease your flutterin’
heart,
While I tell you over and over, we never again need part:
While I press you tight to my breast, darlin’, the breast that
kept strong an’ true;
For the saints in the thick of the fight, dear, were shieldin’
me safe for you!

"Come up the road now: the post-boy is waitin' the news to hear.

'Tis seldom he brings a letter that spakes out its mind so clear,
Or one that the givin' up of will lighten so much the load
Of that broth of a post-boy that travels along the Killarney road."

MRS. C. J. DESPARD.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments — to whom? — to the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority, that, through blood, and tears, and bootings, and scourgings — dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore — fought the glorious battle of religious freedom. Minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always

"Troops of beautiful tall angels"

gathered round him, and God himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own! If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed

at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn,
he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with
him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that
be against him.

J. B. GOUGH.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name, —
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink !
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee !

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat :
White are his shoulders, and white his crest.
Hear him call, in his merry note,
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink !
Look, what a nice new coat is mine :
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee !

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink !
Brood, kind creature : you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee !

Modest and shy as a nun is she :
One weak chirp is her only note.

Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat, —
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Never was I afraid of man.
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee!

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, — a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Nice, good wife, that never goes out, —
Keeping house while I frolic about!
Chee, chee, chee!

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food.
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink spank, spink!
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee!

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care.
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half-forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee!

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crome.
Off he flies; and we sing as he goes,

Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
 Spink, spank, spink !
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee !

BRYANT.

DADDY WORTHLESS.

"DAR's bressing in baptizing drops :
 Dey dribes de Debble out.
 De rain dat falls upon de fields,
 It makes de taters sprout.
 Den sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle,
 While de bells go tinkle, tinkle.
 Swing low, ole chariot,
 We'll drike ole Satan out !"

The long, steep streets of Nashville glowed
 With white dust, parched and dry ;
 The wind, as a sirocco scorched,
 Like copper glared the sky.
 A ghastly form strode through the town,
 And at each fireside stood ;
 It paused at door of rich and poor,
 To trace its sign of blood.
 Nashville held many heroes brave,
 And ladies fair and gay ;
 But each man's lip was blanched with fear,
 And mirth all fled away.
 Grim Cholera reaped her harvest down,
 And faster toiled each day ;
 While none could turn her sickle back
 And none her march could stay.

Young Doctor Starr worked day and night —
 Martyr of science he —
 To trace the sources of the blight
 And what its cause might be.
 One night he started from his desk,

Pushed back his microscope,
And from his laboratory strode
All fresh inspired with hope.
"The seeds of death are in the air,
And we must beat them down.
Oh, for refreshing showers of rain!
E'en now they'd save the town.
I'll lay my plans before the Board
Of Health at break of day."
The morrow came, and Doctor Starr
The Cholera's victim lay.
Only a negro, gray and old,
Bent o'er his master's bed,
And listened carefully to all
He in delirium said.

"Dey calls me Daddy Wufless," thought
The negro to himself.
"Dey'll take back dat ar name befo'
I'se laid upon de shelf.
I'd like to spite ole Satan once —
He tinks to him I'll go;
But I has got some money saved
In an ole stockin'-toe.
I tought dat ar money might .
My freedom-papers buy;
But when a man sees duty clar,
And, sneaking, lets it lie,
It had been better for dat man,
As Judas Scarrot said,
If he'd been frown into de sea,
A meal-sack roun' his head."

And so the old man's money bought
A horse and water-cart,
And every day he drove about
The city streets and mart.
And sick men, tossing on their beds
Of fever and of pain,
Said, as they feebly raised their heads,
"I hear the sound of rain,
As when in nights of childhood passed,
Upon the roof and pane.

The air is fresher than it was,
 And I can breathe again."
 The last in every funeral train
 His water-cart passed by;
 And, as he went, he often sang,
 With thin voice, cracked and high,—

"Dars bressing in baptizing drops:
 Dey dribes de Debble out.
 De rain dat falls upon de fields,
 It makes de taters sprout.
 Den sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle,
 While de bells go tinkle, tinkle.
 Swing low, ole chariot,
 We'll drike ole Satan out!"

The scourge is lifted from the town;
 But he who died for it
 Lies buried, like a faithful hound,
 Beside his master's feet.
 And when I tread that burial-ground,
 The tears unbidden start
 To honor "Daddy Wufless" and
 The old man's sprinkling-cart.

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

ZENOBIA'S DEFENCE.

I am charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved anything great in letters, arts, or arms, who was *not* ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but of the East. *That* I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra? I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less.

But why pause here? Is *so much* ambition praiseworthy, and *more* criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win? Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, I mean that the Mediterranean shall not hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right, — I would that the *world* were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask, nor fear the answer, Whom have I wronged? What province have I oppressed, what city pillaged, what region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or whose estates have I coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I violated? I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not more *over* you than *within* you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love.

Suppose, now, my ambition should add another province to our realm. Would that be an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourselves and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market.

This is no vain boasting: receive it not so, good friends. It is but the truth. He who traduces *himself* sins in the same way as he who traduces *another*. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and I will bear it.

But I have spoken that you may know your queen, not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you, then, that I *am* ambitious, that I *crave* dominion, and while I live *will* reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too,—you can bear me witness that I do,—that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

WILLIAM WARE.

WILLIAM TELL.

“PLACE there the boy,” the tyrant said:

“Fix me the apple on his head.

Ha! rebel,—now!

There is a fair mark for thy shaft:

There, try thy boasted archer-craft!”

And hoarsely the dark Austrian laughed.

With quivering brow

The Switzer gazed; his cheek grew pale;

His bold lips throbbed, as if would fail

Their laboring breath.

“Ha! so you blench?” fierce Gesler cried.

“I’ve conquered, slave, thy soul of pride!”

No word to that stern taunt replied,—

All still as death.

“And what the meed?” at length Tell asked.

“Bold fool! when *slaves* like thee are tasked,

It is MY WILL;

But that thine eye may keener be,

And nerved to such nice archery,

If thou succeed’st, THOU GOEST FREE!

What! pause ye still?

Give him a bow and arrow there,—

One shaft,—*but one*.” Madness, despair,

And tortured love,

One moment swept the Switzer’s face:

Then passed away each stormy trace,

And high resolve reigned like a grace

Caught from above.

"I take thy terms," he murmured low;
Grasped eagerly the proffered bow;
The quiver searched;
Chose out an arrow keen and long,
Fit for a sinewy arm and strong;
Placed it upon the sounding thong, —
The tough yew arched.
Deep stillness fell on all around:
Through that dense crowd was heard no sound
Of step or word.
All watched with fixed and shuddering eye,
To see that fearful arrow fly.
The light wind died into a sigh,
And scarcely stirred.

The gallant boy stood firm and mute:
He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,
Yet never moved.
He knew that pale fear ne'er unmanned
The daring coolness of that hand:
He knew it was the father scanned
The boy he loved!
Slow rose the shaft: it trembled, — hung.
"My only boy!" gasped on his tongue.
He could not aim!
"Ha!" cried the tyrant, "doth he quail?
He shakes! his haughty brow is pale!"
"Shoot!" cried a low voice. "Canst thou fail?
Shoot, in Heaven's name!"

Again the drooping shaft he took,
And cast to Heaven one burning look,
Of all doubts reft.
"Be firm, my boy!" was all he said.
He drew the bow — the arrow fled —
The apple left the stripling's head.
"'TIS CLEFT! 'TIS CLEFT!"
And cleft it was, — and Tell was free.

Quick the brave boy was at his knee,
With flushing cheek;
But ere the sire his child embraced,
The baffled Austrian cried in haste,

"An arrow in thy belt is placed —
 What means it? Speak!"
 "To smite thee, tyrant, to the heart,
 Had Heaven so willed it that my dart
 Touched this, my boy!"

"Treason! Rebellion! Chain the slave!"
 A hundred swords around him wave;
 And hate to Gesler's features gave
 Infuriate joy.
 They chained the Switzer, arm and limb;
 They racked him till his eyes grew dim,
 And reeled his brain.
 Nor groan, nor pain-rung prayer gave he;
 But smiled, beneath his belt to see
 That shaft, whose point he swore should be
 Not sped in vain!

And that one arrow found its goal,
 Red with revenge, in Gesler's soul,
 When Lucerne's lake
 Heard him his felon soul out-moan;
 And Freedom's call abroad was blown,
 And Switzerland, a giant grown,
 Her fetters brake.

From hill to hill the summons flew,
 From lake to lake that tempest grew
 With wakening swell;
 Till balked Oppression crouched in shame,
 And Austrian haughtiness grew tame,
 And Freedom's watch-word was — the name
 Of WILLIAM TELL!

MARY MALONEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

"WHAT are you singing for?" said I to Mary Maloney.
 "Oh, I don't know, ma'am, without it's because my heart
 feels happy."
 "Happy, are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see: you don't
 own a foot of land in the world?"

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried, with a hearty Irish laugh. "Oh, what a hand ye be after joking: why, I haven't a penny, let alone the land."

"Your mother is dead?"

"God rest her soul, yes," replied Mary Maloney, with a touch of genuine pathos: "may the angels make her bed in heaven."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose?"

"Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, drink, and beating his poor wife, that she is, the creature."

"You have to pay your little sister's board?"

"Sure, the bit creature; and she's a good little girl, is Hinny, willing to do whatever I axes her. I don't grudge the money what goes for that."

"You haven't many fashionable dresses either, Mary Maloney?"

"Fashionable, is it? Oh, yes, I put a piece of whalebone in my skirt, and me calico gown looks as big as the great ladies'. But then ye says true, I hasn't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and one bonnet to me head, barring the old hood ye gave me."

"You haven't any lover, Mary Maloney?"

"Oh, be off wid ye — ketch Mary Maloney getting a lover these days, when the hard times is come. No, no, thank Heaven I haven't got that to trouble me yet, nor I don't want it."

"What on earth, then, have you got to make you happy? A drunken brother; a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover: why, where do you get all your happiness from?"

"The Lord be praised, miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing; and then, if deep trouble comes, why, God helpin' me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure, it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGrue should take it into his head to come an' ax me, but, the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it."

PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN.

CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

"DEAD! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,
Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Shunning our battle-king's ringlets of light!
Dead! our young chieftain, and dead all forsaken!
No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call!"

Comrades, he's gone; but ye need not be grieving.
No, may my death be like his when I die!
No regrets wasted on words I am leaving,
Falling with brave men, and face to the sky.
Death's but a journey, the greatest must take it:
Fame is eternal, and better than all.
Gold though the bowl be, 'tis fate that must break it,
Glory can hallow the fragments that fall.

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!
All the night long he had been on their track,
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,
Wild for a charge that should never give back.
There on the hill-top he halted and saw them,—
Lodges all loosened, and ready to fly.
Hurrying scouts, with the tidings to awe them,
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat,—
Warriors running in haste to their horses,
Thousands of enemies close to his feet!
Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,
There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!
Numbers! What recked he? What recked those who followed?
Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?

Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle-line steady and full;
Then down the hill-side exultingly thundered,
Into the hordes of the Old Sitting Bull!

Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,
Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of their crew,
Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion.
Then closed around the great hell of wild Sioux.

Right to their centre he charged, and then, facing —
Hark to those yells? and around them, oh, see!
Over the hill-tops the devils come racing,
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!
Red was the circle of fire about them:
No hope of victory, no ray of light,
Shot through that terrible black cloud without them,
Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

THEN, DID HE BLENCH? Did he die like a craven,
Begging those torturing fiends for his life?
Was there a soldier who carried the Seven
Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?
No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing!
There in the midst of the devils they close,
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,
Fighting like tigers, all bayed amid' foes!

Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing;
Down go the horses and riders and all;
Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing,
Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.
See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,
Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane;
Quivering lances with pennons so airy;
War-painted warriors charging amain.

Backward again and again they were driven,
Shrinking to close with the lost little band.
Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven
Bow'd till its wearer was dead on the strand.
Closer and closer the death-circle growing,
Even the leader's voice, clarion clear,
Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,
"We can but die once, boys, but SELL YOUR LIVES DEAR!"

Dearly they sold them, like Berserkers raging,
Facing the death that encirled them round ;
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuaging,
Marking their tracks by their dead on the ground.
Comrades, our children shall yet tell their story, —
Custer's last charge on the Old Sitting Bull ;
And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory
Needed but that death to render it full.

FREDERICK WHITTAKER

MOTHER'S FOOL.

" 'Tis plain to me," said the farmer's wife,
" These boys will make their marks in life.
They never were made to handle a hoe,
And at once to college they ought to go.
Yes, John and Henry, — 'tis clear to me, —
Great men in this world are sure to be ;
But Tom, he's little above a fool.
So John and Henry must go to school."

" Now, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown,
As he set his mug of cider down,
" Tom does more work in a day, for me,
Than both of his brothers do in three.
Book learnin' will never plant beans or corn,
Nor hoe potatoes — sure as you're born —
Nor mend a rood of broken fence :
For my part, give me common sense."

But his wife the roost was bound to rule,
And so " the boys " were sent to school ;
While Tom, of course, was left behind,
For his mother said he had no mind.

Five years at school the students spent :
Then each one into business went.
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,
And parted his hair (of course) in the middle ;

Though his brother looked rather higher than he,
And hung out his shingle, — "H. Brown, M.D."
Meanwhile, at home, their brother Tom
Had taken a "notion" into his head;
Though he said not a word, but trimmed his trees
And hoed his corn and sowed his peas.
But somehow, either "by hook or crook,"
He managed to read full many a book.

Well, the war broke out, and "Captain Tom"
To battle a hundred soldiers led;
And when the rebel flag went down,
Came marching home as "*General Brown*."
But he went to work on the farm again,
Planted his corn and sowed his grain,
Repaired the house and broken fence;
And people said he had common sense.

Now, common sense was rather rare,
And the State House needed a portion there.
So our "family dunce" moved into town,
And people called him "Governor Brown;"
And his brothers, that went to the city school,
Came home to live with mother's fool.

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

A BOY drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-governed town;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so cunning and so sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.

His face was broad and honest, his hands were brown and
tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse, and
rough;
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered
nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line:
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine.
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now, who will buy my apples?" he shouted, long and loud;
And, "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd.
But from all the people round him came no word of reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that
day
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far
away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain,
or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures—how to get them? crept the question
through her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they might
find;
And she paused a while and pondered, with a pretty little sigh.
Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewdness
fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red.
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly said;
And the brown face flushed to scarlet, for the boy was some-
what shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you want,"
quoth he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them,"
said she.
And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers
white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them un-
derneath my shawl!"

Carry back again *this* package, and be sure that you are spry ! ”
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange, un-
girlish freak ;

And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could
not speak.

And “ Miss, I have good apples,” a bolder lad did cry ;
But she answered, “ No, I thank you,” from the corner of
her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends
would they greet,

Searching for them who hungered for them, swift she glided
through the street.

“ There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try,”
Thought the little black-eyed rebel with a twinkle in her eye—

WILL CARLETON.

“ THE PALACE O’ THE KING.”

It’s a bonnie, bonnie warl’ that we’re livin’ in the noo,
An’ sunny is the lan’ we aften traivel thro’ ;
But in vain we look for something to which our hearts can
cling,
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o’ the King.

We like the gilded simmer, wi’ its merry, merry tread,
An’ we sigh when hoary Winter lays its beauties wi’ the dead ;
For though bonnie are the snawflakes, an’ the down on Win-
ter’s wing,
It’s fine to ken it daurna’ touch the palace o’ the King.

Then, again, I’ve juist been thinkin’ that when a’ thing here’s
sae bricht,
The sun in a’ its grandeur an’ the mune wi’ quiverin’ licht,
The ocean i’ the simmer or the woodland i’ the spring,
What maun it be up yonder i’ the palace o’ the King.

It's here we hae oor trials, an' it's here that he prepares
 A' his chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner
 wears,
 An' it's here that he wad hear us, 'mid oor tribulations sing,
 "We'll trust oor God wha reigneth i' the palace of the King."

Though his palace is up yonder, he has kingdoms here below,
 An' *we* are his ambassadors, wherever we may go:
 We've a message to deliver, an' we've lost anes hame to bring,
 To be leal and loyal-heartit i' the palace o' the King.

Oh! it's honor heaped on honor that his courtiers should be
 ta'en
 Frae the wand'rin' anes he died for, i' this warl' o' sin an' pain,
 An' it's fu'est love an' service that the Christian aye should
 bring
 To the feet o' him wha reigneth i' the palace o' the King.

An' let us trust him better than we've ever done afore,
 For the King will feed his servants frae his ever bounteous
 store.
 Let us keep a closer grip o' him, for time is on the wing,
 An' sune he'll come and tak' us to the palace o' the King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie, upon which the rainbows shine,
 An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a never-fadin' Vine.
 An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a glorious radiance fling
 On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven, an' nae desolatin' sea,
 And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o' the free.
 There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never-fadin' spring,
 Where the Lamb is a' the glory, i' the palace o' the King.

We see oor frien's await us ower yonder at his gate:
 Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin' late.
 Let oor lamps be brightly burnin': let's raise oor voice and
 sing,

"Sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the King!"
 WILLIAM MITCHELL, *Edinburgh.*

GRANDFATHER.

GRANDFATHER is old. His back also is bent. In the street he sees crowds of men, looking dreadfully young and walking dreadfully swift. He wonders where all the old folks are. Once, when a boy, he could not find people young enough for him, and sidled up to any young stranger he met on Sundays, wondering why God made the world so old. Now he goes to Commencement to see his grandsons take their degree, and is astonished at the youth of the audience. "This is new," he says: "it did not use to be so fifty years before."

At meeting, the minister seems surprisingly young, the audience young; and he looks round, and is astonished that there are so few venerable heads. The audience seems not decorous: they come in late, and hurry off early, clapping the doors to after them with irreverent bang. But grandfather is decorous, well-mannered, early in his seat; jostled, he jostles not again; elbowed, he returns it not; crowded, he thinks no evil. He is gentlemanly to the rude, obliging to the insolent and vulgar—for grandfather is a gentleman, not puffed up with mere money, but edified with well-grown manliness. Time has dignified his good manners.

Now it is night. Grandfather sits by his old-fashioned fire. Thé family are all abed. He draws his old-fashioned chair nearer to the hearth. On the stand which his mother gave him are the candlesticks, also of old time. The candles are three-quarters burnt down; the fire on the hearth also is low. He has been thoughtful all day, talking half to himself, chanting a bit of verse, humming a snatch of an old tune. He kissed more tenderly than common his youngest granddaughter, the family pet, before she went to bed. He takes from his bosom a little locket—nobody ever sees it.

Therein are two little twists of hair, common hair—it might be yours or mine. But as grandfather looks at them, the outer twist of hair becomes a whole head of most ambrosial curls. He remembers the stolen interviews, the meetings by moonlight, and how sweet the evening star looked, and how he laid his hand on another's shoulder. "You are my evening star," quoth he. He remembers—

"The fountain head and pathless groves,
Places that pale Passion loves."

He thinks of his bridal hour.

The last stick on his andirons snaps asunder, and falls outward. Two faintly smoking brands stand there. Grandfather lays them together, and they flame up: the two smokes are one united flame. "Even so let it be in heaven," says grandfather.

THEODORE PARKER.

"BUSINESS" IN MISSISSIPPI.

WHY, howd'y, Mash'r Johnny! Is you gone to keepin' store? Well, sah, I is surprised! I nebber heard ob dat afore. Say, ain't you gwine to gib me piece o' good tobacco, please? I's long wid you in Georgia, time we all was refugees.

I know'd you would: I alluz tells the people, white an' black, Dat you's a raal gentl'man, and dat's de libin' fac' — Yes, sah, dat's what I tells 'em, an' it's nuffin else but true, An' all the cullud people t'inks a mighty heap ob you.

Look heah, sah, don't you want to buy some cotton? Yes, you do.

Dare's oder parties wants it, but I'd rader sell to you. How much? Oh! jes' a bale — dat on de wagon in de street: Dis heah's de sample — dis is cotton mighty hard to beat!

You'll fin' it on de paper what de offers is dat's made. Dey's all de same seditions, half in cash an' half in trade. Dey's mighty low sah: come, now, can't you 'prove upon de rates

Dat Baret Brudders offers, only twelb and seben-eights?

Lord, Mash'r Johnny! raise it: don't you know dat I's a frien',

An' when I has de money I is willing for to spen? My custom's wuf a heap, sah: jes you buy the bale an see! Dare didn't nebber nobody lose nuffin' off o' me.

Now, what's de good ob gwine dare an' a-zaminin' de bale?
 When people trades wid *me*, dey alluz gits a hones' sale.
 I ain't no hand for cheating! I beliebes in actin' fa'r,
 An' eberybody'll tell you dat day alluz foun' me squar'.

I isn't like some niggers. I declar', it is a shame
 De way some ob dem swin'les — What? de cotton ain't de
 same

As dis dat's in de sample? Well, I'm blest, sir, if it is!
 Dis heah must be my brudder's sample — yes, sah, dis is his.

If dat don't beat creation! Here I've done been totin' roun'
 A sample different from de cotton! I—will—be—consound.
 Mash'r Johnny, you must 'scuse me. Take de cotton as it
 stan's,

And tell me if you're willin' for to take it off my han's.

Sho! neber min' de auger! tain't a bit o' use to bore.
 De bale is all de same as dis heah place de baggin's tore.
 You oughtn't to go pulling out de cotton dat a way:
 It spiles de beauty of de — What, sah! rocks in da, you say?

Rocks in dat 'ar cotton? How de debbil *kin* dat be?
 I packed dat bale myself — hol' on a minnit, let me see —
 My stars! I mus' be crazy. Mash'r Johnny, dis is fine!
 It's gone an' hauled my brudder's cotton in instead ob mine!

CHRONICLE, *Augusta, Ga.*

THE INDIAN'S CLAIM.

THINK of the country for which the Indians fought!
 Who can blame them? As Philip looked down from his
 seat on Mount Hope, that glorious eminence, that

“throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
 Showers on her kings barbaric pomp and gold,” —

as he looked down and beheld the lovely scene which spread
 beneath at a summer sunset, — the distant hill-tops blazing
 with gold, the slanting beams streaming along the waters,

the broad plains, the island groups, the majestic forest, — could he be blamed, if his heart burned within him, as he beheld it all passing, by no tardy process, from beneath his control into the hands of the stranger? As the river chieftains — the lords of the waterfalls and the mountains — ranged this lovely valley, can it be wondered at, if they beheld with bitterness the forest disappearing beneath the settler's axe — the fishing-place disturbed by his saw-mills? Can we not fancy the feelings with which some strong-minded savage, in company with a friendly settler, contemplating the progress already made by the white man, and marking the gigantic strides with which he was advancing into the wilderness, would fold his arms, and say, "White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers, but with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer: over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food: on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine. I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased for a few bawbles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs: they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land, to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong and mighty and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, 'It is mine.' Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup: the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west, — the fierce Mohawk — the man-eater — is my foe. Shall I fly to the east, — the great water is before me. No, stranger: here I have lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction: for that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps: the red man

is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee: when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn,—till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee!"

EVERETT.

THE BATTLE FLAG OF SIGURD.*

I HAVE no folded flock to show,
Though from my youth I have loved the sheep
And the lambs, as they fed in the valleys low
Or climbed the upper pastures steep.
There were none given to me to keep.
I stood on the hill when the morn broke red.
Through the darkling glen the foe drew nigh:
They came on swift, with a stealthy tread.
I gave the earliest warning cry.
Then fell the falchion: the arrow flew.
I did not fight, nor yield, nor fly:
I held up the flag the whole day through.
Wrap it around me when I die.

I have no garnered sheaf to show;
Though oft with my shining sickle bared
I have led the reapers, row by row,
And joined the shout as we homeward fared.
I was not by when the land was shared.
I stood at morn when the maidens dread
Came forth ere the battle to choose the slain;
And at evening the raven's beak was red,
And the ravening wolves were met on the plain.

* "It carried victory with it, but death to the bearer."

Then hewed the hanger: the sword smote sore.
I held up the flag till the day went by.

It was glued to my straining clasp with gore.
Wrap it around me when I die.

I have no gorgeous spoil to show,
No torque of the beaten gold, no red
Rich brodered garment wrung from the foe,
Or flung down by chief as the vanquished fled.

I have only watched and toiled and bled.

I stand at eve on the vessel's prow.

My side is wounded; and I have striven

So long, that my arm is weary now.

And the flag that I hold is stained and riven.

The night winds murmur; the dank dews fall.

Mid a sullen sea and an angry sky,

I held up the flag in the sight of all.

Wrap it around me when I die.

THE WAY ASTORS ARE MADE.

THIS is the way Astors are made:—

A Munson-street man, being told that there were several pieces of tin which needed mending, conceived the idea of getting an iron and solder, and doing the mending himself. His wife, filled with vague foreboding perhaps, said that the expense was such a trifle that it would hardly pay to do it one's self: to which he responded,—

"I'll admit that, in this one instance, it would not pay; but there is something being in want of repair every little while, and, if I have the tools here for fixing it, we are saved just so much expense right along. It may not be much in the course of a year; but every little helps, and in time the total amounts to a nice little lump. We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country, by gracious!"

He got the iron, one dollar and fifty cents' worth of solder, and ten cents' worth of rosin. He came home with these things, and went into the kitchen, looking so proud and happy that his wife would have been glad he got them, were it not for an overpowering dread of an impending *musa*.

He called for the articles needing repair. His wife brought out a pan.

"Where's the rest? Bring 'em all out, an' let me make one job of 'em while I'm about it."

He got them all, and seemed to be disappointed that there were not more of them. He pushed the iron into the fire, got a milkpan inverted on his knee, and with the solder in his hand, waited for the right heat.

"That iron only cost a dollar, and it'll never wear out; and there is enough solder in this piece to do twenty-five dollars' worth of mending," he explained to his wife.

Pretty soon the iron was at the right heat, he judged. He rubbed the rosin about the hole which was to be repaired, and held the stick of solder over it, and carefully applied the iron. It was an intensely interesting moment. His wife watched him with feverish interest. He said, speaking laboriously, as he applied the iron, —

"The-only-thing-I-regret-about-it-is-that-I-did-not-think-of getting-this-before-we" —

Then ascended through that ceiling, and up into the very vault of heaven, the awfulest yell that woman ever heard; and the same instant the soldering-iron flew over the stove, the pan went clattering across the floor, and the bar of solder struck the wall with such force as to smash right through both the plaster and lath. And before her horrified gaze danced her husband, in ecstasy of agony, sobbing, screaming, and holding on to his left leg as desperately as if it was made of solid gold and studded with diamonds.

"Get the camphor, why don't you?" he yelled. "Send for a doctor. Oh, oh, I'm a dead man!" he shouted.

Just then his gaze rested on the soldering-iron. In an instant he caught it up, and hurled it through the window, without the preliminary of raising the sash.

It was some time before the thoroughly frightened and confused woman learned that some of the molten solder had run through the hole in the pan, and on to his leg; although she knew from the first that something of an unusual nature had occurred. She didn't send for the doctor. She made and applied the poultices herself, to save expense. She said, —

"We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country, by gracious!"

J. M. BAILEY, *Danbury News Man.*

MR. WATKINS CELEBRATES.

MR. WATKINS is a gentle old man, living on Ninth Avenue. He believes in the Fourth of July, in long-winded orations, and especially in having fire-works in the evening. He has no children; but the neighbors have them by the square acre, and it was generally understood in that neighborhood that Mr. Watkins was going to give the children a treat Saturday night. He laid in a "pile" of rockets, Roman candles, fire-wheels, and so on, and rigged up a post, and had everything ready against the coming of night. When darkness fell and the glorious day of liberty was skulking away into obscurity, Mr. Watkins's yard was filled with expectant neighbors and their children. They sat on the stoop, on the fence, and were three deep on the grass.

The hour came, and Mr. Watkins prepared to unloose the fire-fiend. If he had ever seen any fire-works touched off, he had forgotten how they did it; but his ignorance didn't weigh on his shoulders like a grindstone. He took out a sky-rocket: a boy showed him how to set it up and where to ignite it, and away she went, striking plump against the house opposite. The owner of the house, who had been on a steamboat excursion and had his watch stolen, leaned over his gate, and said that he could, and had a good mind to, knock Mr. Watkins into eighteen fragments; but the boys hissed him into the house.

The next rocket was more of a success. It went straight up; and the stick came down on a baby's head, and produced a grand jubilee chorus. They took the baby home, and the next rocket was balanced with care. It started to rise, fell to one side, and went into a house where a red-headed young man sat squeezing the hand of a cross-eyed girl. It bobbed around a while, and then leaped out of the window; and the red-headed young man nearly twisted off a letter-box in trying to sound a fire-alarm.

Then Mr. Watkins selected a mild-eyed boy to go on with the remnant of the display. The rest of the rockets went knocking around the neighborhood roofs and chimneys, and the fiery serpents chased everybody over the fence. Mr. Watkins ran out to say that they must be careful, when a Roman candle commenced shooting at him. His hat was

knocked off, his hair singed; and as he cried, "Good land!" and jumped through the gate, a fire-ball hit him in the back, and took a foot of cloth out of his Sunday coat. More boys offered their services; and despite the protestations of the good-old man, they decided on having a grand "Whoop de grease," as a wind-up. Two of them touched off the rockets, while the rest danced around the road with the Roman candles; and Mr. Watkins cried, "Good land!" again, and said he'd give ten dollars to see a policeman. He stuck his head out of a bay-window, and a rocket grazed his nose. Women ran, men shouted, and children whooped; and six bunches of fire-crackers on the stoop went off like the roar of musketry at Gettysburg. The last rocket hit the corner of the house, and glanced, and struck a fat man in the back who leaned against it, and said that he was mortally wounded, but that before he expired he was going to drink enough human gore to make a second Lake Erie.

DETROIT PRESS.

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

THEY planted them together — our gallant sires of old —
Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and one with
solar gold.

They planted them together, — on the world's majestic height;
At Saratoga's deathless charge; at Eutaw's stubborn fight;
At midnight on the dark redoubt, 'mid plunging shot and
shell;

At noontide, gasping in the crush of battle's bloody swell.
With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the mighty fray
Which surged and swelled around them on that memorable
day

When they planted Independence as a symbol and a sign,
They struck deep soil, and planted the Palmetto and the Pine.

They planted them together, — by the river of the years, —
Watered with our fathers' hearts' blood, watered with our
mothers' tears;

In the strong, rich soil of Freedom, with a bounteous benison
From their prophet, priest, and pioneer — our father, Wash-
ington!

Above them floated echoes of the ruin and the wreck,
Like "drums that beat at Louisburg and thundered at Que-
bec;"

But the old lights sank in darkness as the new stars rose to
shine

O'er those emblems of the sections, the Palmetto and the
Pine.

And we'll plant them still together, — for 'tis yet the self-
same soil

Our fathers' valor won for us by victory and toil
On Florida's fair everglades, by bold Ontario's flood, —
And thro' them send electric life, as leaps the kindred blood!
For thus it is they taught us who for Freedom lived and
died, —

The Eternal's law of justice must and shall be justified,
That God has joined together, by a fiat all divine,
The destinies of dwellers 'neath the Palm-tree and the Pine.

God plant them still together! Let them flourish side by side
In the halls of our Centennial, mailed in more than marble
pride!

With kindly deeds and noble names we'll grave them o'er
and o'er

With brave historic legends of the glorious days of yore;
While the clear, exultant chorus, rising from united bands,
The echo of our triumph peals to earth's remotest lands;
While "Faith, Fraternity, and Love" shall joyfully entwine
Around our chosen emblems, the Palmetto and the Pine.

"Together!" shouts Niagara, his thunder-toned decree;
"Together!" echo back the waves upon the Mexic Sea;
"Together!" sing the sylvan hills where old Atlantic roars;
"Together!" boom the breakers on the wild Pacific shores;
"Together!" cry the people. And "*together*," it shall be,
An everlasting charter-bond forever for the free!
Of liberty the signet-seal, the one eternal sign,
Be those *united emblems* — the Palmetto and the Pine.

MRS. VIRGINIA L. FRENCH

PIP'S FIGHT.

"Come and fight," said the pale young gentleman.

What could I do but follow him? I have often asked myself the question since; but, what else could I do? His manner was so final, and I was so astonished, that I followed where he led, as if I had been under a spell.

"Stop a minute, though," he said, wheeling round before we had gone many paces. "I ought to give you a reason for fighting, too. There it is!" In a most irritating manner he instantly slapped his hands against one another, daintily flung one of his legs up behind him, pulled my hair, slapped his hands again, dipped his head, and butted it into my stomach.

The bull-like proceeding last mentioned, besides that it was unquestionably to be regarded in the light of a liberty, was particularly disagreeable just after bread and meat. I therefore hit out at him, and was going to hit out again, when he said, "Aha! Would you?" and began dancing backwards and forwards in a manner quite unparalleled within my limited experience.

"Laws of the game!" said he. Here, he skipped from his left leg on to his right. "Regular rules!" Here, he skipped from his right leg on to his left. "Come to the ground, and go through the preliminaries!" Here, he dodged backwards and forwards, and did all sorts of things, while I looked helplessly at him.

I was secretly afraid of him when I saw him so dexterous; but I felt morally and physically convinced that his light head of hair could have had no business in the pit of my stomach, and that I had a right to consider it irrelevant when so obtruded on my attention. Therefore I followed him, without a word, to a retired nook of the garden, formed by the junction of two walls, and screened by some rubbish. On his asking me if I was satisfied with the ground, and on my replying "Yes," he begged my leave to absent himself for a moment, and quickly returned with a bottle of water and a sponge dipped in vinegar. "Available for both," he said, placing these against the wall. And then fell to pulling off, not only his jacket and waistcoat, but his shirt too, in a manner at once light-hearted, business-like, and bloodthirsty.

Although he did not look very healthy — having pimples on his face, and a breaking out at his mouth — these dreadful preparations quite appalled me. I judged him to be about my own age; but he was much taller, and he had a way of spinning himself about that was full of appearance. For the rest, he was a young gentlemen in a gray suit (when not denuded for battle), with his elbows, knees, wrists, and heels considerably in advance of the rest of him as to development.

My heart failed me when I saw him squaring at me with every demonstration of mechanical nicety, and eying my anatomy as if he were minutely choosing his bone. I never have been so surprised in my life, as I was when I let out the first blow, and saw him lying on his back, looking up at me with a bloody nose and his face exceedingly fore-shortened.

But he was on his feet directly, and after sponging himself with a great show of dexterity began squaring again. The second greatest surprise I have ever had in my life was seeing him on his back again, looking up at me out of a black eye.

His spirit inspired me with great respect. He seemed to have no strength, and he never once hit me hard, and he was always knocked down; but he would be up again in a moment, sponging himself or drinking out of the water-bottle, with the greatest satisfaction in seconding himself according to form, and then came at me with an air and a show that made me believe he really was going to do for me at last. He got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to record that the more I hit him, the harder I hit him; but he came up again and again and again, until at last he got a bad fall with the back of his head against the wall. Even after that crisis in our affairs, he got up and turned round and round confusedly a few times, not knowing where I was; but finally went on his knees to his sponge, and threw it up, at the same time panting out, "That means you have won."

He seemed so brave and innocent, that although I had not proposed the contest, I felt but a gloomy satisfaction in my victory. Indeed I go so far as to hope that I regarded myself while dressing, as a species of savage young wolf, or other wild beast. However, I got dressed, darkly wiping my sanguinary face at intervals, and I said, "Can I help you?" and he said, "No, thankee," and I said, "Good-afternoon," and he said, "Same to you."

DICKENS.

CUDDLE DOON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
 Wi' muckle faucht an' din.
 "Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues:
 Your faither's comin' in."
 They never heed a word I speak.
 I try to gie a froon;
 But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid —
 He aye sleeps next the wa' —
 Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece" —
 The rascal starts them a'.
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks —
 They stop awee the soun' —
 Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
 "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
 Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
 "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance:
 He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
 The mischief's in that Tam for tricks:
 He'd bother half the toon.
 But aye I hap them up, and cry,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their faither's fit;
 An', as he steeks the door,
 They turn their faces to the wa',
 While Tam pretends to snore.
 "Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
 As he pits aff his shoon.
 "The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
 An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
 We look at oor wee lambs.
 Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
 An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.

I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
 An' as I straik each croon,
 I whisper, till my heart fills up,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
 But sune the big warl's cark an' care
 Will quaten doon their glee.
 Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
 May He who sits aboon
 Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE HOT ROASTED CHESTNUT.

A PARODY.

How dear to my heart is the hot-chestnut vender,
 Who comes with cold weather and goes with the snow!
 What finds he to do in the summer, I wonder?
 To the North or the South, which way does he go?
 He stands on the corner when chill winds are blowing,
 His fingers alternately burning and cold,
 And stirs up the chestnuts to keep them from burning —
 I wish he would pick out the bad and the old!
 The sweet toothsome chestnut, the brown-covered chestnut,
 The hot roasted chestnut I remember of old!

The scent of the roasting — what rose can surpass it?
 So fragrant and tempting, the nuts sweet and brown!
 About eleven in the morning I never could pass it,
 With change in my pocket, without coming down.
 How eager I seized on the little tin measure,
 And quick in my pockets the contents did pour.
 No language could tell all the sweets of the treasure.
 Just try it yourself, and you'll quickly want more.
 The tempting ripe chestnut, the soft mealy chestnut,
 The hot roasted chestnut we cherished of yore!

The home-made Italians from whom we receive it,
Some male and some female, my blessings to all!
They may be a nuisance, but I'll not believe it:
They'd rather roast chestnuts than not work at all.
Although I'm no longer a dear little urchin,
I cherish the memory of pleasure so sweet;
And while in the season I still will keep munchin'
The hot roasted chestnut with the sweetest of meat.
The sweet toothsome chestnut, the brown-covered chestnut,
The hot roasted chestnut that's bought on the street!
J. ED. MILLIKEN.

ST. JOHN, THE AGED.

I'm growing very old. This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
These limbs that followed Him — my master — oft
From Galilee to Judea; yea, that stood
Beneath the cross and trembled with his groans,
Refuse to bear me even through the streets
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.
My ears are dull: they scarcely hear the sobs
Of my dear children gathered round my couch,
My eyes so dim they cannot see their tears.
God lays his hand upon me, — yea, his *hand*,
And not his *rod*, — the gentle hand that I
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.

I'm old, so old! I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends, and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life;
But that dear face, and every word *He* spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with Him and holy dead
More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
 I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
 It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
 Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
 Crept up the distant hills; and in its wake
 Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
 And then *He* came and called me. Then I gazed,
 For the first time, on that sweet face. Those eyes,
 From out of which, as from a window, shone
 Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
 And lighted it forever. Then His words
 Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
 The whole world musical. Incarnate Love
 Took hold of me, and claimed me for its own.
 I followed in the twilight, holding fast
 His mantle.

Oh! what holy walks we had,
 Through harvest fields and desolate dreary wastes;
 And oftentimes He leaned upon my arm,
 Wearied and wayworn: I was young and strong,
 And so upbore Him. Lord! now I am weak,
 And old, and feeble. Let me rest on thee!
 So put thine arm around me. Closer, still!
 How strong thou art! The twilight draws apace.
 Come, let us leave these noisy streets, and take
 The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile
 Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
 Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
 Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter — see —
 Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?
 That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
 Back to his kingdom? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so.
 I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
 To stand once more upon my native hills
 And touch my Master. Oh! how oft I've seen
 The touching of his garments bring back strength
 To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
 Up! bear me once more to my church — once more,
 There let me tell them of a Saviour's love;
 For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice

Just now, I think he must be very near —
Coming, I trust, to break the veil, which time
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
And watch his footsteps.

So raise up my head.
How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!
My little children. God so loved the world
He gave his Son: so love ye one another.
Love God and man. Amen. Now bear me back.
My legacy unto an angry world is this.
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
What call the folk my name? The holy John?
Nay, write me rather, Jesus Christ's beloved,
And lover of my children.

Lay me down
Once more upon my couch, and open wide
The eastern window. See! there comes a Light
Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,
When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
As when we mounted towards the pearly gates.
I know the way! I trod it once before.
And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
Can join it now. But who are these who crowd
The shining way? Say! — Joy! 'tis the eleven!
With Peter first. How eagerly he looks!
How bright the smiles are beaming on James's face!
I am the last. Once more we are complete
To gather round the Paschal feast. My place
Is next my Master. O my Lord! my Lord!
How bright thou art, and yet the very same
I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years
To feel this bliss! So lift me up, dear Lord,
Unto thy bosom. There shall I abide.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

ATRI in Abruzzo, a small town
 Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
 One of those little places that have run
 Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
 And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
 "I climb no farther upward, come what may," —
 The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
 So many monarchs since have borne the name,
 Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
 Beneath a roof projecting some small space,
 By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
 Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
 And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
 Made proclamation, that, whenever wrong
 Was done to any man, he should but ring
 The great bell in the square, and he, the king,
 Would cause the syndic to decide thereon.
 Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
 What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
 Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
 The hempen rope at length was worn away,
 Unravell'd at the end, and, strand by strand,
 Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
 Till one, who noted this in passing by,
 Mended the rope with braids of briony,
 So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
 Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
 A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
 Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
 Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
 Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
 And prodigalities of camps and courts, —
 Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
 His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And, day by day, sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said, "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways:
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer-time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!
The syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song,
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade,
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The knight was called and questioned : in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny,
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the king ; then said,
" Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way :
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds !
These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute,
Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore, the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The knight withdrew abashed : the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The king heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud, " Right well it pleaseth me !
Church bells at best but ring us to the door,
But go not in to mass. My bell doth more :
It cometh into court, and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws.
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

LONGFELLOW.

MR. O'HOOOLAHAN'S MISTAKE.

AN amusing scene occurred in Justice Young's court-room an evening or two since. Two sons of the "ould sod," full of "chain-lightning" and law, rushed in, and, advancing to the justice's little law-pulpit at the rear of the court-room, both began talking at once.

"One at a time, if you please," said the judge.

"Judge — yer — honor — will I sphake thin?" said one of the men.

"Silence!" roared his companion. "I am here! Let me talk! Phwat do you know about law?"

"Keep still yourself, sir," said the judge. "Let him say what he wants."

"Well, I want me naime aff the paiper. That's phwat I want," said the man.

"Off what paper?" said the judge.

"Well, aff the paiper: ye ought to know what paiper. Sure, ye married me, they say."

"To whom?" asked the judge.

"Some female, sir; and I don't want her, sir. It don't go! and I want me naime aff the paiper."

"Silence!" roared the friend, bringing his huge fist down upon the little pulpit, just under the judge's nose, with a tremendous thwack. "Silence! I am here. Phwat do you know about law? Sure, yer honor, it was Tim McCloskey's wife that he married — his widdy, I mane. You married thim, yer honor."

"And I was dhrunk at the time, sir. Yis, sir; an' I was not a free aigent; an' I don't know a thing about it, sir — devil rowast me. I want me naime aff the paiper — I repudiate, sir."

"Silence! Let me spake. Phwat do you know about law?" bringing his fist down upon the judge's desk.

"But I was dhrunk: I was not at the time a free aigent."

"Silence! I am here to spake. It does not depind on that at all. It depinds — and there is the whole pint, both in law and equity — it depinds whether was the woman a sole trader or not, at the time this marriage was solemnated. That is the pint, both in law and equity!"

"But I was dhrunk at the time. Devil rowast me if I

knowed I was gittin' married. I was not a free aigent. I want the judge to taik me naime aff the paiper. It don't go."

The judge tried to explain to the man that, drunk or sober, he was married to the woman fast enough, and, if he wanted a divorce, he must go to another court.

"Divil burn me!" cried the man, "if I go to another court. Ye married me, and ye can unmarry me. Taik me naime aff the paiper!"

"Silence!" cried the friend, bringing his fist down in close proximity to the judge's nose. "Phwat do you know about law? I admit, judge, that he must go to a higher court; that is (down comes the fist) if the woman can prove (whack) that she was at the time the marriage was solemnated (whack) a regularly ordained sole thrader (whack). On this pint it depinds, both in law and equity."

"I have had enough of this!" cried the judge: "I cannot divorce you. You are married, and married you must remain, for all I can do."

"Ye won't taik me naime aff the paiper, thin!"

"It would not mend the matter," said the judge.

"Ye won't taik it aff?"

"No: I won't!" fairly yelled the judge.

"Silence!" cried the partner, bringing down his fist, and raising a cloud of dust under the judge's nose. "It depinds whether, at the time, the woman was a regular sole"—

"Get out of here," cried the judge. "I've had about enough of this!" at the same time rising.

"Ye won't taik it aff? Very well, thin, I'll go hoam and devoroe myself. Divil rowst me, I'll fire the thatch! I will"—

Here he glanced toward the front door: his under jaw drooped, he ceased speaking, and in a half-stooping posture he went out of the back door of the office like a shot.

The valiant friend and legal adviser also glanced toward the door, when he, too, doubled up and scooted in the footsteps of his illustrious principal.

A look at the door showed it darkened by a woman about six feet in height, and so broad as to fill it almost from side to side.

The judge took a look at this mountain of flesh, doubled up, and was about to take the back track, but thought better of it, and took refuge behind his little law-pulpit.

The mountain advanced, gave utterance in a sort of inter-

nal rumble, and then, amid fire, smoke, and burning lava, belched out, —

"Did I, or did I not, see Michael O'Hoolahan sneak out of your back door?"

"I believe O'Hoolahan is the name of one of the gentlemen who just went out," said the judge.

Advancing upon the pulpit — behind which the judge settled lower and lower — the mountain belched, —

"You be-e-lave! You know it was Michael O'Hoolahan! Now, what is all this connivin' in here about? Am I a widdy again? Did ye taik his naime aff the paiper? Did you taik it aff?"

"N-no," said the judge.

"Ye didn't? Don't ye decave me!"

"No: I give you my word of honor I didn't, couldn't — I had no right."

"It's well for ye ye didn't. I'll tache him to be rinnin' about connivin' to lave me a lone widdy agin', whin I'm makin' a jintleman of him!"

With this she sailed back to the door, where she turned, and, shaking her fist, thus adressed the tip of the judge's nose, which alone was visible above the little pulpit, —

"Now, do you find that you lave his name on the paiper! I want no meddlin' wid a man wanst I git him. No more connivin'!"

THE LITTLE HERO.*

Now, lads, a short yarn I'll just spin you,
As happened on our very last run, —
'Bout a boy as a man's soul had in him,
Or else I'm a son of a gun.

From Liverpool port out three days, lads;
The good ship floating over the deep;
The skies bright with sunshine above us;
The waters beneath us, asleep.

* As recited by the eminent tragedian John McCulloch.

Not a bad-tempered lubber among us.
A jollier crew never sailed,
'Cept the first mate, a bit of a savage,
But good seaman as ever was hailed.

Regulation, good order, his motto ;
Strong as iron, steady as quick ;
With a couple of bushy black eyebrows,
And eyes fierce as those of Old Nick.

One day he comes up from below,
A-graspin' a lad by the arm, —
A poor little ragged young urchin
As had ought to bin home to his marm.

An' the mate asks the boy, pretty roughly,
How he dared for to be stowed away,
A-cheatin' the owners and captain,
Sailin', eatin', and all without pay.

The lad had a face bright and sunny,
An' a pair of blue eyes like a girl's,
An' looks up at the scowlin' first mate, lads,
An' shakes back his long shining curls.

An' says he, in a voice dear and pretty,
"My step-father brought me aboard,
And hid me away down the stairs there ;
For to keep me he couldn't afford.

"And he told me the big ship would take me
To Halifax town, — oh, so far !
And he said, 'Now the Lord is your father,
Who lives where the good angels are.'"

"It's a lie," says the mate : "not your father,
But some of these big skulkers aboard,
Some milk-hearted, soft-headed sailor.
Speak up, tell the truth, d'ye hear ?"

"'Twarn't us," growled the tars as stood round 'em.
"What's your age ?" says one of the brine.
"And your name ?" says another old salt fish.
Says the small chap, "I'm Frank, just turned nine."

"Oh, my eyes!" says another bronzed seaman
To the mate, who seemed staggered hisself,
"Let him go free to old Novy Scoshy,
And I'll work out his passage myself."

"Belay!" says the mate: "shut your mouth, man!
I'll sail this ere craft, bet your life,
An' I'll fit the lie on to you somehow,
As square as a fork fits a knife."

Then a-knitting his black brows with anger,
He tumbled the poor slip below;
An', says he, "P'r'aps to-morrow'll change you.
If it don't, back to England you go."

I took him some dinner, be sure, mates, —
Just think, only nine years of age!
An' next day, just as six bells tolled,
The mate brings him up from his cage.

An' he plants him before us amidships,
His eyes like two coals all a-light;
An' he says, through his teeth, mad with passion,
An' his hand lifted ready to smite,

"Tell the truth, lad, and then—I'll forgive you;
But the truth I will have. Speak it out.
It wasn't your father as brought you,
But some of these men here about.

Then that pair o' blue eyes, bright and winning,
Clear and shining with innocent youth,
Looks up at the mate's bushy eyebrows;
An', says he, "Sir, I've told you the truth."

'Twarn't no use: the mate didn't believe him,
Though every man else did, aboard.
With rough hand by the collar he seized him,
And cried, "You shall hang, by the Lord!"

An' he snatched his watch out of his pocket,
Just as if he'd been drawin' a knife.
"If in ten minutes more you don't speak, lad,
'There's the rope, and good-by to your life."

There! you never see such a sight, mates,
As that boy with his bright pretty face, —
Proud though, and steady with courage,
Never thinking of asking for grace.

Eight minutes went by all in silence.
Says the mate then, "Speak, lad: say your say."
His eyes slowly filling with tear-drops,
He faltering says, "May I pray?"

I'm a rough and hard old tarpa'lin
As any "blue-jacket" afloat;
But the salt water springs to my eyes, lads,
And I felt my heart rise in my throat.

The mate kind o' trembled an' shivered,
And nodded his head in reply;
And his cheek went all white of a sudden,
And the hot light was quenched in his eye,

Tho' he stood like a figure of marble,
With his watch tightly grasped in his hand,
An' the passengers all stil' around him:
Ne'er the like was on sea or on land.

An' the little chap kneels on the deck there,
An' his hands he clasps over his breast,
As he must ha' done often at home, lads,
At night-time, when going to rest.

And soft come the first words, "Our Father,"
Low and soft from the dear baby-lip;
But, low as they were, heard like trumpet
By each true man aboard of that ship.

Ev'ry bit of that prayer, mates, he goes through,
To, "Forever and ever. Amen."
And for all the bright gold of the Indies,
I wouldn't ha' heard it again.

And, says he, when he finished, uprising
An' lifting his blue eyes above,
"Dear Lord Jesus, oh, take me to heaven,
Back again to my own mother's love!"

For a minute or two, like a magic,
We stood every man like the dead.
Then back to the mate's face comes running
The life-blood again, warm and red.

Off his feet was that lad sudden lifted,
And clasped to the mate's rugged breast;
And his husky voice muttered "God bless you!"
As his lips to his forehead he pressed.

If the ship hadn't been a good sailer,
And gone by herself right along,
All had gone to Old Davy; for all, lads,
Was gathered 'round in that throng.

Like a man, says the mate, "God forgive me,
That ever I used you so hard.
It's myself as had ought to be strung up,
Taut and sure, to that ugly old yard."

"You believe me then?" said the youngster.
"Believe you!" He kissed him once more.
"You'd have laid down your life for the truth, lad.
Believe you! From now, evermore!"

An' p'r'aps, mates, he wasn't thought much on
All that day and the rest of the trip;
P'r'aps he paid after all for his passage;
P'r'aps he wasn't the pet of the ship.

An' if that little chap ain't a model,
For all, young or old, short or tall,
And if that ain't the stuff to make men of,
Old Ben, he knows naught after all.

THE VILLAGE SEWING-SOCIETY.

"Mis' JONES is late agen to-day:
I'd be ashamed now ef 'twas me.
Don't tell it, but I've heerd folks say
She only comes to git her tea."

"Law me! she needn't want it *here*.
The deacon's folks ain't much on eatin':
They haven't made a pie this year!
Of course, 'twon't do to be repeatin';

"But old Mis' Jenkins says it's true
(You know she lives just 'cross the way,
And sees most everything they do).
She says she saw 'em t'other day"—

"Hush, here comes Hannah! How d'ye do?
Why, what a pretty dress you've got!"
("Her old merino made up new:
I know it by that faded spot.")

"Jest look! there's Dr. Stebbins' wife"—
"A bran-new dress and bunnit!—well—
They say she leads him *such* a life!
But, there! I promised not to tell.

"What's that Mis' Brown? '*All friends*,' of course;
And you can see with your own eyes,
That *that* gray mare's the better horse,
Though gossipin' I do despise."

"Poor Mary Allen's lost her beau"—
"It serves her right, conceited thing!
She's flirted awfully, I know.
Say, have you heard she kept his ring?"

"Listen! the clock is striking six.
Thank goodness! then it's time for tea."
"Now ain't that too much! Abby Mix
Has folded up her work! Just see!"

"Why *can't* she wait until she's told?
Yes, thank you, deacon, here we come."
("I hope the biscuits won't be cold,
No coffee? Wish I was to hum!")

"Do tell, Mis' Ellis! *Did* you make
This cheese? the best I ever saw.
Such jumbles too (no jelly cake):
I'm quite ashamed to take one more."

"Good-by: we've had a first-rate time,
And first-rate tea, I must declare.
Mis' Ellis' things are always prime.
(Well, next week's meetin' won't be *there!*")

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

A LITTLE child rests on a bed of pain,
With an aching head and a throbbing brain.
A feverish flush on the soft cheek lies,
And a wistful look in the sweet blue eyes,
As the sick child moans, "How the slow hours creep!
Will the Lord not send to his little one sleep?"

And the mother smoothed from the child's brow fair
The clustering locks of her golden hair,
And murmured, "My darling, we cannot tell;
But we know that the Father doth all things well;
And we know that never a creature in pain
Addressed a prayer to his mercy in vain.
Time has no line that his hand may not smooth;
Life has no grief that his love cannot soothe;
And the fevered brow shall have rest at last,
In the healing shade from the death cross cast.
Look up, my precious one: why shouldst thou weep?
The Lord giveth aye to his loved ones sleep."

And the little one gazed with a glad surprise
In the loving depths of those patient eyes,
Then lifted her lips for one long embrace,
And turned with a smile on her weary face.
And the mother smiled as the early morn
Marked the deep peace on the childish form,
And cried aloud in her thankfulness deep,
"The dear Lord be praised, who hath given her sleep!"

Ay, mother — she sleeps, in that charmed repose,
That shall waken no more to earth's pains and woes,
For the Saviour hath gathered his lamb to his breast,
Where never life's storms shall her peace molest.

His dear love willed not that time should trace
One sorrowful line on that innocent face.
Others, less favored, might suffer their share
Of the midnight toil and the noontide glare;
Others might labor, others might weep;
But "the Lord giveth aye to his loved ones sleep."

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

THE dignity of labor! Consider its achievements! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts, in its persevering promotion of human happiness, "clamorous labor knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world! Labor clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes "the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labor drives the plough, and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the nine hundred millions of the family of man. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment, soft and warm, and beautiful,—the purple robe of the prince, and the gray gown of the peasant, being alike its handiwork. Labor moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears, not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome. Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. Labor explores the rich veins of deeply buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labor smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament,—from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead. Labor hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and

guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountains with its dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low." Labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains, and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, compete with the lightning,—for the telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself. Labor, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste. He looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation: then, waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountains' slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor; representatives of far-off regions make it their resort. Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service. Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty. Civilization smiles. Liberty is glad. Humanity rejoices. Piety exults,—for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side.

Working men, walk worthy of your vocation! You have a noble escutcheon: disgrace it not! There is nothing really mean and low but sin. Stoop not from your lofty throne to defile yourselves by contamination with intemperance, licentiousness, or any form of evil. Labor, allied with virtue, may look up to heaven and not blush, while all worldly dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave their owner without a corner of the universe in which to hide his shame. You will most successfully prove the honor of toil by illustrating in your own persons its alliance with a sober, righteous, and godly life. Be ye sure of this, that the man of toil who works in a spirit of obedient, loving homage to God, does no less than cherubim and seraphim in their loftiest flights and holiest songs.

REV. NEWMAN HALL.

A LITTLE SHOE.

THERE it lies, a little shoe —
Only that, at least to you.
Just such others, six or more,
Patter on the nursery floor.
And your heart and lips are smiling :
Some sweet thought is you beguiling,
Of one little pair of fét
That will hurry out to meet
Mother. . . . And when they have found you,
Chubby arms will cling around you.
You will have no need to call him :
Neither sleep nor death enthrall him.
You will hold him to your breast
With an utter sense of rest, —
All your own within your grasp.
At your neck the baby clasp.

And to me a tearless weeping,
And a hunger never sleeping,
As I stand, my heart out-leaping,
Knocking, knocking at the door,
Where God stands forevermore.
For he holds the wee one who
Once did wear this little shoe.
And the tender little voice,
That did make my heart rejoice,
Maybe he has taught another
Language, and the childish clinging,
Has died out in his up-bringing,
And he will not know his mother.

Not the shoe, but what was in it,
As the cage that holds the linnet,
Did I love ; but Christ bereft me.
And the husk alone is left me :
On my dead heart let it lie.
I could leave it, if on high
My lost little one should meet me,
Tottering, hurrying up to greet me. . . .
This you know not — only you
See a little common shoe.

"THE PENNY YE MEANT TO G'IE."

THERE'S a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging-plate,
The church was but dim with the candle's light.
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size.
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said:
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought:
"I can't help them all — I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said: "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me.
They lend to him who give to the poor:
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out:
"The Lord is na cheated — he kens thee well.
He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the pair:
But in that account he'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to g'ie!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale, —
 A serious side as well as a joke;
 A comfort for all the generous poor,
 In the comical words the sexton spoke;

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
 How generous we really desire to be,
 And will give us credit in his account
 For all the pennies we long "to gi'e."

H H

A QUESTION.

As Annie was carrying the baby one day,
 Tossing aloft the lump of inanity, —
 Dear to its father and mother no doubt,
 To the rest of the world a mere lump of humanity, —
 Sam came along, and was thinking then, maybe,
 Full as much of Annie as she of the baby.

"Just look at the baby!" cried Ann, in a flutter,
 Giving its locks round her fingers a twirl:
 "If I was a man I know that I couldn't
 Be keeping my hands off a dear little girl."
 And Sam gave a wink, as if to say, "Maybe,
 Of the girls, I'd rather hug you than the baby!"

"Now kiss it!" she cried, still hugging it closer.
 "Its mouth's like the roses the honey-bee sips!"
 Sam stooped to obey; and, as heads came together,
 There chanced to arise a confusion of lips!
 And, as it occurred, it might have been, maybe,
 That each got a kiss, Sam, Ann, and the baby!

It's hard to tell what just then was the matter,
 For the baby was the only one innocent there:
 And Annie flushed up like a full-blown peony,
 And Samuel turned red to the roots of his hair.
 So the question is thus, — you can answer it, maybe, —
 Did Annie kiss Sam, or both kiss the baby?

THE COBBLER'S SECRET.

A WAGGISH cobbler once, in Rome,
Put forth a proclamation,
That he'd be willing to disclose,
For a due consideration,
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose, —
The way to make, in one short day,
A hundred pair of shoes !

From every quarter, to the sight,
There ran a thousand fellows, —
Tanners, cobblers, boot-men, shoe-men,
Jolly leather-sellers, —
All redolent of beer and smoke,
And cobbler's wax and hides :
Each fellow pays his thirty pence,
And calls it cheap besides.

Silence ! — the cobbler enters,
And casts around his eyes ;
Then curls his lip, the rogue ! then frowns ;
And then looks wondrous wise.
“ My friends,” he says, “ ’tis simple, quite,
The plan that I propose ;
And every one of you, I think,
Might learn it, if he chose.

“ A good sharp knife is all you'll need,
In carrying out my plan :
So easy is it, none can fail,
Let him be child or man.
To make a hundred pairs of shoes,
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pairs of boots,
And cut off all the tops ! ”

THE LOST CATS.

It is estimated that between 15,000 and 20,000 cats perished in the flames that lately licked half our city from the side of Mt. Davidson. The estimate is probably too high, as it appears to us that we miss no more than about 10,000 or 12,000—that is, in a general way. We, however, particularly miss and mourn no more than 200 or 300. These were favorites of our neighborhood, that were wont nightly to do gambols and execute difficult musical selections for our diversion. How often, when the witching hour marking the noon of night was stealing in, have we seen some giant of the feline horde—a fighter from Bitter Creek—mount the giddy height of a neighborhood fire-wall and sound his warlike bugle. We can see him now, as with arched back reared against the sky like some rounded chaparral hill, and erect tail waving like a cedar in a storm, he stands, in his sphere and according to his knowledge, a defiant Ajax. The moon is playing at hide-and-seek among a floating archipelago of clouds, as he thus stands up and defines his position categorically as the boss fighter of the town. Another yell of warlike portent tells that the challenge is accepted, and another Ajax appears upon the wall, arches his back, and waves an angry tail. The pair draw their feet well beneath them, dig their claws into the wall, and cautiously creep forward, ever and anon uttering sounds that would seem great though they came from the lungs of a pair of adult mastodons. The friends and allies of the champions make their appearance on the roofs of surrounding houses and sheds, utter their several war-cries, and deploy as skirmishers. The two champions come together like rocks rolled from the sides of opposite hills; the skirmishers, with green eyes flashing, engage in all directions; and the battle has become general. The air is rent with howls, shrieks, groans, and gurgles—all the house-tops are covered with hair. Half a dozen soda bottles and as many old boots crash down upon those roofs and against the walls; there is a spit, a sputter, and a fizz; then all is as silent as the tomb. Where now are those heroes and their heroic followers? Alas, their calcined bones alone are left in the places where they once frisked and fought! All are gone! The tortoise-shell of the old maid, the mighty

Maltese of the old bachelor, the pet cats that used to sleep on the counters and bite all who stroked them, and the wild cats that dropped down from places and stared at one in the night, — all are gone! The great fire cremated them all. In vain they darted from shed to stable and from stable to sidewalk, with their tails erect and smoking, or all aflame. Let all true lovers of the cat join in and wail a willanous cater-waul!

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN towering on our right,
Far off the river lay;
And over on the wooded height
We held their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were still:
The day died slow and wan.
At last the gunners pipes did fill,
The sergeant's yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised, within our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed.
(Of such a little one in heaven
One soldier often dreamed.)

And, as we stared, her little hand
Went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are you?"
At length the sergeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled again.
She lisped out, "Who is me?"
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane,
The pride of Battery B.

"My home? Why, that was burned away,
And pa and ma are dead;
And so I ride the guns all day
Along with Sergeant Ned.

"And I've a drum that's not a toy,
A cap with feathers, too;
And I march beside the drummer-boy
On Sundays at review.

"But now our 'bacca's all give out,
The men can't have their smoke;
And so they're cross — why, even Ned
Won't play with me and joke.

"And the big colonel said to-day —
I hate to hear him swear —
He'd give a leg for a good pipe
Like the Yank had, over there.

"And so I thought, when beat the drum
And the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent, and come
Out here across the hill,

"And beg, good Mister Yankee men,
You'd give me some 'Lone Jack.'
Please do: when we get some again,
I'll surely bring it back.

"Indeed I will; for, Ned, — says he, —
If I do what I say,
I'll be a general yet, maybe,
And ride a prancing bay."

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er.
You should have heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down
A score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice
Said "Tention, squad!" and then

We gave her escort, till good-night
 The pretty waif we bid,
 And watched her toddle out of sight, —
 Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her tiny form, — nor turned about
 A man, nor spoke a word,
 Till, after a while, a far, hoarse shout
 Upon the wind we heard.

We sent it back, then cast sad eyes
 Upon the scene around.
 A baby's hand had touched the ties
 That brothers once had bound.

That's all — save when the dawn awoke
 Again the work of hell,
 And through the sullen clouds of smoke
 The screaming missiles fell,

Our general often rubbed his glass,
 And marvelled much to see
 Not a single shell that whole day fell
 In the camp of Battery B.

F. H. GASSAWAY.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von funny leedle poy
 Vot gomes schust to my knee, —
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
 As efer you dit see.
 He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
 In all barts off der house.
 But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
 Und eferyding dot's oudt;
 He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese —

Dot vas der roughest chouse.
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo
 To make der schticks to beat it mit —
 Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
 I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart
 He kicks oup sooch a touse;
 But nefer mind, der poys vas few
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
 Who baints mine nose so red?
 Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
 Und yere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse.
 How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss.

I some dimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy.
 But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
 So quiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

TWO PORTRAITS.

I.

Paint me a picture, master!
 And make it strict and true.
 Put on the cheeks no brighter red,
 In the eyes no deeper blue;
 Give to her form no softer grace, —
 For to each rounded limb
 The highest lines thine art can trace
 Are shadowless and dim.

Color to life her matchless hair ;
And, if thou may'st, portray
The sweetness of those scarlet lips,
The smiles that round them play.
Canst thou produce the radiant light
That beams from out her eyes,
Or make more fair, or pure, or bright
The soul that in them lies ?

Fashion my bride, good painter !
Loving and kind and true,
Fair as a wreath of lilies,
Sweet as its perfume, too.

II.

Paint me another picture,
As in the years before,
Tracing with careful pencil
Herself, and nothing more.
Leave not a single shadow
Out of that snowy brow —
Every thread of silver ;
Paint her as she is now.

Maybe the eye is duller
Far than it used to be ;
Maybe the cheek is paler ;
Maybe the smile less free.
Care has altered them, doubtless ;
But, oh ! I tell to you,
The cloud that darkened one life
Shadowed the other, too.

Paint me my wife, O master !
Now that the years have fled,
And love has blossomed out of
The dust of passion dead.
Place the pictures together,
Side by side, on the wall.
Which is to me the fairest ?
Give me the last of all.

ELDER SNIFFLES' COURTSHIP.

ADAPTED FROM "THE WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS."

SCENE. — *A Wood, with tree in centre: log seat before it. For a Parlor, stand a clothes-horse in centre, throw a green cloth over it, place an ottoman in front, and let the cloth cover that.*

COSTUMES. — *Widow Bedott: Black dress; white shawl, pinned across bosom, wide collar over it, with frill: gray hair, widow's cap, and old-fashioned bonnet. Elder Sniffles: Suit of rusty black, long black hair, tall black hat, white necktie, and spectacles.*

WIDOW advances from behind the tree, R., her hands clasped, and, standing by tree, sings or recites in a plaintive voice: —

Ere love had teach'd my tears to flow,
I was uncommon cheerful,
But now such misery I dew know
I'm always sad and ferful.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
All on a summer's day!
But oh, my comforts was destroyed,
When Shadrack crossed my way!

I heerd him preach — I heerd him pray —
I heerd him sweetly sing.
Dear suz! how I did feel that day!
It was a dretful thing!

ELDER SNIFFLES advances from behind tree, L., his eyes fastened on an open book.

Full forty dollars would I give,
If we'd continnerd apart —
For though he's made my sperrit live,
He's surely burst my heart!

[*She sits on log; sighs profoundly. The elder shuts his book, and steps towards her.*]

Elder. Most worthy Mrs. Bedott!

Widow. Good gracious! is that you, Elder Sniffles? How you *did* scare me! Never was so flustrated in all the days o' my life! hadent the most remotest idee o' meeting

you here, —wouldent a come for forty dollars if I'd a s'posed you ever meander'd here. I never was here afore. But I was a settin' by my winder, and I cast my eyes over here; and as I obsarved the lofty trees a wavin' in the gentle blast, and heerd the feathered singsters a wobblin' their mellancolly music, I felt quite a call to come over, it's so retired and morantic, — such an appropriate place to marvel round in, ye know, when a body feels low-sperrited and unconsolable, as I dew to-night. Oh, d-e-a-r!

Elder. [Sitting at the other end of log, and twirling his fingers.] Most worthy Mrs. Bedott, your evident depression fills me with unmitigated sympathy. Your feelings (if I may be permitted to judge from the language of your song, which I overheard) —

Widow. You dident though, elder? the dretful suz! What shall I dew? I wouldent a had you heerd that song for no money! I wish I hadent a come! I wish to gracious I hadent a come!

Elder. I assure you, Mrs. Bedott, it was unintentional on my part, entirely unintentional; but my contiguity to yourself, and your proximity to me, were such as rendered it impossible for me to avoid hearing you —

Widow. Well, it can't be helped now: it's no use cryin' for spilt milk; but I wouldent hev you to think I know'd you ever come here.

Elder. On the contrary, this grove is a favorite resort of mine: it affords a congenial retreat, after the exterminating and tremendous mental labors of the day. I not unfrequently spend the declining hours of the evening here, buried in the most profound meditation. On your entrance, I was occupying my customary seat beneath that umbrageous mountain-ash which you perceive a few feet from you: indeed, had not your mind been much pre-occupied, you could scarcely have avoided discovering me.

Widow. O granf'ther grievous! I wish I'd a stayed to hum! I was born for misfortin' and nothin' else! I wish to massy I'd a stayed to hum to-night! But I felt as if I'd like to come here once afore I leave the place. [*She weeps.*]

Elder. [Moving nearer to her.] Ah, indeed! Do you project leaving Scrabble Hill?

Widow. Yes, I dew: I calklate to go next week. I must hear you preach once more, — once more, elder; and then I'm

agwine — somewhere — I don't care where, nor I don't care what becomes o' me when I git there. [*She sobs violently.*]

Elder. O Mrs. Bedott, you distress me beyond limitation! Permit me to inquire the cause of this uncontrollable agony?

Widow. O Elder Sniffles, you're the last indiiddiwal that ought to ax such a question! Oh, I *shall* die! I *shall* give it up!

Elder. Madam, my interest in your welfare is intense. Allow me to entreat you still more vehemently to unburden your mind. Perhaps it is in my power to relieve you.

Widow. Relieve me! what an idee! O elder, you *will* be the death o' me, if you make me revulge my feelin's so. An hour ago, I felt as if I'd a died afore I'd a said what I hev said now; but you've draw'd it out o' me.

Elder. Respected madam, you have as yet promulged nothing satisfactory. Permit me —

Widow. O granf'ther grievous! must I come to it? Well, then, if must, I must; so to begin at the beginnin'. When I first heern you preach, your sarmons onsettled my faith; but, after a spell, I was convinced by yer argefytin', and gin up my 'roneus notions, and my mind got considerable carm. But how could I set Sabberday after Sabberday under the droppin's o' yer voice, and not begin to feel a mor'n ordinary interest in the speaker? I indevored not tew, but I couldent help it: 'twas in vain to struggle against the feelin's that prepossest my buzzom. But it's all over with me now! my felicitude is at an eend! my sittiwation is hopeless! I shall go back to Wiggleton next week, and never truble you no more.

Elder. Ah, Mrs. Bedott, you alarm —

Widow. Yes: you never'll see no more trouble with Priscilly. I'm agwine back to Wiggleton. Can't bear to go back there nother, on account o' the indiiddiwal that I come away to git rid of. There's Cappen Canoot, he's always been after me ever since my husband died, though I hain't never gin him no incurridgement; but he won't take "No" for an answer: I dread the critter's attentions. And Squire Bailey, — he's wonderful rich; but that ain't no recommendation to me, and I've told him so time and agin. But I s'pose he thinks I'll come round bumby. And Deacon Crosby, — he lost his pardner a spell afore I come away, — he was very much pleased with me. He's a wonderful fine man — make a fust-rate husband. I kind o' hesitated when

he promulgated his sentiments tew me; told him I'd think on't till I come back. S'pose he'll be at me as soon as I git there. I hate to disappoint Deacon Crosby, he's such a fine man, and my dezeased companion sot so much by him; but then I don't feel for him as I do for — He's a Presbyterian, tew; and I don't think 'twould be right to unite my destination to hissen.

Elder. Undoubtedly, in your present state of feeling, the uncongeniality would render a union —

Widow. Oh, dear, dear, dear! I can't bear to go back there, and indure their attentions. But, thank fortune, they won't bother me long: I shall go into a decline, — I know I shall, as well as I want to know it. My troubles 'll soon be over. Ondoubtedly they'll put up a monnymment to my memory. I've got the description all ready for 't: it says, —

Here sleeps Prissilly P. Bedott,
Late relic of Hezekier.
How mellancolly was her lot!
How soon she did expire!

She didn't commit self-suicide:
'Twas tribbilation killed her.
Oh, what a pity she hadn't a died
Afore she saw the elder!

And, O elder, you'll visit my grave, won't ye, and shed tew or three tears over it? 'Twould be a consolation tew me to think you would.

Elder. In case I should ever have occasion to journey through that section of country, and could, consistently with my arrangements, make it convenient to tarry for a short time at Wiggletown, I assure you it would afford me much pleasure to visit your grave, agreeably to your request.

Widow. O elder, how onfeelin'!

Elder. Unfeeling! Did I not understand you correctly when I understood you to request me to visit your grave?

Widow. Yes; but I don't see how you can be so carm, when I'm a talkin' about dyin'.

Elder. I assure you, Mrs. Bedott, I had not the slightest intention of manifesting a want of feeling in my remark. I should regard your demise as a most deplorable event; and it would afford me no small degree of satisfaction to prevent so melancholy a catastrophe, were it in my power.

Widow. [*Rising.*] Well, I guess I'll go hum. If Sally

should know you was here a talkin' with me, she'd make an awful fuss.

Elder. [*Rising.*] Indeed, I see no reason to fear that my domestic should interfere in any of my proceedings.

Widow. O lawful sakes! how numb you be, elder! I dident illude to Sal Blake. I meant Sal Hugle, she't you're ingaged tew.

Elder. Engaged to Miss Hugle! You alarm me, Mrs. Be —

Widow. Now don't undertake to deny it, elder: everybody says it's a fact.

Elder. Well, then, it only remains for me to assert, that everybody is laboring under an entire and unmitigated mistake.

Widow. [*Sits.*] You don't say so, elder! Well, I declare, I dew feel relieved! I couldent indure the idee o' stayin' here to see that match go off. She's so onworthy, — so different from what your companion had ought to be, — and so lazy, and makes such awful poetry; and then she hain't worth a cent in the world. But I don't want to say a word against her; for if you ain't ingaged now, mabby you will be. O elder! promise me, dew promise me how't you won't marry that critter. 'Twould be a consolation tew me when I'm fur away on my dyin' bed, to know — [*She weeps with renewed energy.*] O elder, I'm afeard I'm agwine to hev the high-sterics. I'm subjack to spasmodic affections when I'm excited and overcome.

Elder. You alarm me, Mrs. Bedott! I will hasten to the house, and bring the sal volatile, which may restore you.

Widow. For the land's sake, elder, don't go after Sal: she can't dew nothing for me. It'll only make talk, for she'll tell it all round the village. Jest take that are newspaper that sticks out o' yer pocket, and fan me with it a leetle. There — I feel quite resuscitated. I'm obleeged tew ye. Guess I can manage to git hum now. [*She rises.*] Farewell, Elder Sniffles! Adoo! we part to meet no more!

Elder. Ah, Mrs. Bedott! do not speak in that mournful strain: you distress me beyond all mitigation! [*He takes her hand.*] Pray reseat yourself [*both sit*], and allow me to prolong the conversation for a short period. As I before observed, your language distresses me beyond all duration.

Widow. Dew yew actilly feel distressed at the idee o' partin' with me?

Elder. Most indubitably, Mrs. Bedott.

Widow. Well, then, what's the use o' partin' at all? Oh, what hev I said? what hev I said? [*About to rise.*]

Elder. [*Puts his arm about her waist.*] Ahem, — ahaw! Allow me to inquire, — Are you in easy circumstances, Mrs. Bedott?

Widow. Well, not intirely, yet; though I feel considerable easier 'n what I did an hour ago.

Elder. Ahem! I imagine that you do not fully apprehend my meaning. I am a clergyman — a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. As such, you will readily understand, I cannot be supposed to abound in the filthy lucre of this world: my remuneration is small. Hence —

Widow. O elder! how can you s'pose I'd hesitate on account o' your bein' poor? Don't think on't: it only increases my opinion of you. Money ain't no objick to me.

Elder. I naturally infer from your indifference respecting the amount of my worldly possessions, that you yourself have —

Widow. Don't be oneasy, elder, dear, — dont illude to it again. Depend on't, you're jest as dear to me, every bit and grain, as you would be if you owned all the mines of Ingy.

Elder. I will say no more about it.

Widow. So I s'pose we're engaged?

Elder. Undoubtedly.

Widow. We're engaged, and my tribbilation is at an end. [*Her head droops on his shoulder.*] O Shadrack! what will Hugelina say when she hears on't? [*Both rise.*]

Elder. [*Sighs.*] I am a happy man.

Widow. And we shall be merried. In anticipation of that happy event, I have composed a few stanzas for the Scrabble Hill Luminary. You shall hear them, elder: —

TO SHADRACK.

Prissilla the fair, and Shadrack the wise,
Have united their fortunes in the tenderest of ties;
And being mutually joined in the matrimonial connection,
Have bid adoo to their previous affliction.

No more will they mourn their widdered sittuation,
And continner to sythe without mitigation;
But pardners for life, to be parted no more,
Their sorrers is eended, their troubles is o'er.

O Shadrack, my Shadrack! Prissilla did speak,
While the rosy red blushes surmanted her cheek,
And the tears of affection bedoozled her eye.
O Shadrack, my Shadrack! I'm yourn till I die.

The heart that was scornful, and cold as a stun,
Has surrendered at last to the fortinit one.
Farewell to the miseries and griefs I have had!
I'll never desert thee, O Shadrack, my Shad!

[Throws herself upon the elder's breast. He puts his arm about her waist, and they exeunt, L.]

GOIN' SOMEWHERE.

HE had been to town-meeting, had once voyaged a hundred miles on a steamboat, and had a brother who had made the overland trip to California.

She had been to quiltings, funerals, and a circus or two; and she knew a woman who thought nothing of setting out on a railroad journey where she had to wait fifteen minutes at a junction, and change cars at a depot.

So I found them, — a cosey-looking old couple, sitting up very straight in their seat, and trying to act like old railroad travellers. A shadow of anxiety suddenly crossed her face: she became uneasy, and directly she asked, —

"Philetus, I act'llly b'leeve we've went and taken the wrong train!"

"It can't be, nohow," he replied, seeming a little startled. "Didn't I ask the conductor, and he said we was right?"

"Yaas, he did; but look out the window, and make sure. He might have been lyin' to us."

The old man looked out the window at the flitting fences, the galloping telegraph-poles, and the unfamiliar fields, as if expecting to catch sight of some landmark, and forgetting for a moment that he was a thousand miles from home.

"I guess we're all right, Mary," he said, as he drew in his head.

"Ask somebody — ask that man there," she whispered.

"This is the train for Chicago, hain't it?" inquired the old man, of the passenger in the next seat behind.

"This is the train," replied the man.

"There! didn't I say so?" clucked the old gent.

"It may be — it may be!" she replied, dubiously; "but if we are carried wrong, it won't be my fault. I say that we are wrong, and when we've been led into some pirate's cave, and butchered for our money, ye'll wish ye had heeded my words!"

He looked out of the window again, opened his mouth as if to make some inquiry of a boy sitting on the fence, and then leaned back on his seat, and sighed heavily. She shut her teeth together, as if saying that she could stand it if he could, and the train sped along for several miles. He finally said, —

"Looks like rain, over thar in the west. I hope the boys have got them oats in."

"That makes me think of the umbereller!" diving her hands among the parcels at their feet.

She hunted around two or three minutes, growing red in the face, and then straightened up and hoarsely whispered, —

"It's gone!"

"W — what?" he gasped.

"That umbereller!"

"No!"

"Gone, hide and hair!" so she went on, "that sky-blue umbereller, which I've had ever since Martha died!"

He searched around, but it was not to be found.

"Waal, that's queer," he mused, as he straightened up.

"Queer! not a bit. I've talked to ye and talked to ye, but it does no good. Ye come from a heedless fam'ly; and ye'd forget to put on yer boots, 'f I didn't tell ye to."

"None of the Harrisons was ever in the poorhouse!" he replied, in a cutting tone.

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison!" she continued, laying her hand on his arm, "don't you dare twit me of that again! I've lived with ye nigh on to forty years, and waited on ye when ye had biles and the toothache and the colic, and when ye fell and broke yer leg; but don't push me up to the wall!"

He looked out of the window, feeling that she had the advantage of him, and she wiped her eyes, settled her glasses on her nose, and used up the next fifteen minutes in thinking of the past. Feeling thirsty, she reached down among the bundles, searched around, and her face was as pale as death as she straightened back and whispered, —

"And that's gone, too!"

"What now?" he asked.

"It's been stole!" she exclaimed, looking around the car, as if expecting to see some one with the bottle to his lips.

"Fust the umbereller — then the bottle!" she gasped.

"I couldn't have left it, could I?"

"Don't ask me! That bottle has been in our family twenty years, ever since mother died; and now it's gone! Land only knows what I'll do for a camfire bottle when we git home, if we ever do!"

"I'll buy one."

"Yes, I know ye are always ready to buy; and if it wasn't for me to restrain ye, the money'd fly like feathers in the wind."

"Waal, I didn't have to mortgage my farm," he replied, giving her a knowing look.

"Twitting agin? It isn't enough that you've lost a good umbereller and a camfire bottle; but you must twit me o' this and that."

Her nose grew red, and tears came to her eyes; but, as he was looking out of the window, she said nothing further. Ten or fifteen minutes passed; and, growing restless, he called out to a man across the aisle, —

"What's the sile around here?"

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison! stop your noise!" she whispered, poking him with her elbow.

"I just asked a question," he replied, resuming his old position.

"What'd your brother Joab tell ye, the last thing afore we left hum?" she asked. "Didn't he say somebody'd swindle ye on the string game, the confidence game, or some other game? Didn't he warn ye agin rascals?"

"I hain't seen no rascals."

"Of course ye havn't, 'cause yer blind? I know that that man is a villun; and if they don't arrest him for murder afore we leave this train, I'll miss my guess. I can read human natur' like a book.

There was another period of silence, broken by her saying. —

"I wish I knew that this was the train for Chicago."

"'Course it is."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause it is."

"Waal, I know it hain't; but if you are contented to rush

along to destruction, I sha'n't say a word. Only when yer throat is being cut, don't call out that I didn't warn ye!"

The peanut boy came along, and the old man reached down for his wallet.

"Philetus, ye sha'n't squander that money after peanuts!" she exclaimed, using the one hand to catch his arm, and the other to wave the boy on.

"Didn't I earn it?"

"Yaas, you sold two cows to get money to go on this visit; but it's half gone now, and the land only knows how we'll get home!"

The boy passed on, and the flag of truce was hung out for another brief time. She recommenced hostilities by remarking, —

"I wish I hadn't cum."

He looked up, and then out of the window.

"I know what ye want to say," she hissed; "but it's a blessed good thing for you that I did come! If ye'd come alone, ye'd have been murdered and gashed and scalped, and sunk into the river afore now!"

"Pooh!"

"Yes, pooh, 'f ye want to, but I know!"

He leaned back; she settled herself anew; and by and by—

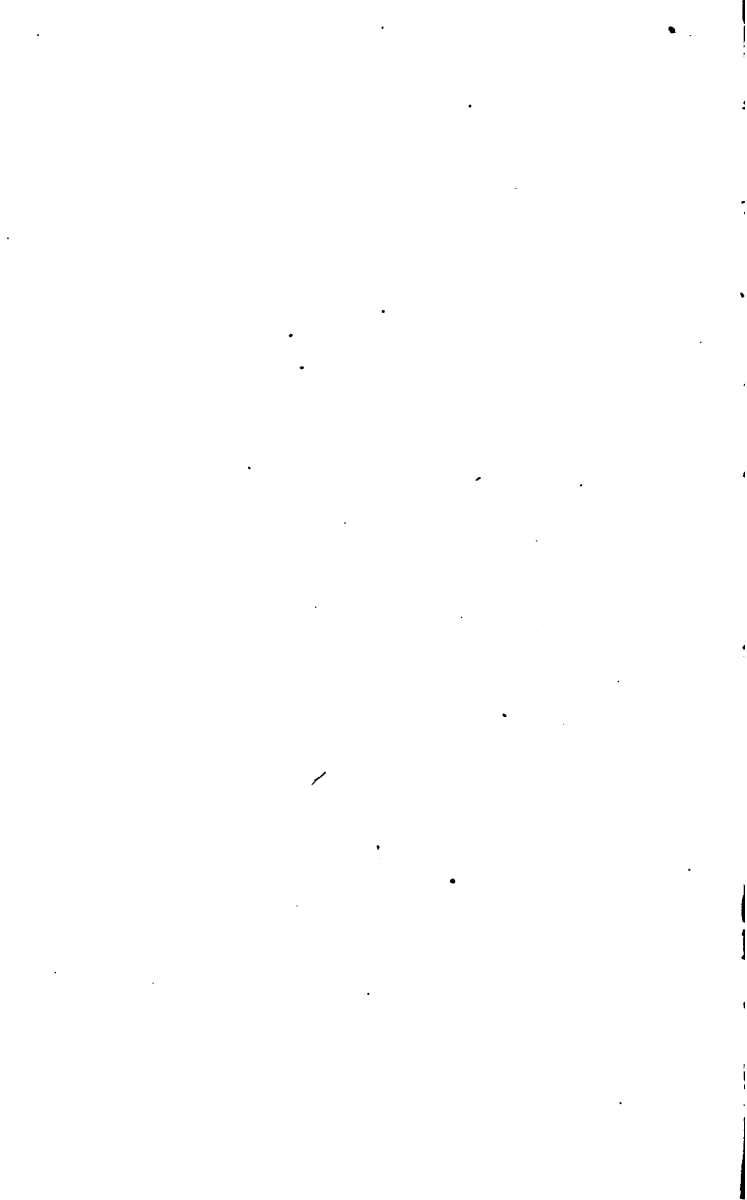
He nodded —

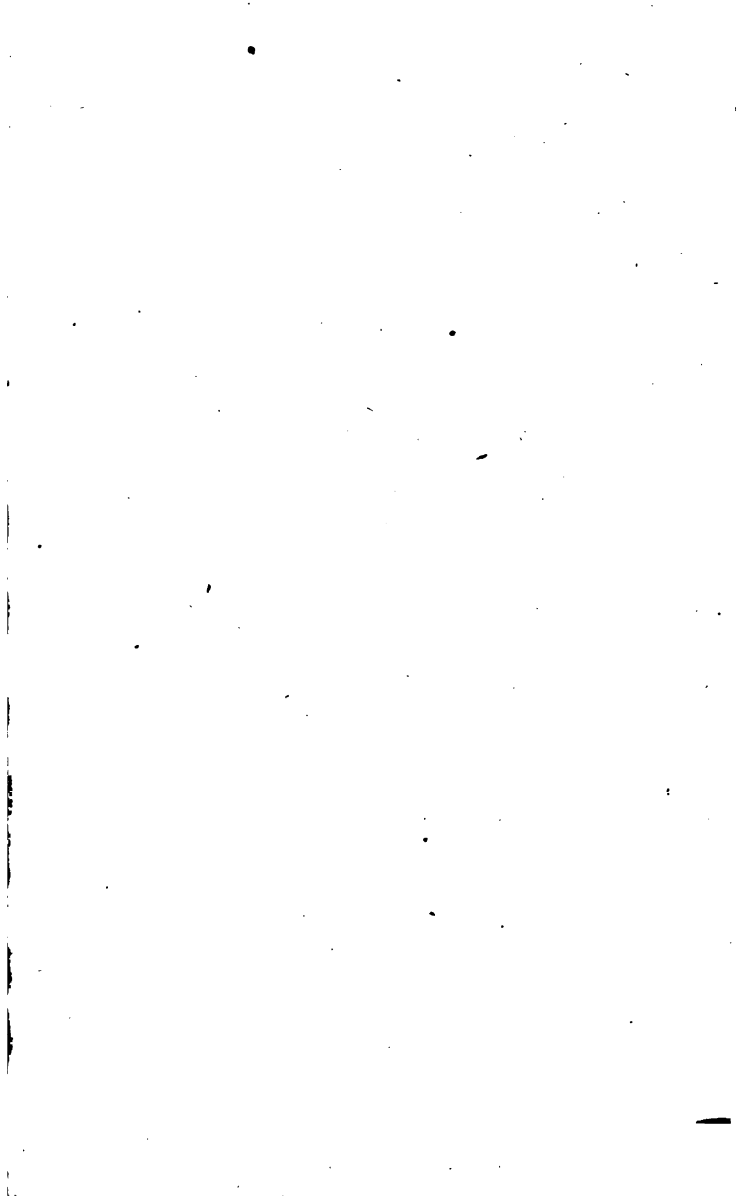
She nodded —

And, in sleep, their gray heads touched; and his arm found its way along the back of the seat, and his hand rested on her shoulder.

It was only their way.

M. QUAD, in *Hearth and Home*.





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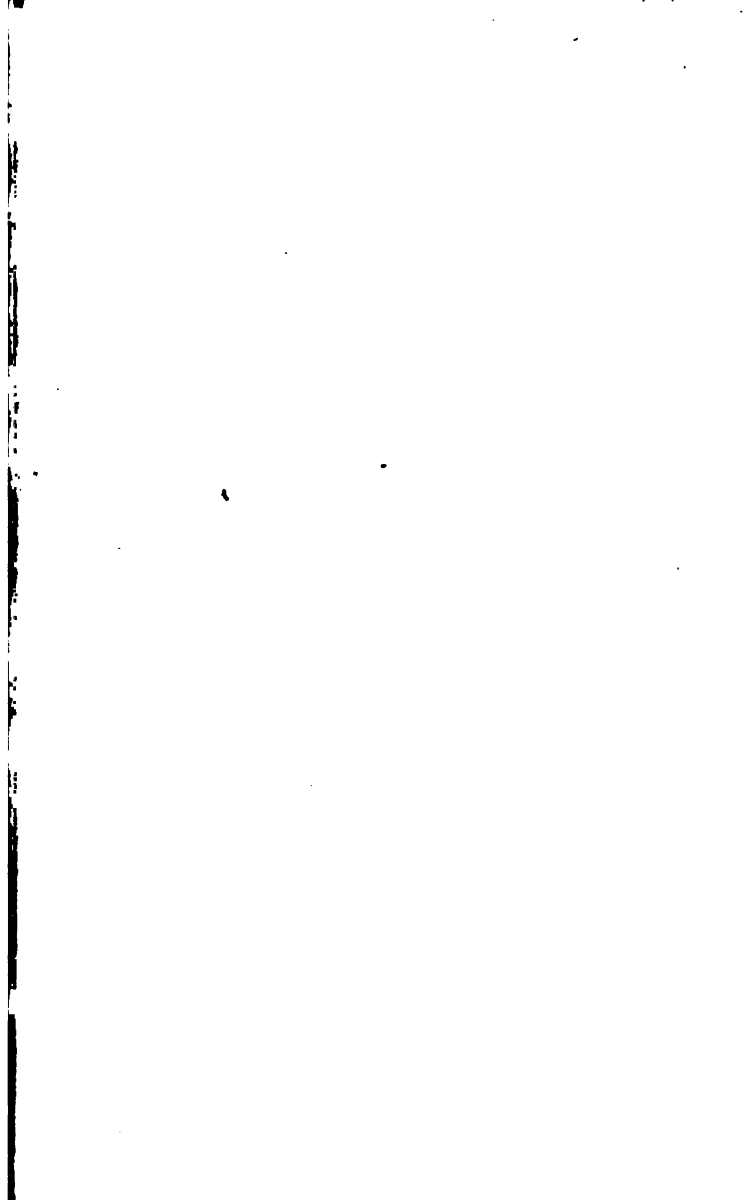
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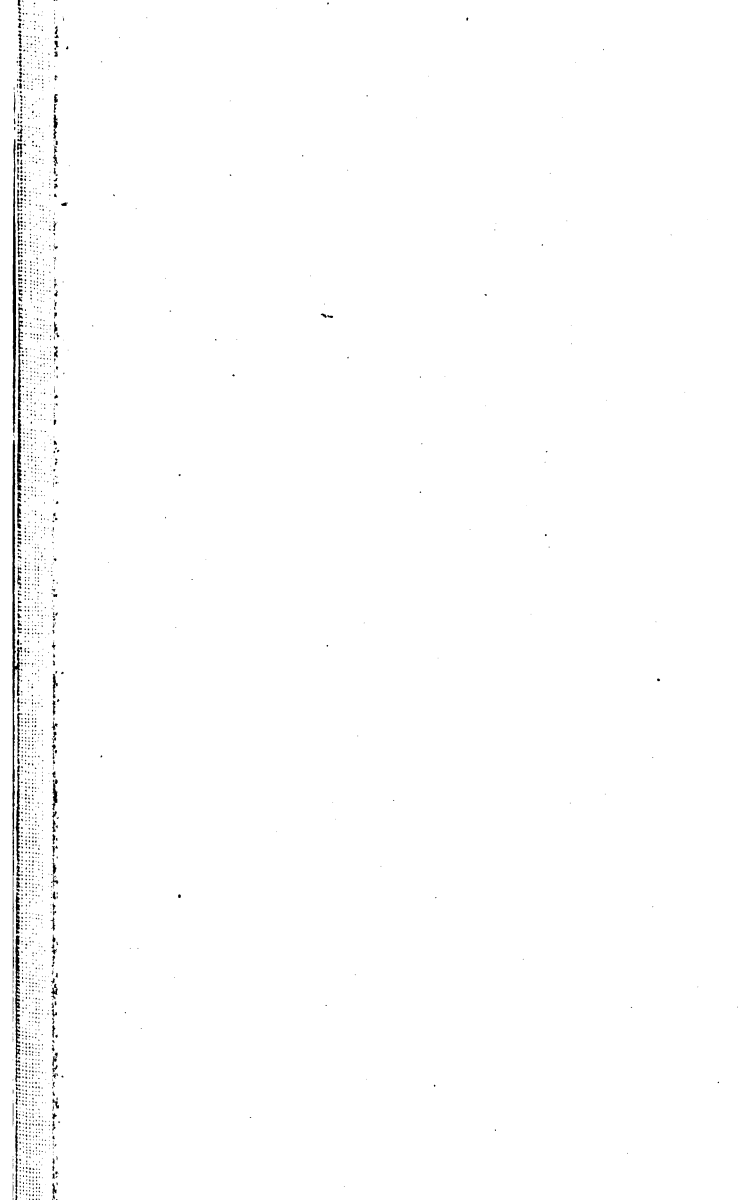
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